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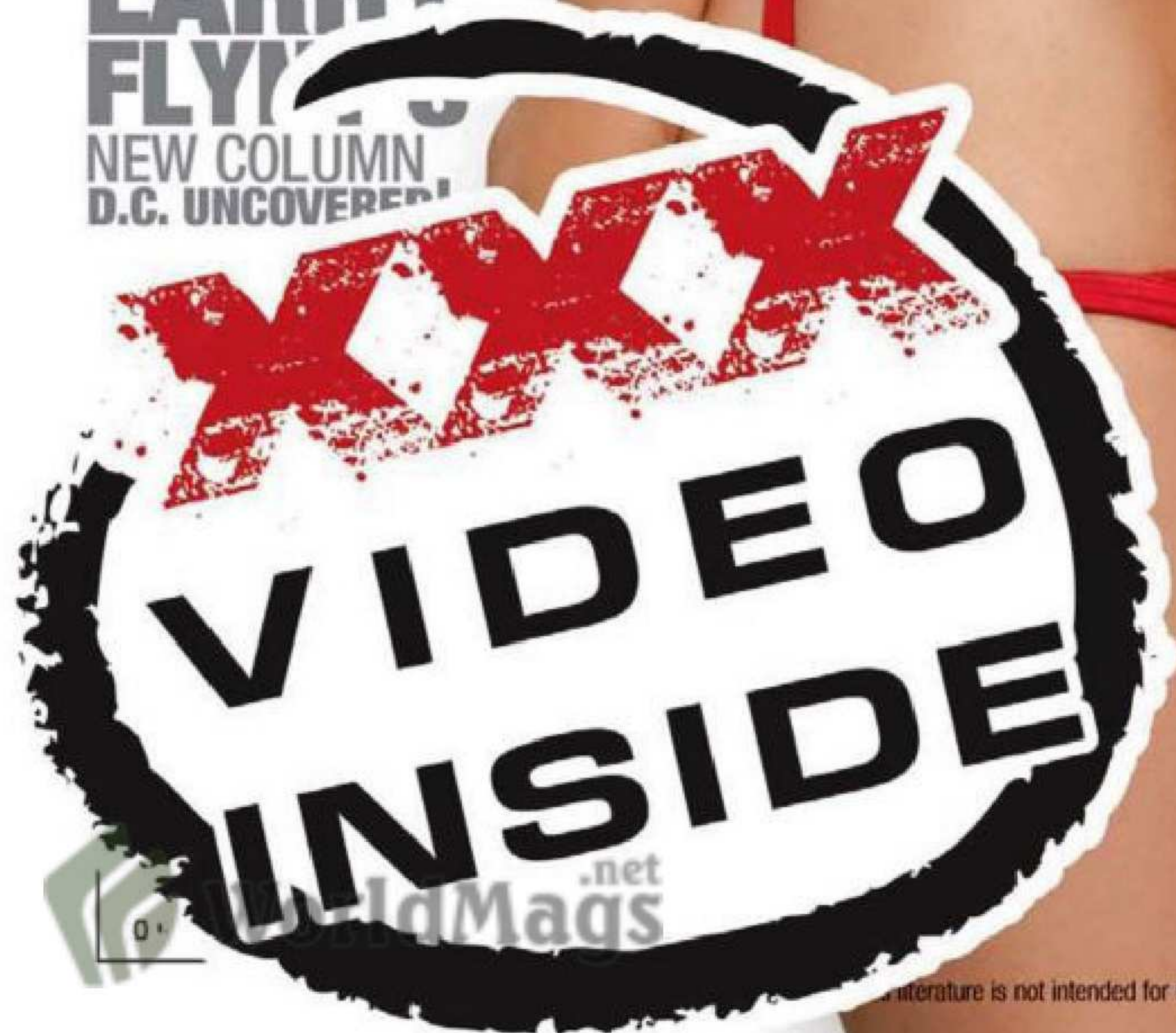
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HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is intended to poke fun at the television program *The Good Wife*. We've never watched it, but we applaud CBS for putting a presumably dialogue-free show on the air. After all, doesn't a truly good wife keep her damn mouth shut except for when she's fellating her husband?



"Do you know the only reason men exist? It's because vibrators can't buy martinis!"



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LET'S FIX CAMPAIGN FINANCING

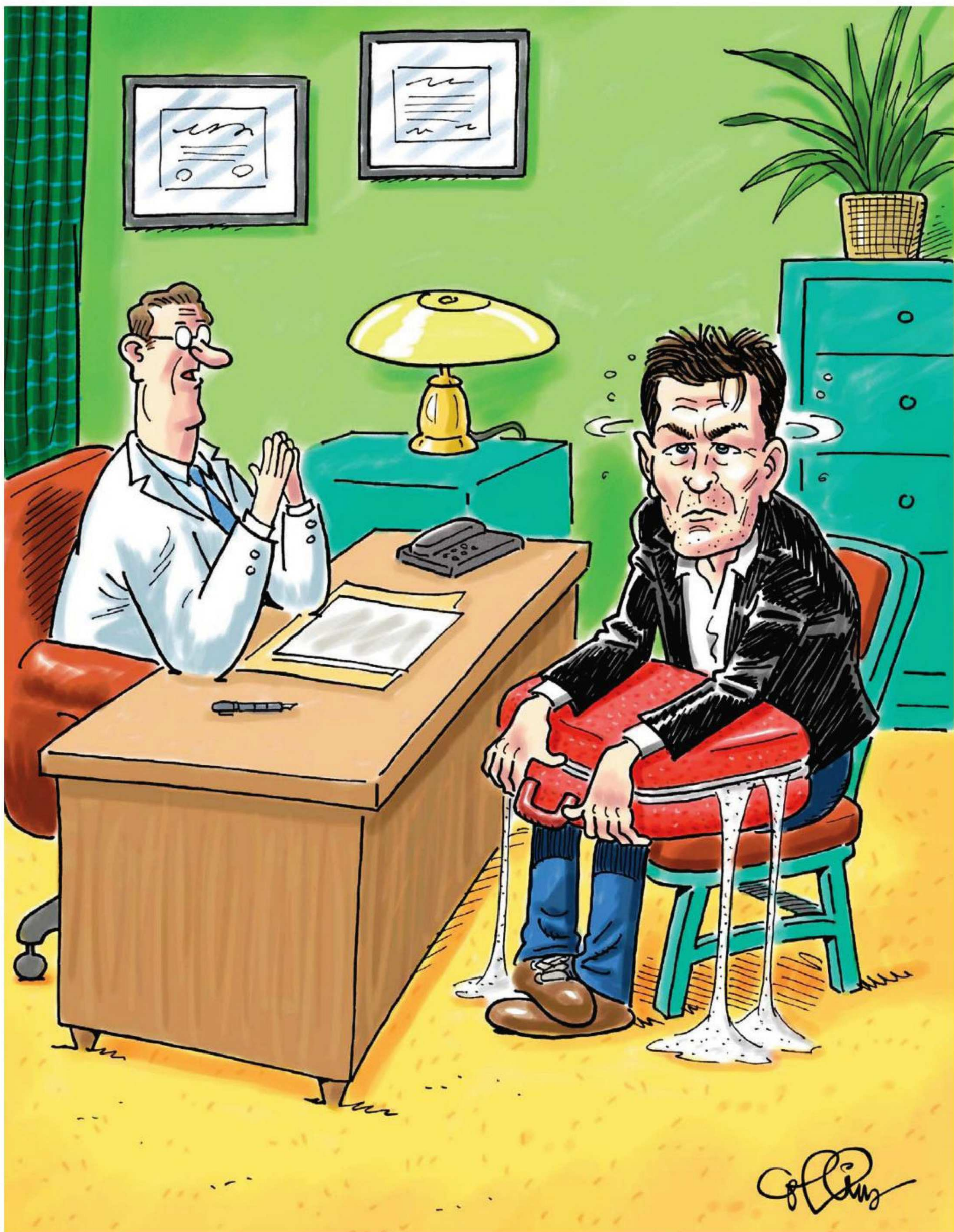
Everyone agrees our political system is totally corrupt. The rich and powerful are buying politicians like cotton candy at a carnival. What's happening in Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana, Florida, New Jersey and at least 11 other states is proof of that.

The solution is obvious: campaign finance reform. Get the money out of politics. Make it illegal for any corporation, union, entity or individual to contribute to a candidate or a political action committee (PAC) in any way whatsoever. Let the government finance each candidate with a sum designated for the particular office being contested. While we're at it, let's shorten the campaign period to some-

thing reasonable: say six weeks to two months.

This would be easy to accomplish if there was the will to do it. But our politicians are so corrupt, so contemptible, it's unlikely to ever happen. Given that, we will keep ceding power and control to the ruling class.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



Colin

"You have a hernia, Mr. Sheen. You have to start carrying smaller suitcases of cocaine."

So what kind of assignments has the Liv-

Decades ago one Democratic senator from the northwest invited female staffers to his D.C. residence, bars and hotel rooms, where

HOUSE SLUMBER PARTY: At least 33 members of Congress—26 Republicans and seven Democrats—spend nights in their Capitol Hill offices. Most purchase inflatable mattresses to sleep on, then frequent the House gym to shower and shave. Representative Jason Chaffetz (R-Utah), the dean of the sleepover brigade, began snoozing on the floor of his Longworth Office Building digs in January 2009. 

LOOK, UP IN THE SKY!



Starry, starry night: Makes you wonder if we really are alone in the universe. Celestron's groundbreaking **SkyProdigy 70 Computerized Telescope** is a must-have for any serious amateur astronomer. With the press of a button, the unit's patent-pending StarSense technology automatically pinpoints the best celestial objects clearly visible at the time. Think of the **SkyProdigy 70** as your no-brainer guide to the cosmos. Perfect for checking out the Big Dipper or spying on your hot neighbor while she's skinny-dipping. Not that you would do that!

Available at Celestron.com. Suggested retail price: \$699.

HOT SEAT

Nothing is worse than attending an outdoor activity when it's freezing cold. That's why you need a **Chaheati All-Season Heated Chair**. It is a cordless, lightweight and easily collapsible seat that can be taken anywhere! To a city park. To a football game. To your favorite strip club. Okay, maybe not there. The amazing chair features a rechargeable heating system with four temperature settings. A single charge holds up to six hours of warmth; plus a car charger can be purchased to keep the heat going all night long. The **Chaheati** is available in a variety of colors, including red/black and camo/black. What more do you need to know? It's a comfy chair that will get your ass hot! Buy it!

Available at Chaheati.com. Suggested retail price: \$89.99.



MAGIC BOX



Man, you would love to convert some of your old audio into digital files. How great would it be to have that out-of-print album or dirty old answering machine message from your crazy, hot ex-girlfriend? Well, with Olens Technology's **MiCorder** you can easily transfer any recording into a digital audio file. The device's earphone jack allows you to plug in anything from a radio, cassette deck, stereo, CD player, turntable, DAT and even an old eight-track and turn that sound into an MP3. The file is then stored

on an SD card so it can be easily transferred to any computer, iPod or cell phone. The **MiCorder** features a rechargeable battery that will last more than ten hours. So start converting those old recordings, but forget about that nostalgic answering machine tape. It will only piss off your wife.

Available at OlensTechnology.com. Suggested retail price: \$79.99.

TAKE YOUR PLANE FOR A SPIN



WIN THIS

There are remote-control miniature aircraft, and then there's the **AR.Drone** from Parrot. It is the first-ever quadcopter to feature onboard Wi-Fi so that it can be controlled by an iPhone, iPod Touch or iPad. You can also control the little camera-equipped flying machine from a Linux PC or use a joystick

utilizing navigation software designed for application developers and available for free. You can also tie your drone into an online network and play the fast-paced game *AR.Pursuit*, which lets you engage other drones and try to take them out.

Don't have an iPhone? No sweat; the folks at Parrot promise that in just a few months the easy-to-operate marvel will function on several other platforms. Hell, because we like you, we're even giving an **AR.Drone** away! (iPhone, iPod Touch or iPad NOT included.) See details on this page.

Available at ParrotShopping.com. Suggested retail price: \$299.99.

WIN AN AR.DRONE!

For your chance to win a Parrot AR.Drone, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to: AR.Drone Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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Who do you think is the hottest girl this month? _____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

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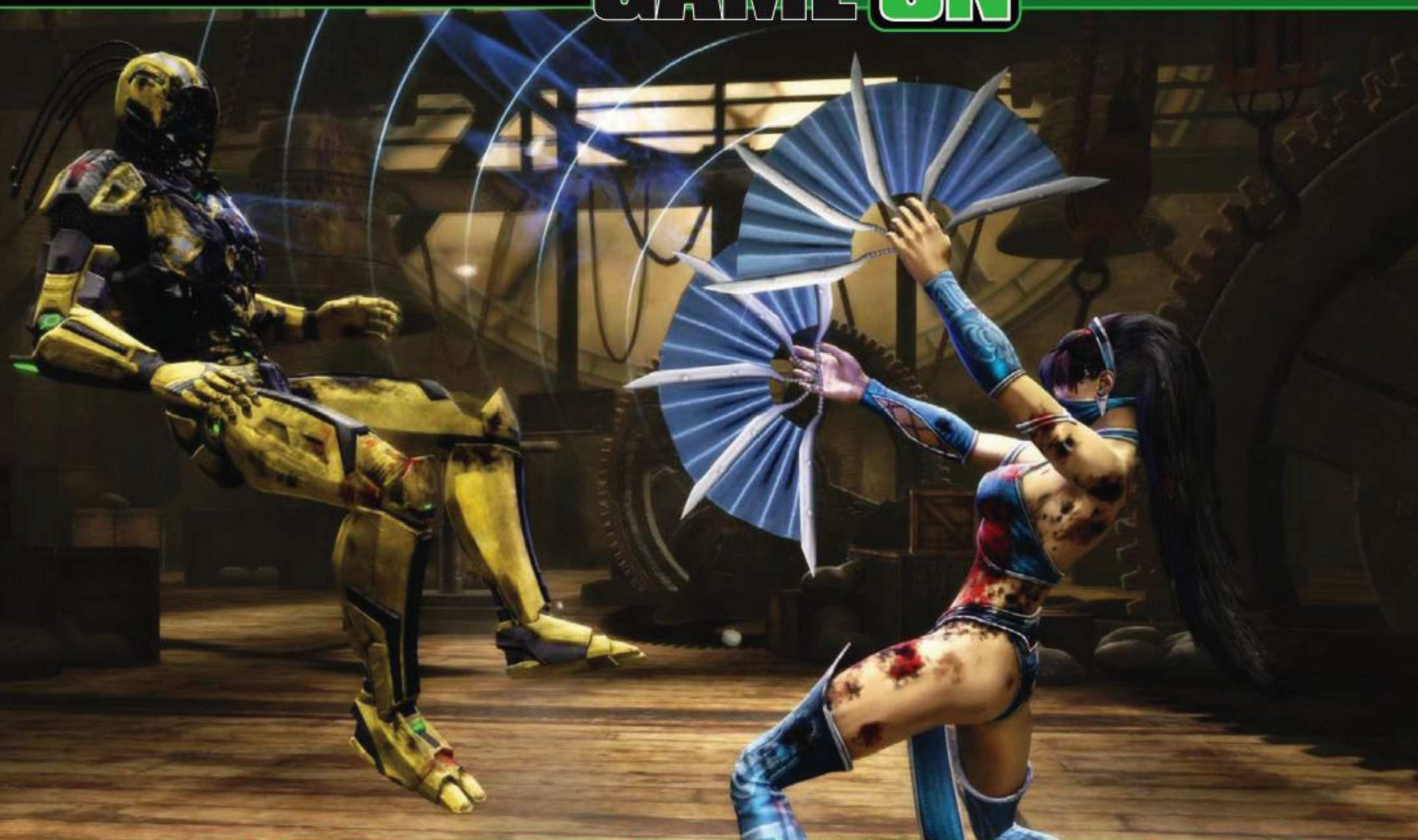
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Other _____

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BY KEITH VALCOURT

GAME ON

**Battle Babes****Mortal Kombat**

WB Games

PS3, Xbox 360

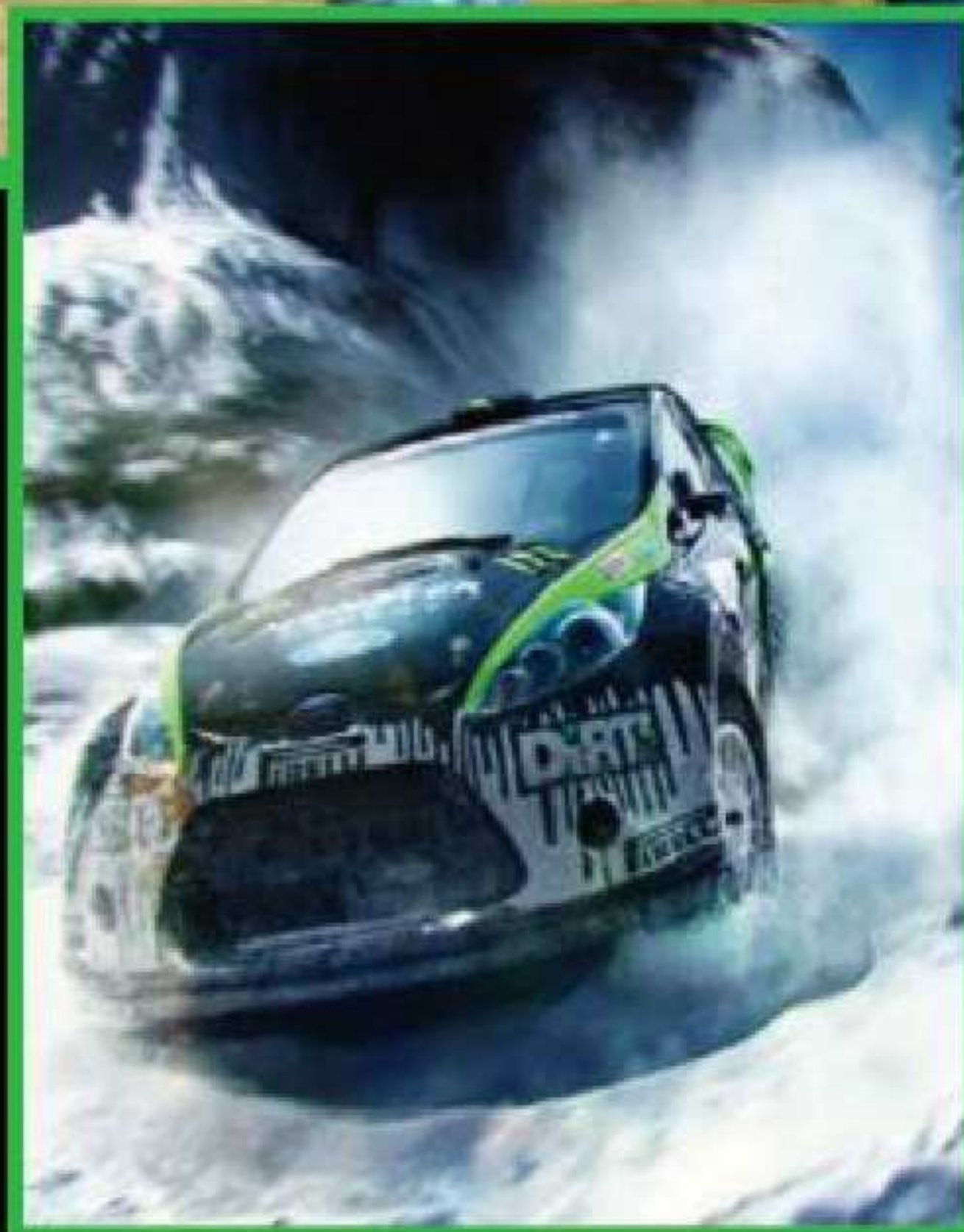
Okay, we know it's wrong to fall in love with a chick in a video game. It's sick. It's not natural. But one look at the seductive ninja chicks Kitana and Mileena (Kitana's evil clone) from the **Mortal Kombat** reinvent is all it takes; we can't help ourselves. We know that in real life they'd probably kick our ass, but we can't contain ourselves. The game? Oh, yeah. The redesign of the revered fighting game is fucking brilliant! There are new characters, new features like X-Ray Attack (so you can see the damage that's been inflicted), a deeper story and 3D graphics. The PS3 version features an exclusive: You can play as, or fight against, *God of War* fighter Kratos! Maybe we'll hook him up with Kitana and Mileena. That action would look great in stereoscopic 3D!

**Superhero Struggle****Marvel vs. Capcom 3: Fate of Two Worlds**

Capcom

PS3, Xbox 360

Imagine if all the classic Marvel Comics superheroes squared off against the greatest warriors from the Capcom universe. You don't have to imagine it, dude; they're in a video game series. **Marvel vs. Capcom 3: Fate of Two Worlds** takes the franchise to uncharted heights with a ton of new playables, including Spider-Man, She-Hulk, Crimson Viper, Storm and X-23. Thanks to an evolved fighting system, the gameplay is faster, plus you can choose up to three-on-three tag team as well as "assist attack." And the graphics jump off the screen like a comic book come to life!

**Off-Road Rage****DiRT 3**

Codemasters

PC, PS3, Xbox 360

There are driving games, and then there is **DiRT 3**, which looks to be the most exciting rally-racing game yet. It takes the best of both previous installments and delivers the real feeling of being a pro driver. Choose one of more than 50 cars from the 1960s through today and get your motor running over demanding surfaces in all sorts of locations. Can you handle a sandstorm in Kenya? How about snow and ice in Norway? Plus play five mini training games designed to make you a better rally racer. Put the pedal to the metal and hit the dirt!

**Effective Indeed****Mass Effect 2**

EA

PC, PS3, Xbox 360

The first *Mass Effect* game shattered perceptions for its cinematic beauty and immersive gameplay. Much like a solid film sequel, **Mass Effect 2** is nothing short of breathtaking. Welcome back to the Terminus Systems, where your bounty hunter self is on a suicide mission to save humanity. No pressure. You'll have to work quickly, choosing from an arsenal of 19 weapons and an army of recruits to battle seemingly undefeatable foes. Damn, those monster alien thingies are huge and scary! The action is intense. Remember, nothing is really at stake—except the human race! So, have fun! 🎮



"Don't be such a wuss! Just slide it in next to the tampon!"

TIME TO NUKE NUCLEAR POWER

THE AFTERMATH OF JAPAN'S CATASTROPHE PROVIDES MORE EVIDENCE THAT THE RISKS FAR OUTWEIGH THE GAINS.

Forget nuclear power as a serious antidote to the worldwide energy crisis. It was a nice idea while it lasted, you know, turning swords into plowshares, as the Bible commands. Quite a few of the physicists who created the atom bomb assuaged their guilt by saying that while the device was the devil's weapon and should never be used, it would be great to harness all that energy for peaceful purposes. By the mid-1950s that pipe dream had become a reality, but the mind-boggling uncertainties of nuclear power plants and the fear they generate will never disappear. Moreover, the drastic safety measures required, as we learned after the cataclysmic March 2011 Japanese earthquake and tsunami, drive costs way too

tainty of the scientists who accompanied me. Their utmost concern was how the massive release of radiation would affect the health of the region's population, even after 135,000 residents had been evacuated. As I wrote at the time, "particularly disturbing was the sight of a collective farm complete with all the requirements of living: white farm houses with blue trim, tractors and other farm implements, clothing hanging on a line and some children's playthings. All the requirements except people."

Reporters who returned to Chernobyl for a reality check after the Japan crisis found that same dismal, lifeless scene. As large as Switzerland, the area surrounding the Ukrainian city remains uninhabitable.

Eleven months after a Soviet-era reactor went into meltdown mode in April 1986, I sensed a terror of the darkest unknown.

high. And despite the Price-Anderson Act of 1957, which mandates that nuclear power plants obtain liability insurance, total indemnity is limited, meaning we taxpayers may still have to foot some of the bill in the event of a major accident.

The risks will always remain nothing short of humongous, and having been on the scene of one such disaster relatively early on, I will attest to that fact. When it comes to the safety of nuclear power plants, I confess to being strongly biased against them. That's because 25 years before Japan was beset by the world's latest nuke nightmare, I got to visit Chernobyl, and I never again want to have my life dependent upon the readings of a Geiger counter. Eleven months after a Soviet-era reactor went into meltdown mode in April 1986, I sensed a terror of the darkest unknown. Radiation levels were still dangerously high as I donned the requisite protective gear before entering the surviving turbine room adjoining Plant No. 4, where an explosion had triggered the disaster.

It was a terror reinforced by the uncer-

Back in the '80s, while working for the *Los Angeles Times*, I had been covering the nuclear arms race. My invitation to be the first American newspaper reporter to visit Chernobyl came from one of the USSR's top science advisers, Yevgeny P. Velikhov, whom I had interviewed on arms-control issues. Velikhov had led the valiant effort to contain the damage at Chernobyl, risking his health in the immediate days after the incident by flying low over the contaminated site in a helicopter, as well as by scaling the sidewall of Reactor No. 4 to more accurately evaluate the situation.

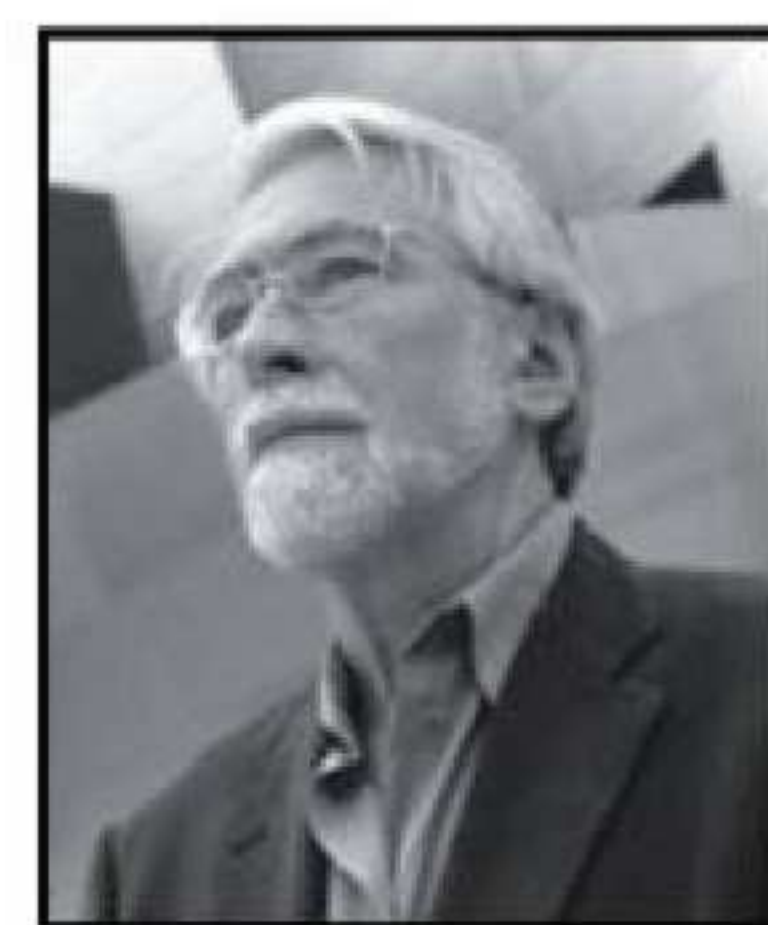
Velikhov's purpose in arranging my visit was to demonstrate the terrifying consequence of a "peaceful" nuclear explosion, let alone one resulting from a weapon designed to inflict mass destruction. The folly of nuclear warfare was a subject he'd broached with the military in his own country. "After two weeks of discussion with the army corps," he told me, "I asked how you wish to survive a nuclear war if you have no possibility to clean this small piece of nuclear garbage."

Echoing Velikhov's sentiment was Harvard University physicist Richard Wilson, who also made that Chernobyl trip. He pointed out that with nuclear weapons "one is dealing with a technology designed to explode that is also under the control of human beings."

Thanks to the disaster in Japan, efforts to eliminate nuclear weapons altogether should be intensified. We should also be more concerned about the prospect of sabotage. This last is a reason to rely less on nuclear power in a world made volatile not only by natural calamities but through the concerted efforts of those who can fly airplanes into targets of their choice. At the very least, the expense of properly maintaining the internal safety and external security of nuclear power plants should be considered in any cost-benefit analysis of their usefulness as an alternative source of energy.

I know there will be an attempt to sell us the argument that the likelihood of a catastrophic earthquake and a tsunami occurring together in an area containing a nuclear power facility is incredibly low, that Japan's Fukushima reactors were of inadequate design and, as in the case of Chernobyl, that "human error" was at fault. Despite the 1979 accident at Three Mile Island in Pennsylvania, there was a strong tendency to present the Chernobyl disaster as a warning sign not about nuclear power in general but rather the particular failures of a rotting Soviet economy.

After the Japanese experience, such cavalier dismissal of the intrinsic problems of nuclear power is no longer plausible. Recall that it was President Obama himself who in October 2009 celebrated Japan as the model for nuclear power expansion: "There is no reason why, technologically, we can't employ nuclear energy in a safe and effective way." No reason, except that nukes in any form—either weapons of mass destruction or a source of electricity—are just too damn scary to have in our backyard.



Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of *TruthDig.com*, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them*. 



"Relax, this is totally covered by your insurance!"

WOULD THOMAS JEFFERSON HAVE BACKED THE PATRIOT ACT?

THE WARNINGS OF OUR FOUNDING FATHERS AND A MODERN-DAY DISSIDENT SENATOR HAVE GONE UNHEEDED, MAKING AMERICA AN EVER-INCREASING POLICE STATE.

Regardless of where I used to teach the Bill of Rights—from elementary schools to graduate schools of journalism all around the country—I always underlined Thomas Jefferson's warning that only the people can be the "safe depositories" of freedom.

This essence of who we are as Americans was dramatically emphasized a month after the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001. The USA PATRIOT Act was railroaded through Congress, and only one senator—Democrat Russ Feingold of Wisconsin—dared to vote against it.

He clearly foresaw how the PATRIOT Act would begin the deterioration of our *individual* Constitutional liberties. With the 2012 Presidential and Congressional elections ever nearer, in self-defense we should take note of Feingold's warning as he addressed a silent Senate: "There is no doubt that if we lived in a police state, it would be easier to catch terrorists. If we lived in a country that allowed the police to search your home at any time for any reason...."

By now the FBI can do this searching without going to a judge. "If we lived in a country," Feingold continued, "that allowed the government to...eavesdrop on your phone conversations, or intercept your e-mail communications," there would be more prosecutions.

We are now a society under continuous surveillance, and what Feingold prophesied can and does happen. Increasingly.

"If we lived in a country," said the solitary senator, "that allowed the government to hold people in jail indefinitely based on what they write or think, or based on mere suspicion that they are up to no good, then the government would no doubt discover and arrest more terrorists."

Under the loosely vague doctrine of "material support," that has become a reality, first under George W. Bush and Dick Cheney and now with Barack Obama in the White House. Rising to his fateful climax, Feingold stated:

"But that probably would not be a country in which we would want to live. And that would not be a country for which we could, in good conscience, ask our young people to fight and die. In short, that would not be America."

Throughout the rest of his tenure in the Senate, Feingold worked hard, and with only very marginal success, to bring the Constitution back into the PATRIOT Act. In the meantime what followed under Bush and Obama has further ravaged our liberties: the imposition of "state secrets" to forbid citizens' charges of government abuse of the

"Basic to all liberties is the freedom to think, to speak, to write, to publish one's thoughts, not merely without restraint, but without even thinking about the possibility of restraint."

Constitution to even be heard in court; the continuation, as I've documented in this column, of torture as a U.S. government policy; and the rapid advance of government surveillance technology that another true patriot, Irving Brant, warned about in his 1965 book *The Bill of Rights: Its Origin and Meaning*.

"Basic to all liberties," Brant professed, "is the freedom to think, to speak, to write, to publish one's thoughts, not merely without restraint, but without even thinking about the possibility of restraint. Men are truly free only when they do not have to ask themselves whether they are free."

That's a question more Americans are asking themselves. When you have no way of knowing whether your name is in a secret government data bank of "persons of interest" who are considered dangerous to national security, you may be cautious in what you say or publish, whether in phone calls, blogs, e-mails or on Facebook.

Russ Feingold was defeated in the 2010 midterm elections not because of his tenacity as a civil libertarian but because of his grave dismissal of the urgent will of the people of both political parties on another issue. Feingold was a strong supporter of Obamacare!

Many Americans who want to keep on living insistently oppose government-controlled healthcare rationing. Their very lives may be at stake, ex-Senator Feingold.

James Madison—another Founding Father—proclaimed: "We shall find that the censorial power is in the people over the government, and not in the government over the people." However, some members of Congress *are* committed to preventing the government, whether controlled by Republicans or Democrats, from turning our country into one that we could not recognize as America.

We are, in large part, already in just such a country. And how free we remain to be able to restore our personal liberties may well be affected by the results of the 2012 elections.

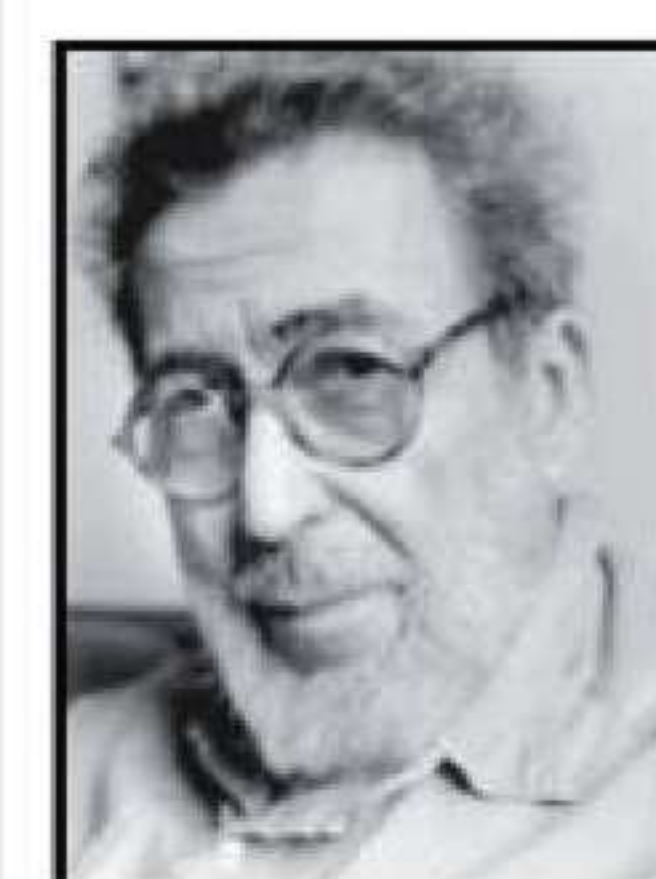
When Senator Feingold rose to oppose the PATRIOT Act, then-Majority Leader Tom Daschle (who later helped create Obamacare) ordered him to remain silent lest he subject all Democrats to accusations of being "soft" on patriotism. Instead, Feingold patriotically disobeyed his party leader.

"Preserving our freedom is the reason that we are now engaged in this new war on terrorism," Feingold declared back in 2001. "We will lose that war without firing a shot if we sacrifice the liberties of the American people." Many shots have since been fired as we sacrifice more of our liberties.

As you listen to the campaign speeches of those who yearn to be our next President and those intent on remaining in Congress (or challengers seeking to replace them), will you be partial to the politicians who most closely champion what Thomas Jefferson surely would if he were running for office in 2012? Can you imagine him, as a layman, applauding the FBI as it searched his library?

So far I've heard only a few 2012 candidates who are regenerating the indispensable freedom legacy of Jefferson. It will be up to you, the voters, to demand of candidates what they will specifically do to keep us free of government un-Americanism. Remember the foreboding words of Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis: "The greatest menace to freedom is an inert people."

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice*



and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?* 🌐



YOU HAVING A LAUGH?

WHEN IT COMES TO ATTACKING POLITICIANS, HUMOR IS THE BEST WEAPON.

As a kid, I was the target of schoolyard bullies. I discovered that if I was funny enough, the bullies were less likely to throw a punch. The same is true with today's political bullies. Humor strips them bare, making them unable to respond to barbs.

Political humor goes way back. The Greek playwright Aristophanes was always jabbing away at politicians. Later, the Italian poet Dante did the same in his *Divine Comedy*. Elizabethan England's William Shakespeare took jabs at the politics of his time. More recently, U.S. politicians have also become the target of satire, humor and commentary.

Thomas Nast, the father of the American political cartoon, created our modern concept of Santa Claus, Uncle Sam, the Republican Party's symbolic elephant and the Democrats' donkey. However, it's his caricatures in *Harper's* magazine during the early 1870s that Nast is most famous for. That's when he went after Boss Tweed, the man who ran New York's corrupt political machine.

My favorite Nast cartoon is the one that depicted Tweed and his cronies as vultures perched on a ledge with the title "Let Us Prey." So potent were his attacks that Tweed tried bribing Nast with \$500,000. Eventually Nast's cartoons drove Tweed from power.

Another significant political commentator and humorist was Mark Twain. As a young man, he believed America should have its presence in every country. Twain later reversed course, condemning imperialism in his book *Following the Equator*. He also wrote a pacifist story, "The War Prayer," that no one would publish. But Twain's greatest work was *Huckleberry Finn*, the story of a youngster from Missouri who befriends a runaway slave. A white boy and a black man as compatriots was an outrage in the late 19th century. The book has been banned from many schools and libraries.

In the first half of the 20th century there were tons of social humorists but only one major light politically. That was Will Rogers. Originally a rope act in vaudeville, he went on to Broadway, where he would twirl his lasso while telling jokes. "What shall I talk about?" Rogers would say at the outset of his show. "All I know is what I read in the papers." Then he'd take potshots at the day's news.

Eventually Rogers extended his commentary

via newspapers, the radio and movies to become America's number one political humorist. He once said he had joked about every prominent man of his time. Here's a typical Rogers line: "A senator got up today in Congress and called his fellow senators 'sons of wild jackasses.' Now, if you think the senators were hot, imagine how the jackasses must feel."

Cut to the late 1950s and the emergence of Mort Sahl. Ironically, the comedian wasn't an American at all—he was born in Canada. Sahl gained his reputation at the hungry i, a San Francisco nightclub, where he would walk onstage with his trademark rolled-up newspaper. The humor was sharp, cutting like a knife. A darling of the liberals, Sahl was even enlisted to write jokes for John F. Kennedy.

When Kennedy was elected President in 1960, Sahl suddenly had nothing to make fun of—certainly not JFK, who had become a friend. His career nose-dived. In later years, Sahl took some controversial political turns, losing most of his audience.

Interestingly, there haven't been very many pure political comics since Mort Sahl. Some were social commentators like Lenny Bruce, Sam Kinison, George Carlin and Bill Hicks, but none just talked politics. Others, like Jimmy Kimmel out of Boston and Will Durst from San Francisco, while doggedly political, have had limited success despite their talent. Then there

are the HBO political comics, first Dennis Miller and presently Bill Maher, with their TV shows and stand-up. Miller turned right and lost his funny. Maher, on the other hand, is occasionally great but mostly just okay.

Only one current stand-up delivers razor-sharp political commentary to great effect: Lewis Black. He rants, he raves, spittle flies from his lips, and his comedy stabs at the heart of the body politic. I have never seen a purely political comic as good as Black.

While Black has been around for years, his present notoriety stems from *The Daily Show With Jon Stewart* on Comedy Central. As a repository of political commentary, it transcends other comedy shows. Eclipsing the bullshit analysis of network news commentators, *The Daily Show* is the most important news source in America. Not bad for something that bills itself as just a comedy show.

Writing this column, I was surprised at how few purely political comedians we have had. Let's hope we break this curse. If we ever needed a good laugh, it's now.



Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard on Sirius Left 146 (9 a.m. to noon ET) and XM America Left 167 (midnight to 3 a.m. ET).



"It doesn't matter to me if you are guilty or not. My job is to defend you, hopefully to your last dollar."

**DOUBLE
FEATURE!**

HUSTLER invites you to
the **movies**



WorldMags.net
HustlerHollywood.com

ACT YOUR AGE

YOU'RE ONLY AS OLD AS YOU FEEL, AND OUR COLUMNIST OBVIOUSLY FEELS GREAT.

"Getting old is a fascination thing. The older you get, the older you want to get."

—Keith Richards

The tweet showed up the evening of my birthday, right on the heels of the YouTube debut of a music video from my new country album. The YouTube clip featured a collage of me kicking up my heels at photo-shoots, having fun at personal appearances and goofing around with my dogs. The woman's tweet went something like this: "Mamie Van Doren should wake up and act her age!" I tweeted right back that I have never acted my age and never will.

Growing up, you probably heard "Act your age" a million times like I did. For most people it tapers off as they ease into middle age. But it has been a constant refrain in my life because I am, in so many ways, just a big kid who enjoys acting like one in public.

The combination of celebrating a (*gasp!*) major birthday plus the new music video and the publicity for other recent projects has put me on people's radar again. While most of the tweets and comments have been wonderfully supportive and complimentary, others were critical in a very personal way, suggesting I should act like everyone's image of Granny. I've been reminded that people in our culture have a very narrow view of what "age" and "aging" should look like and that often their views are colored with fear.

We live in a society that can't decide whether to honor age or scorn it. We are preoccupied with extending our lives through exercise, yoga, vitamins, meditation, medication, organic food and endless fad diets. Yet the meaning of all that escapes us: Everyone is desperate to stay young and vital.

Look at the cosmetic surgery industry and Viagra. People are having themselves hacked and Botoxed, and men risk heart attacks to maintain that precious erection. But when we are lucky enough to get old,

we are required to disappear, or at least conform to a set of codes for being old. If you don't, it frightens people. I see it in people's eyes when I make appearances. They know my approximate age, and they expect me to act that age. Some think I'm not really being me.

I have a white-haired auntie in Illinois who is in her 90s and still very beautiful. When I asked her why she kept her hair snowy white, she replied that her kids, grandkids and great-grandkids wanted it that way. I have no quarrel with people who want to let nature take its course, but is it really fair for your family to demand you look a certain way? That should be an individual's choice.

In other cultures, such as Latin America and Asia, elders live with their families. They're revered and cared for throughout their lives. Here we shunt the old folks to a retirement community, where they only have to be dealt with on Christmas and Mother's or Father's Day.

Of course, we fear growing old because we fear death. I once heard a Buddhist nun say that the 9/11 tragedy was, in a way, a useful opportunity for Americans because it brought a serious discussion about death into the national consciousness.

In particular, glamorous movie star types are not allowed to get old. When and if they do, they are treated with a certain derision. This story about Gloria Swanson, one of Hollywood's all-time-great divas, was told to me by a publicist we shared: During a personal appearance in Chicago, Miss Swanson gave an interview to one of the local papers while riding in her limo. She and a cub reporter were cruising down busy Lakeshore Drive, and everything was going well until the actress was asked to disclose her age.

"Stop the car!" Swanson barked at the driver. As the limo skidded to a halt, she belted, "The interview is over! Now get out!" The reporter was thrust out the door in the



PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

middle of Lakeshore Drive traffic. Swanson was not to be fucked with.

People have been asking about *my* age for decades, and you have to maintain your sense of humor. I usually tell them to pick one.

Another tweet came the same night, this time from a guy: "Is this really Mamie? I thought you were dead." I tweeted back, "Fuck no, I'm not dead!" And he replied, "My God! She tweeted me back and said 'Fuck no!'"

If I declared "The interview is over!" every time I was asked my age, I would never give an interview. But my life would be a lot simpler.



Mamie Van Doren, who starred in such films as *Untamed Youth*, *Teacher's Pet* and *High School Confidential*, chronicles her amazing life at MamieVanDoren.com.





Get Smart

I've been a human rights activist for over ten years and worked with the Green Party at the state level. There are no government funds for the party, and it's supposedly unconstitutional for the party to borrow money from foreign donors.

The media is no help either. Free speech doesn't exist in most periodicals. They shill for corporations and right-wingers like the Republicans and the Tea Party that tell lies about the opposing parties. They make old people believe that Social Security is socialism and that it's okay to change the Constitution so corporations come first.

President Obama has moved too far to the right. I wrote him several times about cost-free college for the unemployed and people who can't afford an education. Clean-energy jobs need educated workers. The trillions in the military budget should go to education. Obama replied that he would "keep it under consideration." I haven't heard a thing since.

—John Fuhrmen
Southgate, Michigan

Exotic Flowers

Jasmine Foxx ["Comfortable in Her Skin," May '11] nearly gave me heart failure. I'm not sure I'm over it yet. I can't seem to get her beautiful visage out of my mind. I think Jasmine is one of the most striking women I've ever laid eyes on, and I've been looking for a while. If this is what Mexican women look like, let 'em in!

Please consider featuring more Latina and Asian lovelies to

go along with our white and black sisters. This is what America wants!

—Rob G.
Hamilton, Ohio

Mean Streets

Thank you for your article "Drivers Beware!" [May '11]. As a California resident, I have experienced firsthand what ass-fucks police officers are in giving out bullshit tickets instead of doing their job and catching real criminals.

To make matters worse, I got a letter from my insurance company, and it informed me that traffic ticket fines have been drastically increased in the cash-strapped Golden State. They're trying to squeeze as much money out of us as they can.

Here's the new breakdown: Parking in a handicapped zone, \$976; second offense of parking in a handicapped zone, \$1,876; failure to stop at a red light, \$436; no car insurance, \$796; no license, \$214; speeding, between \$214 and \$328; talking on a cell phone, \$148 for the first offense and \$256 thereafter; texting while driving, \$148; rolling a stop sign, \$214; and not wearing a seat belt, \$148.

You weren't lying when you aptly warned us, "Drivers beware!"

—A.C.
Monrovia, California

Block Party

HUSTLER is hands down the best magazine in the business. You've managed—even after all these years—to keep a level of class. I feel that's important because the porn industry is always getting slammed by one politician or another. Yet those same hypocrites get caught in porn shops and strip clubs with their pants down.

Right now I'm locked up for violating probation. I got in with the wrong girl, and things got crazy. But enough of that.

Since 1998 I've worked on "The Block" in Baltimore (400



Celebrity party gal Capri Anderson has also mesmerized a reader in Baltimore. If you missed her encore appearance in our special Charlie Sheen edition (April '11), call 800-763-8271 ext. 7651 to order.

block of E. Baltimore Street) as a doorman at several of the local clubs. In 2005, when the HUSTLER Club was about to open, the Block was buzzing. Some club owners feared losing business, but most knew they just had to step up their game. It also meant attracting another class of clientele they only wished they'd had before.

Having had a good reputation, I applied for a job at the HUSTLER Club. I landed in jail before there was an opening. But man, the club is nice. Several correctional officers have checked it out on my word. It's a classy place. (But you'd better be ready to spend some dough.) The Block is close to Baltimore Police headquarters. You'd be surprised (or not) at how many vice cops enjoy themselves while on duty.

I have a great joke to send your way. If you publish it, I'll use the money for a subscription. I love the September 2010 issue (swapped two deodorants for it). Capri Anderson is insanely beautiful.

—Eric Plotts
Baltimore, Maryland

Thrill of the Hunt

I had never bought HUSTLER until a friend handed over some money and asked me to pick up a copy at a gas station. I bought the Holiday 2010 issue and looked through it.

I must say it was the best magazine I have ever seen, full of art, beauty and even some good ads. My favorite lady was Ms. Carmen in *Beaver Hunt*. She's my fantasy date! Thanks for putting out a great magazine.

—Kenneth N.
Petersburg, Virginia

There's an eight-page spread of Carmen in the latest BEST OF BEAVER HUNT—on sale now at select newsstands.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to Hustler@LFP.com and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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LESS OF THE NATION'S ECONOMIC HEALTH**



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U.S. GOVERNMENT**

PROFIT IS OUR EXCLUSIVE BUSINESS.

At Goldman Sachs it doesn't matter if the American economy is booming or in a tailspin; we're still going to find a way to make money. How? By making sure that we always have a man on the inside: someone like Gene Sperling, President Obama's choice to head the National Economic Council. We paid Gene \$887,727 in 2008 for a consulting contract, so we're pretty sure that he'll protect our interests. Gene won't be lonely either. Goldman Sachs partner Gary Gensler runs the government's Commodity Futures Trading Commission, and former GS lobbyist Mark Patterson serves as the Treasury Department's chief of staff. Is it any wonder that things always work out for us?

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is a political commentary calling attention to the fact that, for decades, Goldman Sachs has wielded an excessive amount of influence over U.S. financial policy. In fact, even though its greed has arguably been a major cause of the global money meltdown, apparently the Wall Street investment firm's best and brightest remain eminently qualified to steer our economy. For more information about the ongoing development of the United States of Goldman Sachs, visit News.FireDogLake.com/Tag/Goldman-Sachs. This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Do all assholes come from Wall Street? Obviously not. We all know plenty of A-holes who couldn't rub two food stamps together. Conversely, is everybody on Wall Street an asshole? Now that's a different matter. The answer would seem to be a resounding "Yes!"

Ohio's Republican governor, John Kasich, is a case in point. When Lehman Brothers went bankrupt in 2008, flushing the global economy down the toilet with it, Kasich was that investment house's Columbus-based managing director. Think this scumbag took a bath in the shit-filled waters he helped create? Don't be silly. While American taxpayers were bailing out Wall Street, Kasich's tax records indicate that he walked away with \$1.4 million, which included his base salary plus bonuses and other benefits. Meanwhile, the *Columbus Dispatch* reported that Kasich tried to persuade two state pension funds to invest with Lehman Brothers in 2002. Lehman's collapse eventually cost Ohio's pensions nearly \$500 million.

That alone should warrant our awarding him Asshole of the Month status, but there's more—so much more.

Let's start with the words of airline pilot Brad Cody as quoted by TheOtherPaper.com. Cody recalled that while working as a teenage grocery clerk in 1988, he was upbraided by then-congressman Kasich for refusing to violate store policy by cashing the lawmaker's check without his producing two pieces of identification. According to Cody, Kasich screamed at him, "Do you know who I am?!" Then, Cody claimed, Kasich proceeded to "belittle me in front of everyone, even though I was just a kid, just standing there trying to do my job."

Want another example of Kasich's Asshole nature? According to TheOtherPaper.com, as a Presidential hopeful in 2000 the politician was accused of throwing hot coffee on an Iowa campaign worker. Even Kasich's own GOP donors hate his abrasive manner.

In 2008, Kasich apparently went ballistic at a police officer who pulled him over for a traffic violation. It's not clear if the future governor uttered his "Do you know who I am?" line, although we bet he did. But we do know that Kasich repeatedly referred to the officer as "an idiot" while talking to Ohio Environmental Protection workers on January 21, 2011, soon after



JOHN KASICH

assuming his position as Ohio's 69th governor. Since Kasich had already pleaded guilty to the traffic charge, we reckon the cop was "an idiot" only because he did his job, unintimidated by the politician's wrath.

So what if John Kasich is an Asshole, you say? We only care about what he stands for. Okay, let's look at that: In 1988, as a member of the U.S. House of Representatives, he voted to cut student aid. In 1994 he proposed \$103 billion in cuts to federal spending, including Medicare payments to those earning less than \$75,000 a year. (It failed by six votes.) He also voted in favor of the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA), the bill that sent our jobs overseas.

As if all that wasn't enough, Kasich hosted a show on Fox from 2001 to 2007. So we know he's an Asshole!

Now down to brass tacks. Like his gubernatorial counterparts in Wisconsin and 14 other Republican-controlled states, Kasich is out to bust America's unions. His weapon of choice is Ohio Senate Bill 5, which is aimed at eliminating the collective-bargaining rights of public employees (i.e., teachers, police, firemen, etc.) in the Buckeye State. Those who go on strike, Kasich says, should lose their jobs.

Destroying Ohio's unions will make it easier for Kasich to make budget cuts that will affect the elderly, children, public schools and low-income families. That's something the governor feels is necessary because he plans on phasing out the state's income tax. In other words, the working class will make up for the lost revenue while the superrich benefit. (You understand, of course, that only the top-10% income earners—the ones who don't send their kids to public schools or need government-subsidized medical care—really benefit from these tax cuts.)

As for collective bargaining, that's one of the things that has made America great. Without it today's working man would still be exploited the way he was in the 1920s. It's only when workers began to unionize that we saw a growing middle class, but Kasich doesn't care.

Donald Conley, operations director of the 35,000-strong Ohio Civil Service Associations, said on *Democracy Now!*: "It's a power play. It's an attack on the middle class and basic human rights for people who work for government agencies." But it's more than that. It's an attempt to destroy *all* unions and, in the process, the Democratic Party (which unions generally support during elections).

It's clear that Kasich and his fellow Republicans want to bring America back to a time when we didn't have an eight-hour workday or weekends off. So those of you who support recent union-busting efforts should ask yourselves the following question: How pleasant is my life going to be if the policies of the 1920s are restored?

All of the foregoing is tied in with Kasich's plan to privatize just about everything in Ohio that isn't nailed down. That includes the lottery, highways, utilities, parks (for the drilling of oil and natural gas) and even the state-run liquor stores.

Let's use that last item as an example of how Kasich is stealing from the citizens of Ohio to help his pals in Big Business and on Wall Street: Currently liquor sales generate \$228 million a year into Ohio's coffers. Kasich's deal is to sell 30 years worth of that lucrative revenue stream—\$6.8 billion—for \$1.5 billion. Who would turn that deal down?

Yes, John Kasich really is an Asshole. And an idiot!

FARTS IN THE WIND

• **GOVERNOR SCOTT WALKER** of Wisconsin gets to share this page with John Kasich for introducing a "budget repair bill" that would drastically cut state-employed workers' benefits and strip away almost all of their collective-bargaining rights. While many unionized public employees staged protests statewide—with Democratic lawmakers fleeing Wisconsin to prevent the legislature from voting on the bill—Walker refused to back down. "I don't have anything to negotiate," Walker asserted. "We are broke in this state.... This is what we have to offer." And by "this," apparently, he means a dra-

conian attack on middle class workers. Walker threatened thousands of layoffs if his bill wasn't adopted.

Meanwhile, a recent poll indicates that support for Walker is plummeting. He must have lost additional cred after granting an interview to a gonzo reporter posing as billionaire neocon David Koch. Walker's recorded comments seemed to raise serious ethical and legal concerns, most notably a potentially illegal fund-raising activity thanks to the governor's hinting at a request for Koch to bankroll the media in order to back up Republican legislators. 🌐

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS



Lisa Ann



Riley Steele and Jesse Jane

PORN HARDWARE

The XBIZ Awards have been around since 2003, and this year the red carpet at Southern California's Hollywood Palladium was hopping. Inside, Jesse Jane—our own covergirl this month—cohosted with comedian Whitney Cummings. The big winners included Tori Black (Porn Site of the Year) and Lisa Ann, the Sarah Palin dopplegänger who was recognized for her outstanding contributions to the field of MILFdom.



Brooke Adams and Jelena Jensen



Allie Haze



Dave Navarro and Kayden Kross



Tori Black

ALIENATING SEX

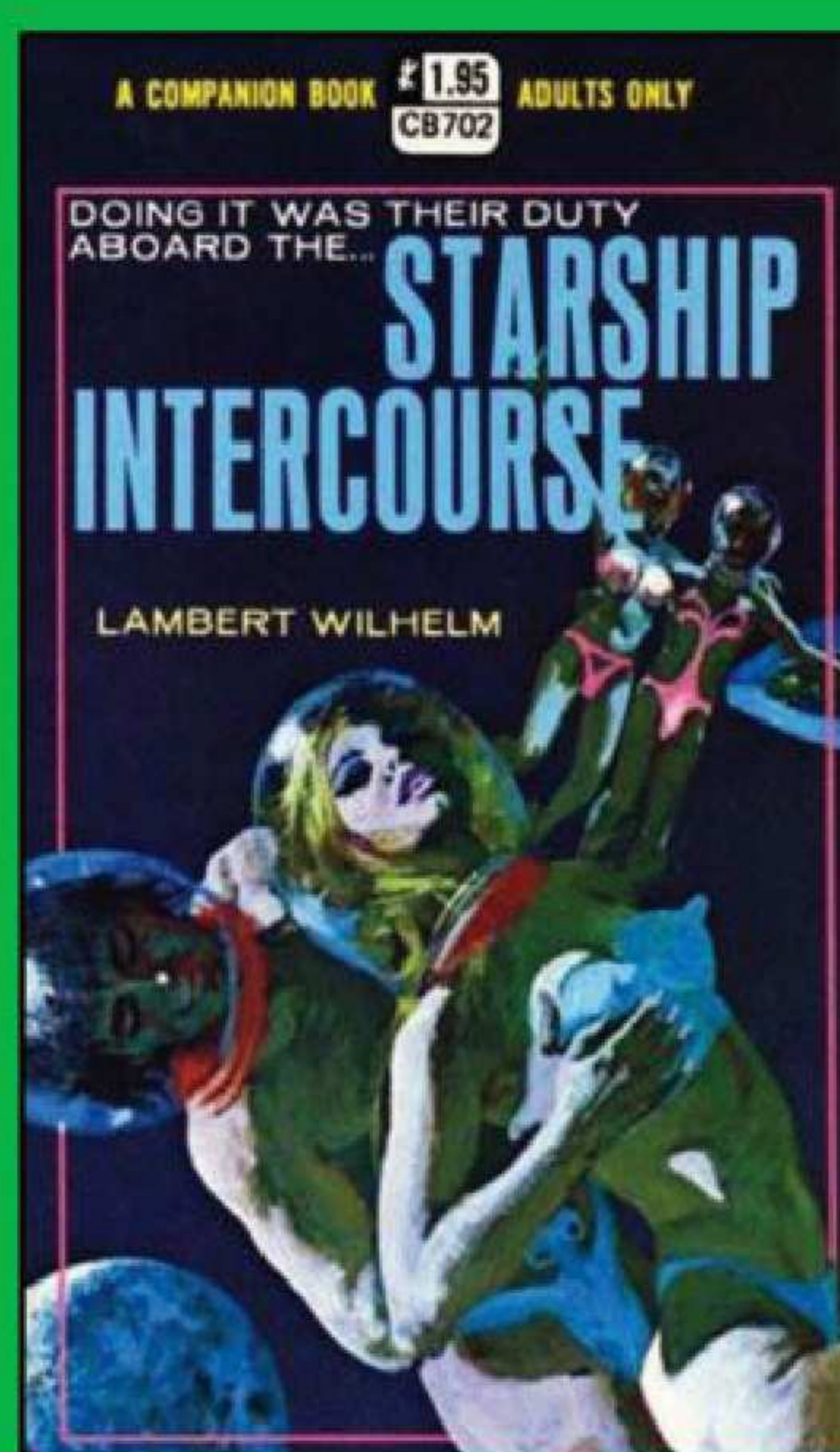
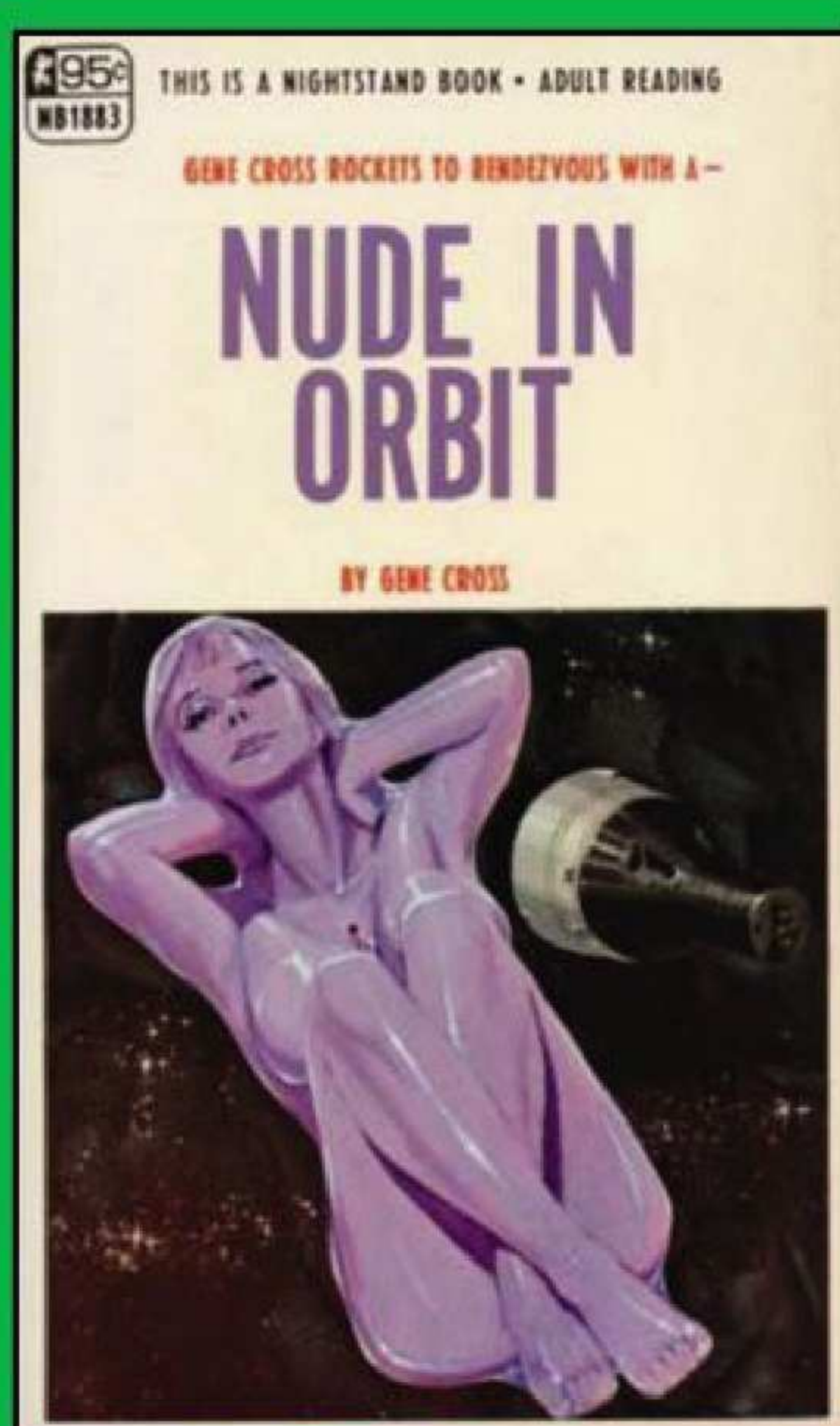
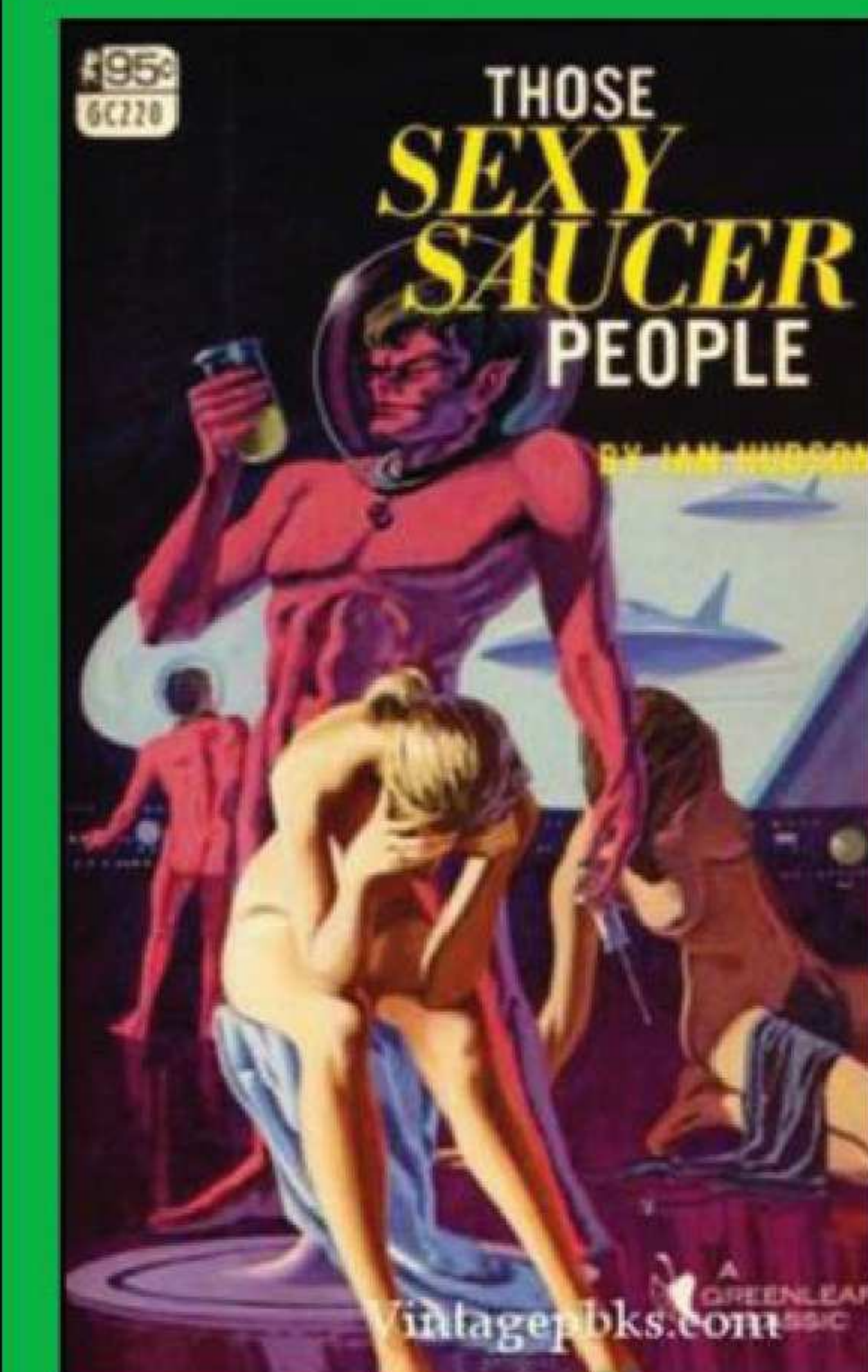
American culture has changed dramatically over the past few decades. Consider, for instance, the relative place science fiction holds in the national imagination. Existing on the margins, sci-fi was once the refuge of nerds and outcasts. Now Hollywood studios wage battles over the film rights to any Philip K. Dick book that hasn't already been turned into a shitty movie.

It's nice to look back at these old paperbacks, which clearly reflect an earlier era. These books weren't written to attract a six-figure option deal from Paramount, and the authors weren't thinking about spawning franchises and generating Happy Meal toys.

The authors catered to an audience that wanted boners and robots at the same time, like geeks who would look past some fuzzy

logic on space-time theory so long as the inaccuracies were coming out of the mouths of sexy space aliens, and guys who, in the dark days before the Internet, felt no shame jerking off to an illustration of a woman floating in space with a fish-bowl on her head.

Why do these sci-fi dorks sound so familiar? Oh, um, right. We're describing our eighth-grade selves.



"In the U.S. you have to be a deviant or die of boredom." —WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS, AUTHOR/DEVIAN

NEWSBITES

HARDLY AN ÜBERMAN

A German man was forced to go to extreme measures to escape his sex-crazed wife. The overworked father of two, who sought police protection from his frau's voracious libido, explained that he'd been sleeping on a couch for years but that it hadn't diminished the barrage of sex he was forced to endure. There's no word on how things turned out. Nevertheless, we'd bet the cops were gracious enough to offer the man refuge—at least long enough for them to stock up on lube and take a "statement" from his nympho wife.

THE NEW CANCER STICK

If you'd like to decrease your cancer risk, there's something you should stop putting in your mouth—and it's not cigarettes! We're talking about genitals! With specific types of head and neck cancers on the rise, scientists speculate that the cause is likely the increasing popularity of oral sex. This is terrible news, but it should strengthen the argument of guys everywhere who are trying to convince their gals to go the distance. "I guess you could just blow me, baby, but I'd hate for you to get cancer...."

COOZE BOMB

Jilted lovers are always looking for clever ways to screw over an ex. Recently a Minnesota man may have broken new ground. He schemed to get revenge with the help of an exploding dildo. The pervy bomb maker pimped out the pleasure device with gunpowder, buckshot and lots of wires. The only unknown was how the doofus planned to convince his ex-girlfriend to cram something that looked like R2D2 into her snatch. The dildo bomber never had a chance. After someone ratted him out, he was arrested on felony charges.

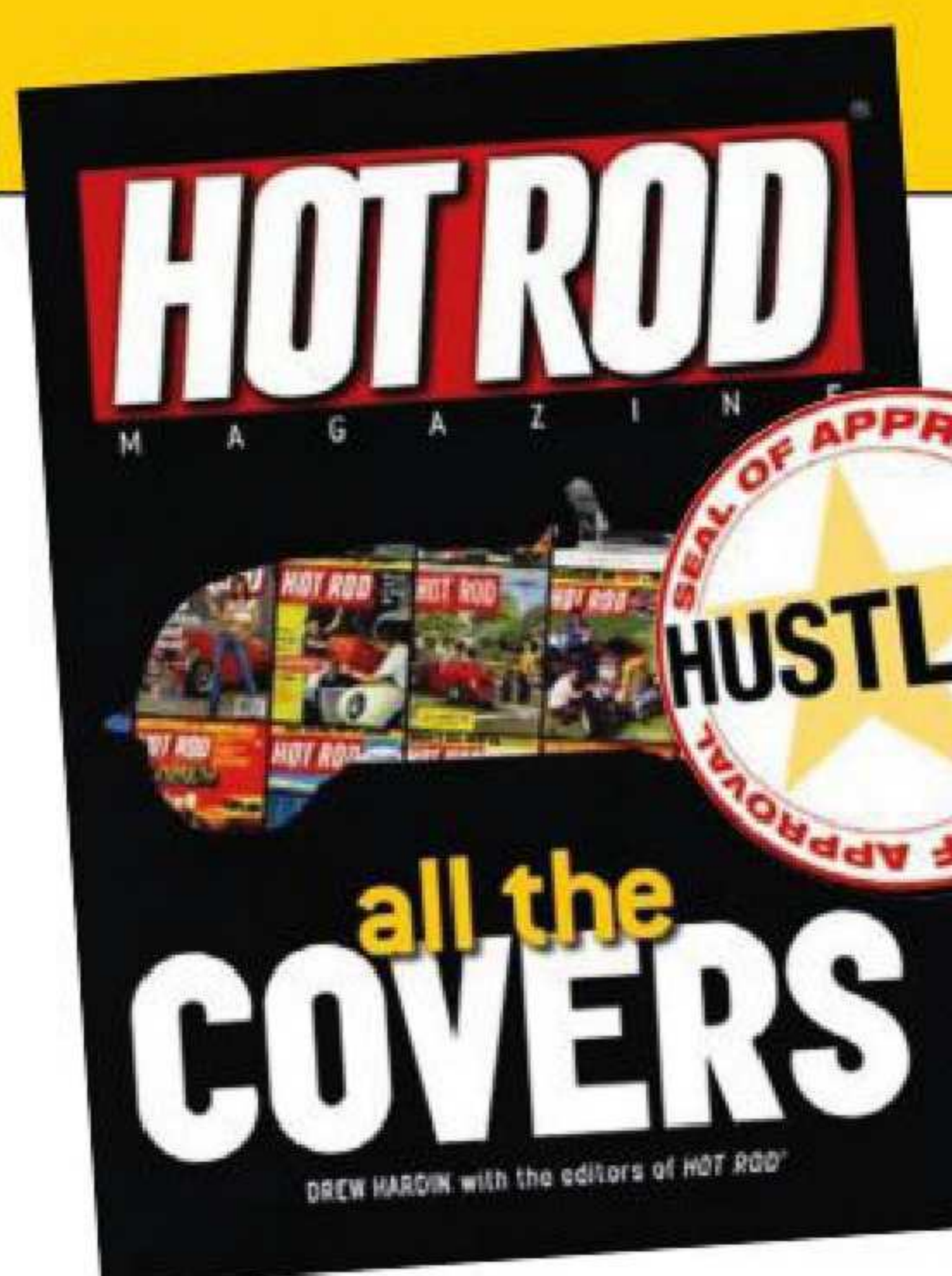
BAD CAREER MOVE

In America, making a sex tape is a legitimate career-boosting endeavor. Ask Montana Fishburne, Kim Kardashian or Screech from *Saved by the Bell*. Things are much different in Indonesia. Pop star Nazril "Ariel" Irham, lead singer of the band Peterpan, was handed a three-and-a-half-year prison sentence for his role in a steamy video that was stolen from his home and disseminated on the Internet. It's a shitty break for Nazril, who was charged under strict antiporn laws drafted by fundamentalist Muslims to clean up Indonesia's morals. We, however, are intrigued by anything that might place Screech in a far-off jail cell.

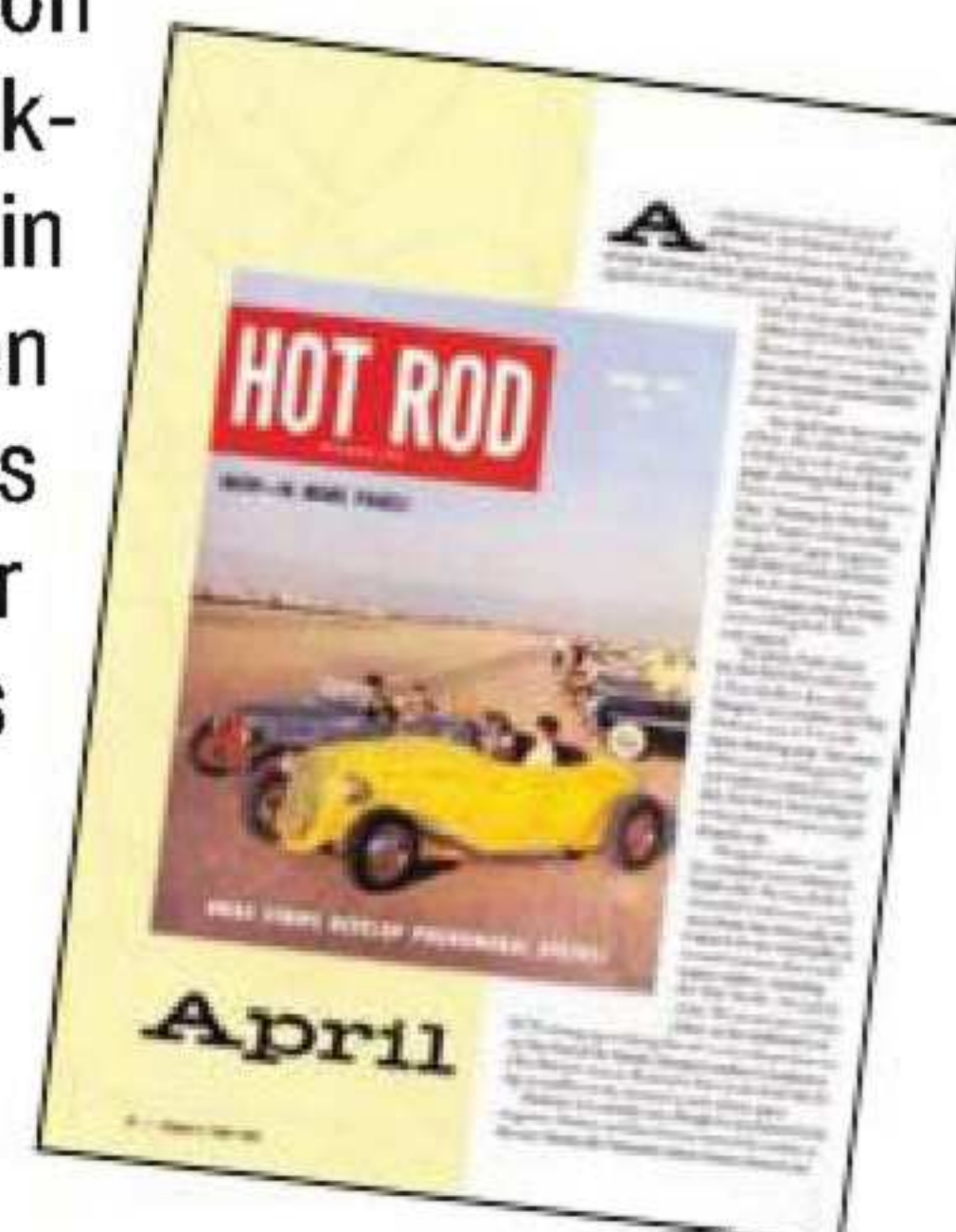
THE GOP'S WAR ON UNIONS!



HUSTLER BOOK CLUB



As titles go, *Hot Rod Magazine: All the Covers* doesn't leave much room for misinterpretation. The book chronicles the publication's evolution over the past 60 years, taking a particular interest in what wound up on a given cover and why. Gearheads will be pleased with author Drew Hardin's thoroughness and his insights into car culture. *Hot Rod Magazine: All the Covers* is available from MotorBooks.com.



How times have changed. Decades ago, in the age of the big bush, a tastefully maintained pubic region like this would have been regarded as enticing and alluring.

However, if this chick flashed her nether regions in mixed company today, she'd be called Chewbacca.

Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's *Porn From the Past*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"If something about the human body disgusts you, the fault lies with the manufacturer." —LENNY BRUCE, COMEDIAN

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD

Camille Grammer

LOOK LIKE WITH A
DICK IN HER MOUTH?

For those of you who have always wondered what Kelsey Grammer receiving a blowjob might resemble, here's his ex-wife Camille—a *Real Housewives of Beverly Hills* cast member—with a cock in her trap. Although we strive for accuracy, our wizardly digital artists were unable to properly depict actor/right-winger Kelsey's unit. We obviously had to enlarge the hell out of the thing so it would be visible.

DISCLAIMER: No such picture of Camille Grammer actually exists, and we're not 100% sure about the size of Kelsey's penis. We just assume anyone who supported Rudy Giuliani has endowment issues. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.



MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"If I had a yacht I'd name it after you. But seeing as I don't have a yacht, my Chevy is now named Canyon Cunt."

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #19

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner and President Obama are working hard to sell a narrative of economic recovery. Yes, the stock market's up, corporations are hoarding profits, and bankers are raking in huge bonuses. But almost no new jobs are being created.

Is it appropriate to continue using Wall Street as an indicator of the country's well-being? Geithner thinks so. He told the *New Republic* that he has no desire

"to shrink the relative importance of the financial system in our economy." In other words, it's okay to once again shackle the fate of the USA to the corrupt, greedy practices of unregulated big bankers.

Someone should remind Geithner that a modest increase in the Dow Jones index won't help a construction worker pay his mortgage or put food on the table. This "recovery" is just enriching the same financial elites who loused everything up while the working class gets buried. Therefore, cascades of excrement will fall onto Tim until he resigns or is fired.



KILLER BOOB JOB



German porn star Sexy Cora was on a quest for the ideal chest. Unfortunately, the 23-year-old—who had embarked on a series of breast-enlargement surgeries—was halted in her pursuit of perfection by death.

After the sixth operation, which was to take her from a 34F to a 34G bra size, Cora apparently suffered two heart attacks, causing severe brain damage. She never emerged from a coma. The doctors involved have been charged with negligent homicide, although the Hamburg clinic where the procedure was performed denies any wrongdoing.

Cora's outlandish behavior as a contestant on the German version of *Big Brother* made her a national star. She became a source of scrutiny for local tabloids, released a few tunes and picked up the 2010 Venus Award honoring Germany's top amateur adult actress.

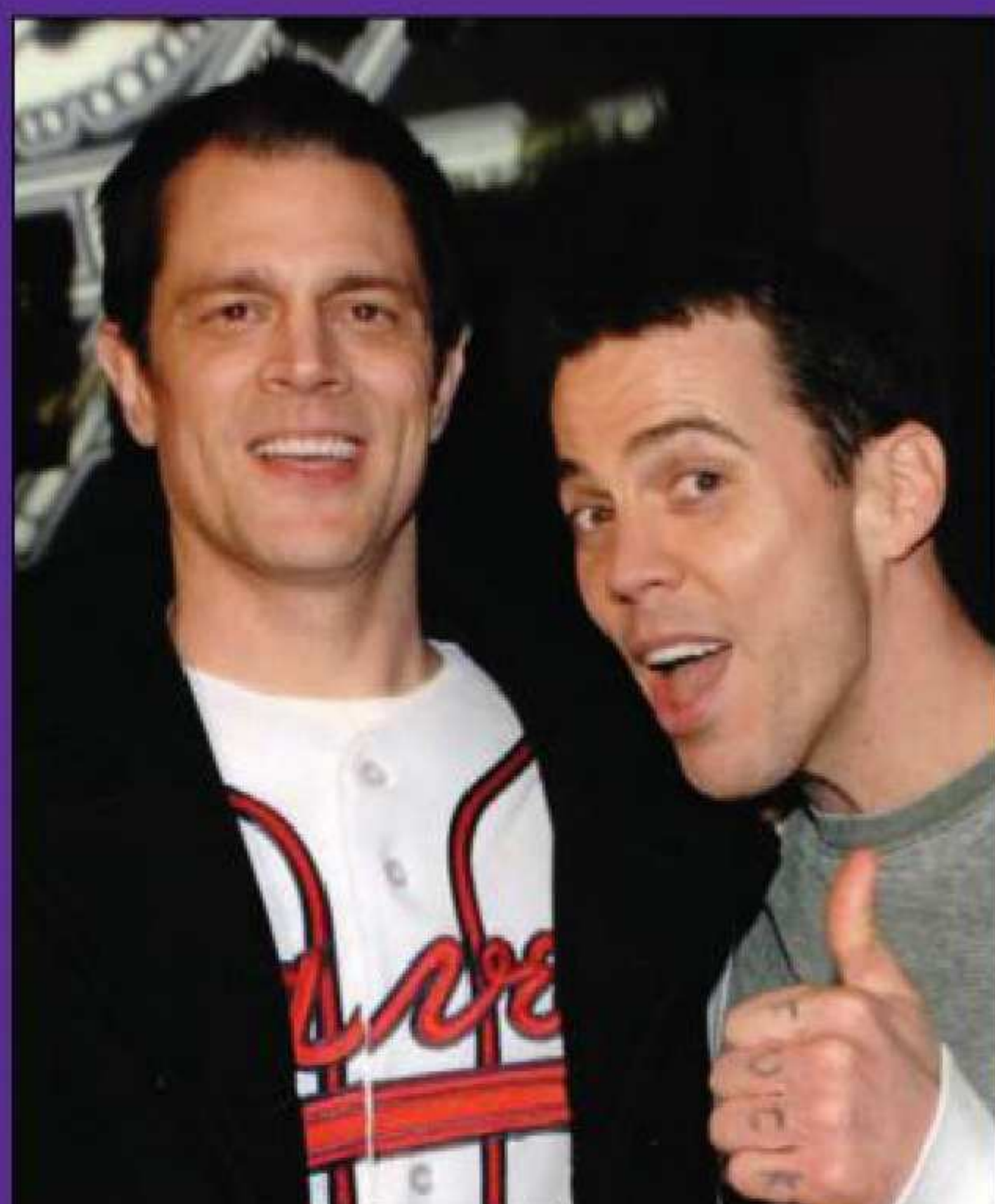
It's hard not to think that Cora's obsession with breast augmentation was another way to stay in the spotlight. Sadly, it was her tragic demise that finally brought Sexy Cora's rack to the attention of the world. May she serve as a reminder that—as crazy as it might sound—huge boobs aren't worth dying for.



PHOTO COURTESY DAPD

—SARAH SILVERMAN, HUMORIST
“Strippers should be role models for little girls, if only for the fact that they wax their assholes.”

WILD BUNCH



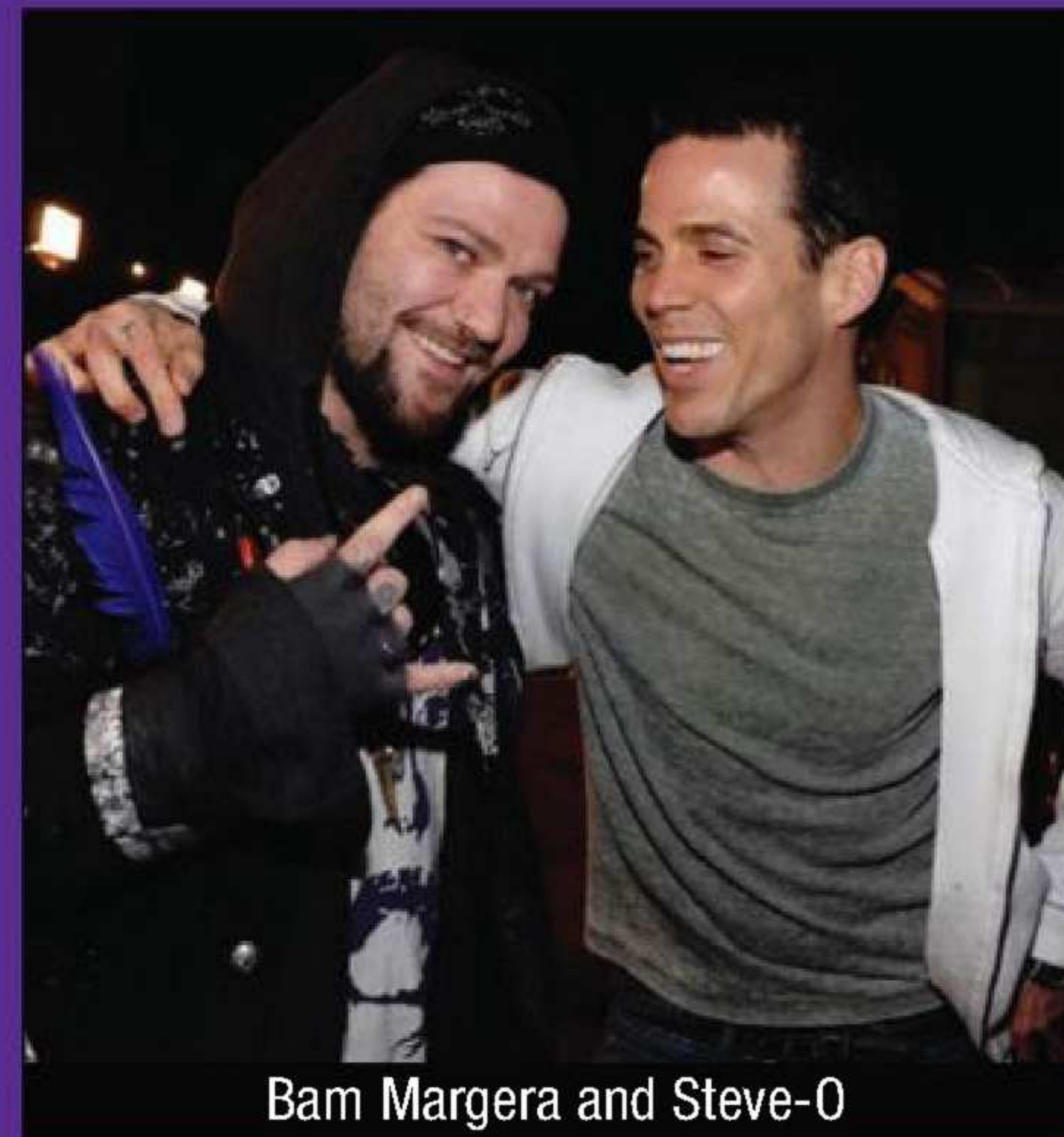
Knoxville and O



The “Wee Man” has landed.



Director Jeff Tremaine and Johnny Knoxville



Bam Margera and Steve-O

PHOTOS COURTESY PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Down-and-Dirty Peep Show

I pried the attaché case from his hand and set it on the floor. Next I attacked the belt and zipper on his pinstriped, steel-blue trousers. Quickly I tugged his slacks and briefs down to his oxfords and sucked his flaccid cock between my lips. It didn't stay that way for long.

I nibbled on his crown a bit before dicking my tongue in and out of his piss slit. I savored each luscious inch as I swirled my tongue around his shaft. By the time his cap hit the back of my throat, the man's pecker was granite. *Mmmm*. He tasted and smelled delicious, a nice combination of soap and musk. Hollowing my cheeks in suction, I slowly pulled back till I could peer up into my new

lover's face. His baby-blues looked glazed, like he was in shock, but his mouth was curled in an undeniable smile.

Glancing at the upper corners of the descending elevator, I spied the camera and proceeded to put on a show. I massaged the man's nuts, tickled his asshole and lightly spanked his buns as I hoovered his cock deep again. When I felt him getting close, I stopped sucking and sat back on my heels. His bone glistened with my spit. It was fat and thick and magnificent. I stared straight at the camera lens and gave the security guard watching—my husband—an enthusiastic thumbs-up.

My Johnnie has never been much of a career man, but I adore him. And in the three years we've been together, I'd be willing to bet that we've had more fun than most folks have in a fuckin' lifetime. His new gig as the lone night watchman for a midsize office building presented us with brand-new opportunities for adventure. When Johnnie came up with this idea last week, I jumped on it. Then I jumped on him and rode him cowgirl-style to a climactic finish. Each day since involved amazing sex as we hashed out the exact details to our plan.

Johnnie selected our mark, a high-powered exec who stayed late every single workday. Like clockwork, at exactly 9 p.m., he'd

head down from his penthouse office to the parking garage. After hours, for security's sake, the building shuts down to the use of just one elevator. Tonight, at 9:01, I joined our businessman on that elevator as it stopped on floor 26. I was dressed only in a cinched-tight trench coat with black-lace panties and stockings underneath.

Twenty-five, 24, 23—the buttons lit up in quick succession as the elevator zoomed downward. Halfway to the 11th floor I hit the stop button and suddenly stripped off my trench coat.

And now, as I sat back on my heels, I knew Johnnie was watching us on a closed-circuit monitor, likely with his fist already wrapped around his fine prick. That thought brought out the exhibitionist in me. I started playing with my titties, bringing my 36Cs up to my lips to slurp and tug on my nipples. Mr. Executive moaned appreciatively.

When I stood up, he took over, grabbing me by the hips and spinning me around to face the elevator wall. He spread my butt cheeks with both hands and plunged his cock into my wet, wet pussy. Fuck, that felt good, the way his thick shooter stretched my cunt tunnel.

Then his fingers reached around to pinch my tit buds as he thrust balls-deep in my snizz. I pictured the way my Johnnie liked to jack his dick, fast and hard, and suddenly I wanted to be fucked like that. So I began jamming my ass back and forth in a steady rhythm. Quick enough, my lover got the hint and took control of this power fuck.

His club hammered my slot and took me right to the edge. I was clawing at the wall panels and trembling in pleasure. My juices were streaming nonstop. Mr. Executive panted loudly, heavily. When he screamed he was coming, I clamped down with my cunt muscles to squeeze out every drop. Though I knew Johnnie would appreciate a visual cum-shot, I selfishly wanted to feel that hot jism inside my twat. Suddenly I was climaxing too, an explosion of warmth that shook my whole body. As I crumbled to the floor, sated Mr. Executive deactivated the stop button, and the elevator continued its descent to the parking garage.

The next day the businessman, who turned out to be married, thought about the camera in the elevator and offered the night watchman a handsome bribe to erase the tape. So Johnnie brought home a lovely bonus.

—N.E.

Miami Beach, Florida



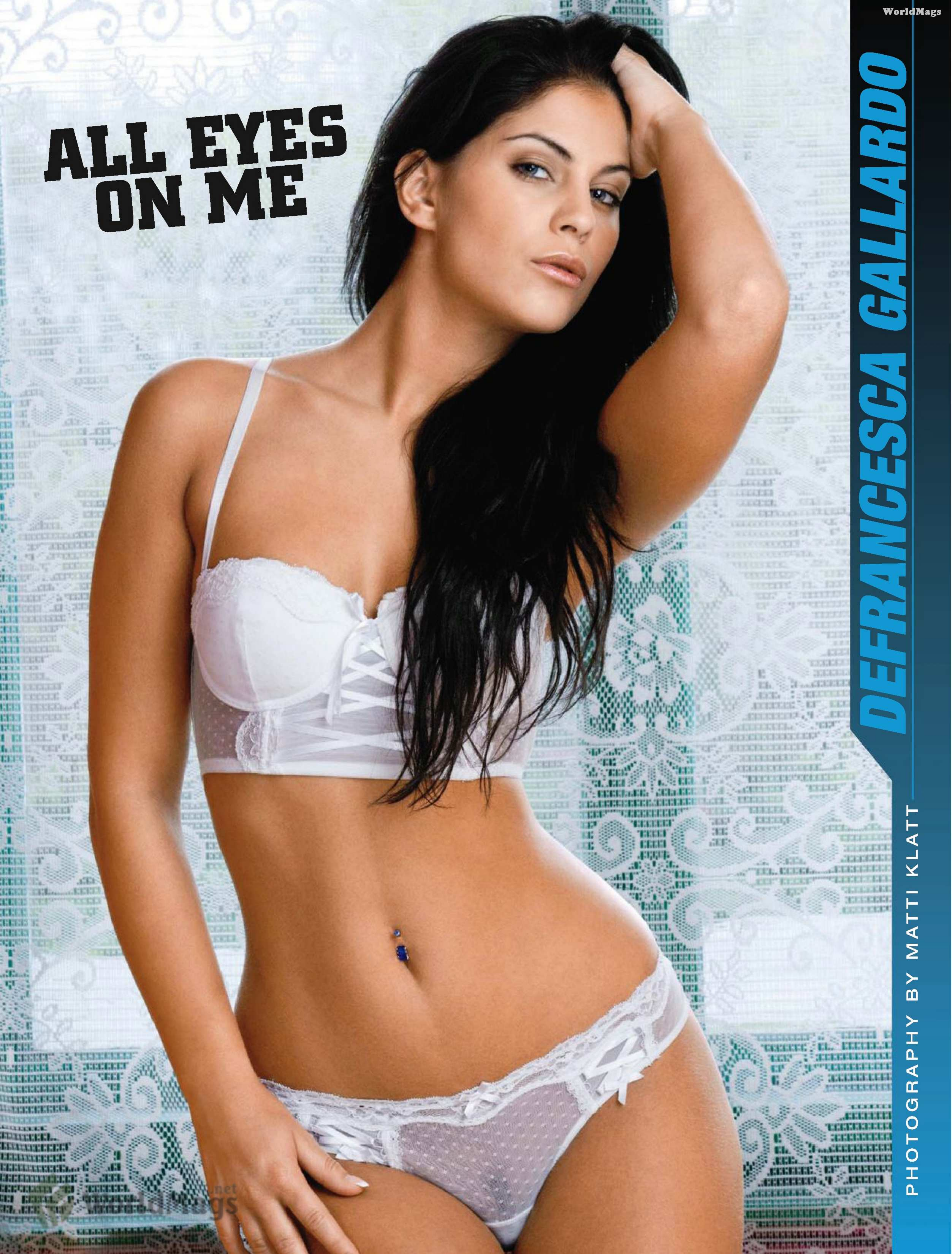
"Head of the RNC was a tough job. It's good to see Michael Steele assume a more traditional role in the Republican Party."

Send your personal sexperiences to **HUSTLER Hot Letters**, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

**ALL EYES
ON ME**

DEFRANCESCA GALLARDO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



Defrancesca Gallardo doesn't mind if you stare at her. In fact, she kind of likes it.

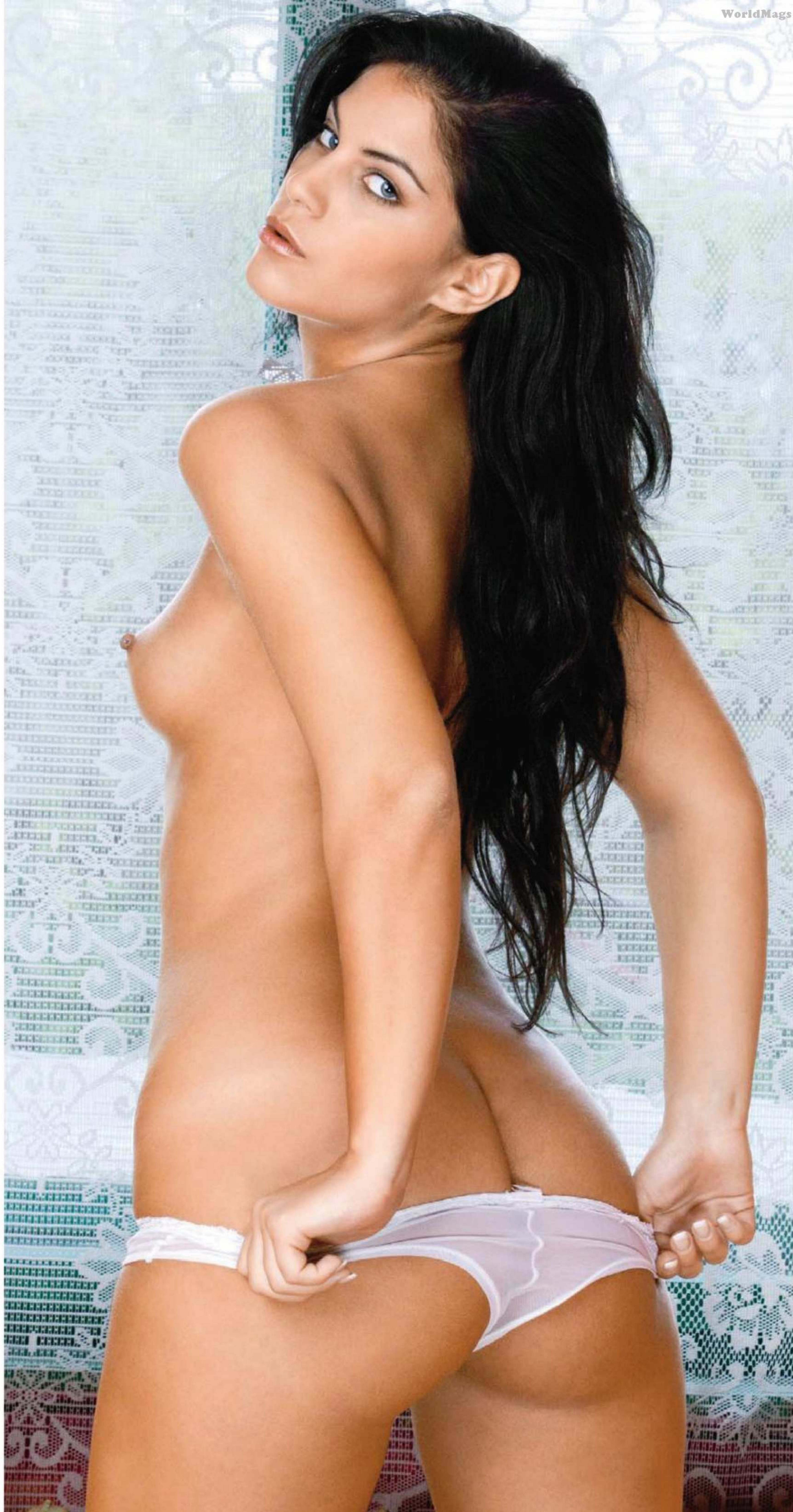
"I'm a bit of an exhibitionist," the Czech beauty coos. "Probably the hottest thing I've ever done was have sex with my boyfriend at a petrol [gas] station when we knew some people were watching. At first I was nervous; then I forgot they were even there."

Screwing in public is often on Defrancesca's dirty mind. "I love it," she proudly admits. "It's such a huge turn-on. The best would be to go to some super-crowded place where nobody's expecting it. I'd love to suck and fuck my guy with all of those eyes on us. It'd be my fantasy to make people so horny that, when we were done, everybody who saw us would just go home and fuck too."

If you ever find yourself on a date with Defrancesca, keep these things in mind: The hottie digs Italian food, dancing and Angelina Jolie flicks. "I also love classic movies like *Dirty Dancing*," she adds. "I think it gets better every time I see it."

Wrapping things up with what she's looking for romantically, Defrancesca tells us, "A man should be nice to me and not just be my boyfriend but be my friend as well. He should love me like nothing else in the world and treat me like I'm a princess. He should be into trying new things, because I'm always into experimenting—both in the bedroom and in life."

Defrancesca Gallardo is one gorgeous, sexy, confident gal.











DEFRANCESCA'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Znojmo, Czech Republic | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-9 | WEIGHT: 130



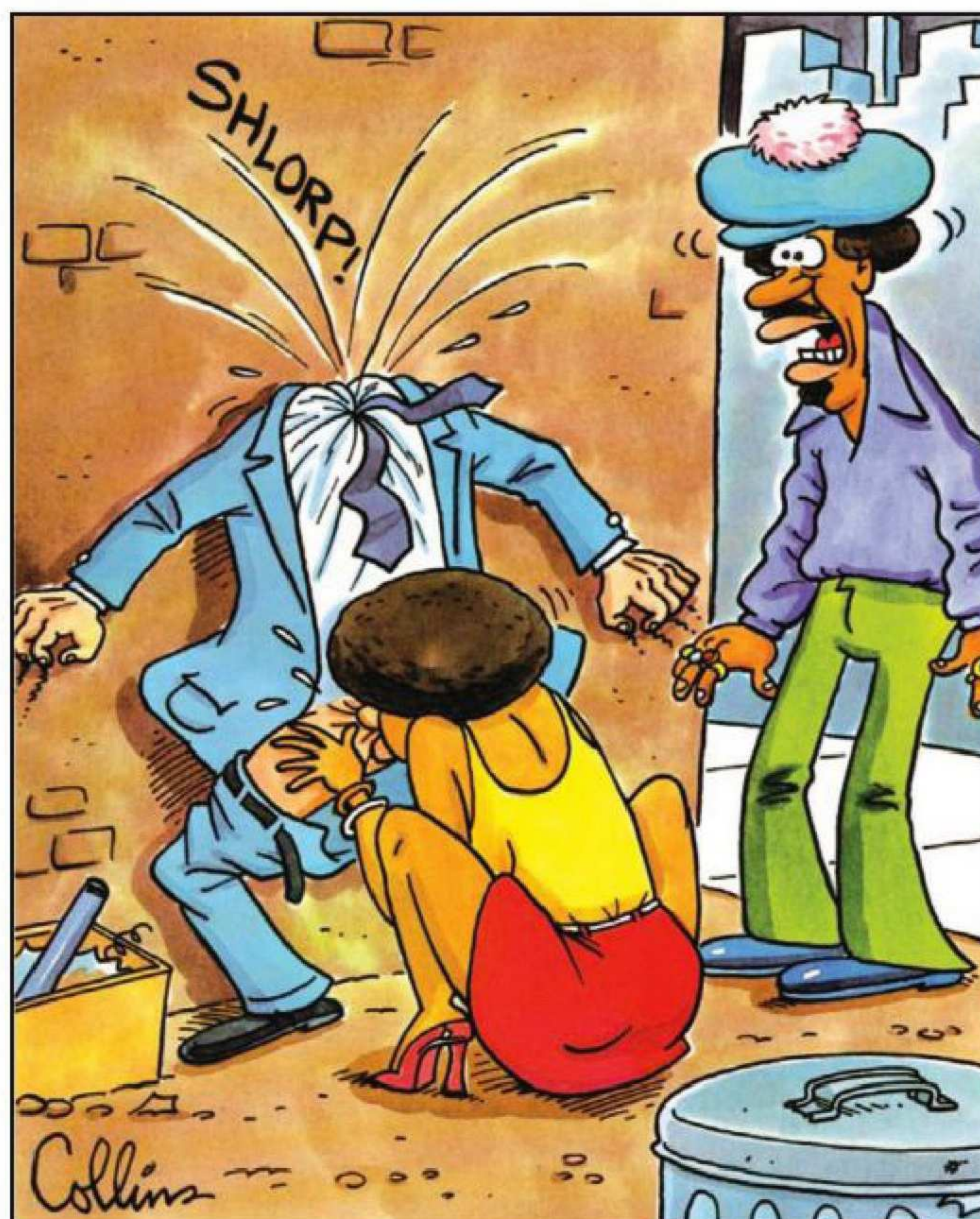
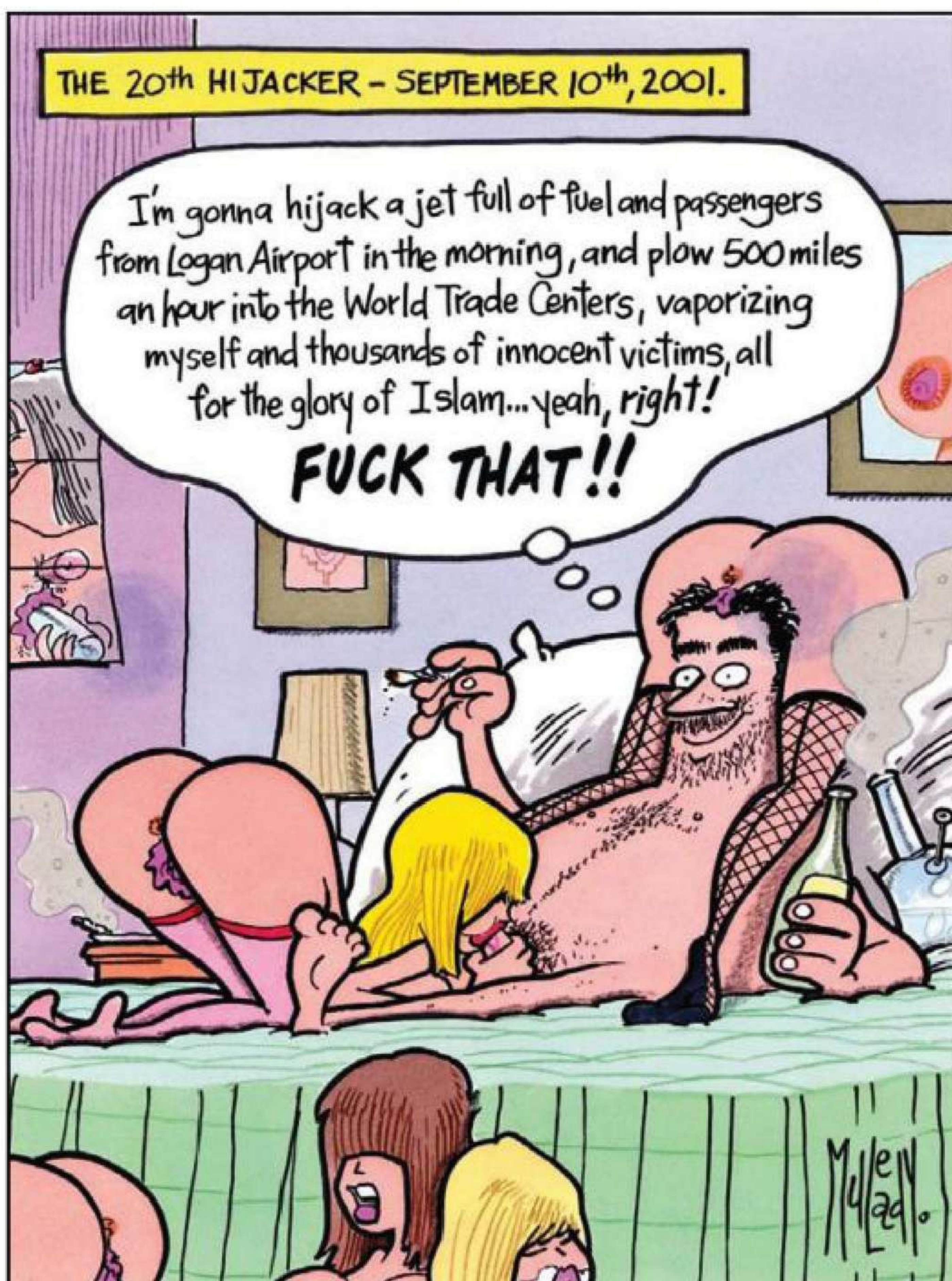
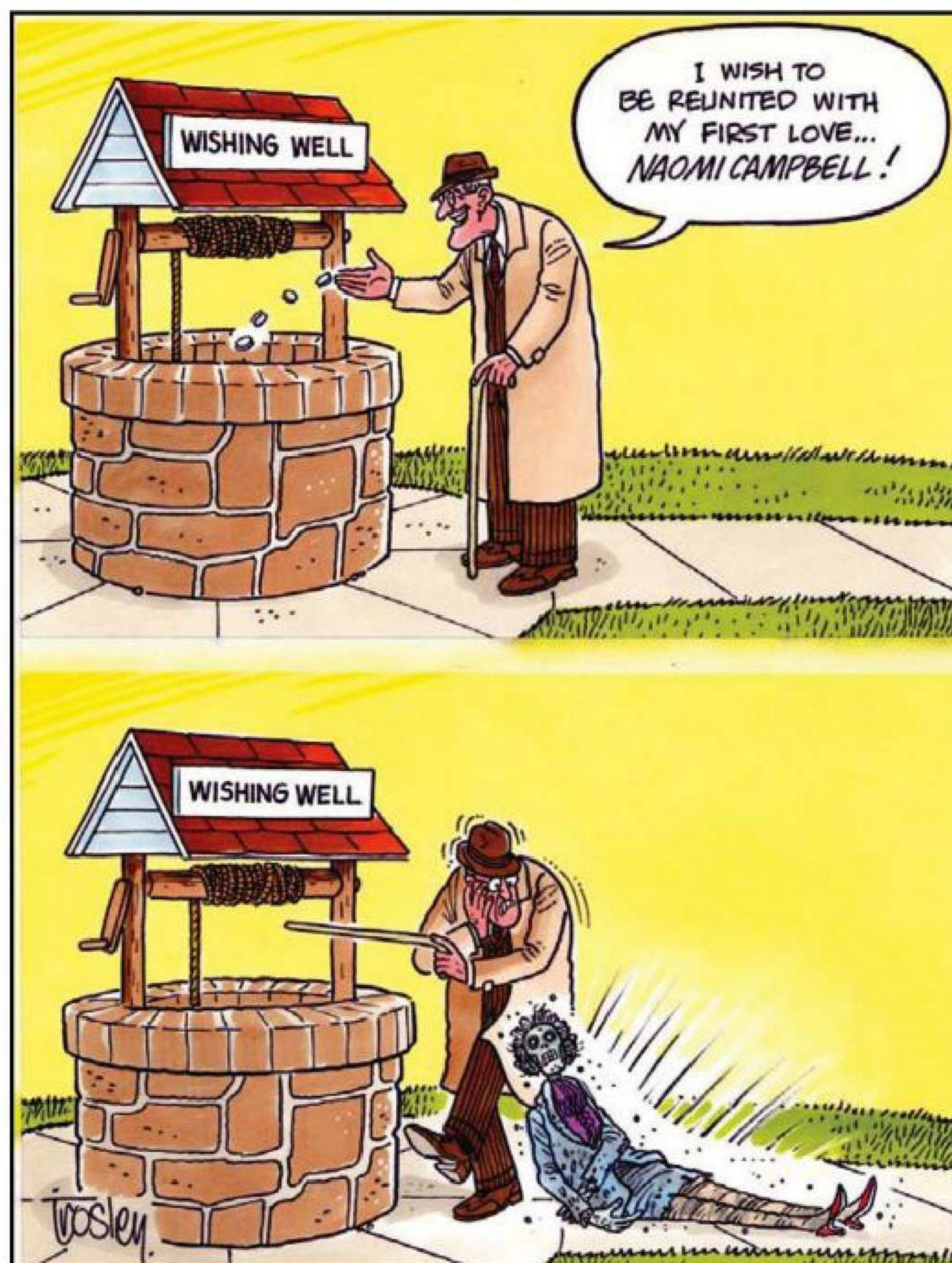


HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS

HUSTLER CLASSICS



"Son, do you think you can find your own way home from here?"



"Stop, Rowena! You're suckin' too hard!"

SCARLETT FAY

Scarlett was just five years old, playing alongside her four-year-old brother, when their mother had one of her most frightening "episodes." The enraged woman slashed her wrists right in front of them.

Rushed to a Los Angeles-area hospital, Scarlett's mom was patched up to return home a few days later with her umpteenth fistful of prescription drugs. They were the same kind of powerful psychotropic drugs she had been popping like M&Ms for years. The erratic behavior persisted, often so violent that Scarlett and her siblings would lock themselves in a bedroom for safety. There were extended bouts of severe depression as well, along with numerous stays in mental hospitals.

"She's doing quite a bit better now," Scarlett tells me as I accompany her on a hike through L.A.'s Griffith Park. "My mom's probably been schizophrenic for most of her adult life, and it's been very hard to get her the right kind of care."

There's no lab test for schizophrenia. Diagnosis is made by examining a person's family history (Scarlett's mom had a brother who committed suicide), emotional background (she came from a broken home) and ongoing symptoms. But symptoms are especially difficult to discern if the patient is a prescription-drug abuser. Like schizophrenics, people who swallow too many medications often become abusive and have delusions, hallucinations and disorganized speech and behavior patterns. The result: Doctors don't know quite what to treat.

"My mother was very good at tricking her shrinks to get what she wanted," Scarlett explains. "She went through periods where she was extremely zoned out on medications. There was a time in my life when she slept on our couch for an entire year."

Once Scarlett realized her mother was ill, she read a lot about schizophrenia and the various options for treatment. Finding

and working with the right doctors has been a long, hard road. "But that's okay," Scarlett says. "I wouldn't take back the stuff that's happened in my life. It's made me stronger."

Today Scarlett is one tough lady, balancing a successful XXX career with personal responsibilities. Besides looking after her divorcée mom, she's also keeping a watchful eye on her "baby sister," now 16 and still living with their mother.

"I'm the half-mom," Scarlett states matter-of-factly. "Along with my dad [*who has always stayed involved with his children*], 'we're the A-Team. We're trying to make sure that my sister doesn't go down the wrong path. Meanwhile my mom is trying hard to rebuild her relationship with us.'"

Sounds organized and hopeful, but it sure wasn't always that way. "When I was a kid," Scarlett recalls, "I didn't think my mom was sick. I just thought she was a mean, spiteful, hateful woman."

So Scarlett ran and ran and ran. In high school the female Forrest Gump not only joined the track team but also laced up her sneakers to dash everywhere she needed to go. "I loved running," Scarlett remembers fondly. "It was a natural high. I needed something that made me feel good."

Considering her current vocation, one might imagine sex to be the feel-good activity Scarlett would throw her energies into. Strangely, that wasn't the case. "I had sex with only one guy in high school," she confides. "We broke up after a year, and I wasn't into sex after that. It was a while before the sight of a man's genitalia didn't gross me out."

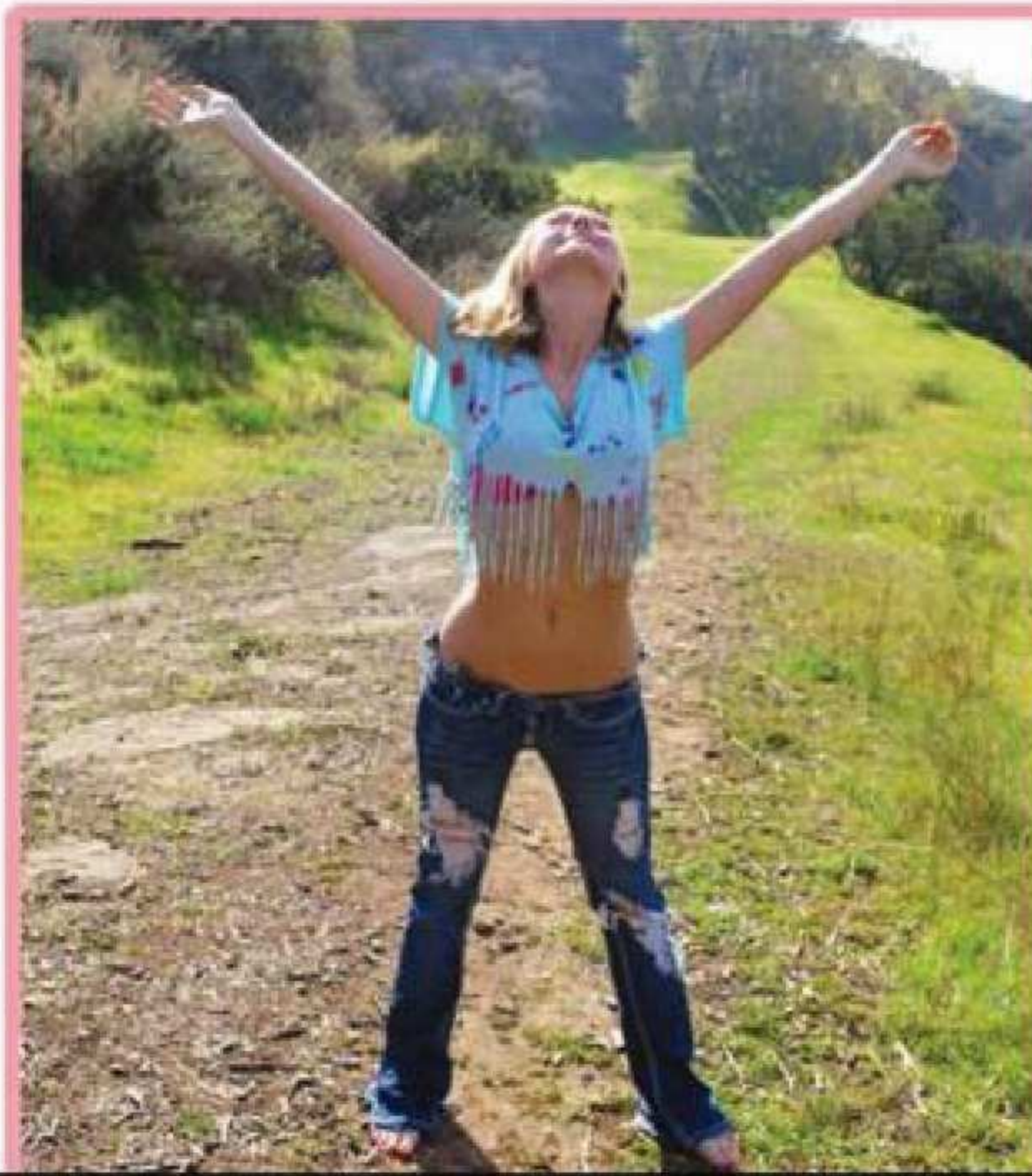
Once the future porn star enrolled in junior college, she overcame her penis phobia. That was when Scarlett started seriously dating a Marine who was shuttling back and forth between some heavy tours of duty in Iraq. "He was on the bomb squad," she explains. "He had the same

job as the character in the movie *The Hurt Locker*. He did really dangerous work. When he'd come back to the States, he was extremely stressed out."

Scarlett had enough stress in her life. The couple split up, and she dropped out of school. While drifting in and out of a few casual relationships, she eked out a living with a variety of low-paying jobs. "I worked in a chocolate shop and an IZOD store," Scarlett tells me. "I even was a motor-coach greeter for an Indian casino. I was pretty bored with having to keep a regular schedule."

Then came Halloween 2007. Scarlett, who dressed up as a naughty schoolgirl, decided to post pictures of herself in costume on her MySpace page. They quickly caught the eye of a woman from an adult modeling agency. Liking her slutty, girl-next-door look, she sent Scarlett a message that would

CANDID PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN



Scarlett peruses the latest titles at her favorite bookstore after an invigorating hike in L.A.'s Griffith Park.

SCARLETT FAY

change the California girl's life: How would she like to be a porn star?

Two weeks later Scarlett Fay was working on her first adult movie set. "I liked it immediately," she chirps with a sly smile. "The industry was my escape. I was told I was beautiful, and I was making way too much money. I liked having my own money so I could pitch in [*to help the family*]."

Unfortunately, Scarlett was also too insecure to tell her family the truth about where all that newfound cash was coming from. "After three months of keeping my porn career a secret," she recalls, "I had a panic attack behind the wheel of my car—on a freeway. I nearly passed out and killed myself."

Scarlett was taken to a hospital, and when her mother rushed to her bedside, Scarlett confessed what she'd been up to. Surprisingly, her mom couldn't have been more compassionate. "She told me it was okay," Scarlett remembers. "It was my life, and she would support whatever choices made me happy."

Before long, the mood swings took over, and her mother was telling Scarlett that she was "a whore, a slut" and that "the only way I could ever make money is on my back."

S h e
also

told her daughter that she "wished she had never had children" and that she could "have accomplished so much more in her own life without them."

Scarlett Fay had a choice. She could turn her back on her mother. Many a daughter has done exactly that to a difficult parent for less. But Scarlett, in her way, was as tough as her former bomb-squad boyfriend. She realized that the hurtful insults and actions were due to her mother's illness and that occasionally, in moments of lucidity—in Scarlett's words—"she was still the mother I dreamed I had all the time." Scarlett vowed to stick things out.

"My goal has always been to stay focused," she insists. "To make money, build my career and to always be there at the drop of a hat for my family." (continued on page 75)



THIS AIN'T DANCING WITH THE STARS XXX
(TOP), THIS AIN'T GLEE XXX,
PHOTOS COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO



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our
excellence
rests
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BY BRAD FRIEDMAN

THE INSANITY OF ONLINE VOTING EXPOSED JUST IN TIME!

ILLUSTRATION BY TYRONE FLUKER

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Shortly before going live, the District of Columbia's Internet voting system is taken over by American white-hat hackers and accessed by black hats in Iran and China.

.....

In 2009 the U.S. Congress passed, and the President signed, federal legislation allocating hundreds of millions of dollars for states across the nation to initiate Internet voting for military and overseas citizens. Yes, you heard that right. The elected beneficiaries of our riggable e-voting system have decided to double down on the madness. Touch-screen voting systems weren't easy enough to hack?

One of the first rollouts of the new federally fueled Internet voting scheme happened—or nearly did—in Washington, D.C., just before the 2010 midterm election. It would have gone live, with real (unverifiable) votes cast by real people in a very real election, but for the quick work of some patriotic “hackers” from a Midwestern university, who proved what computer scientists and cybersecurity experts have

been warning for years: These systems are exceedingly—perhaps even irreconcilably—vulnerable to undetected manipulation from outside hackers and corrupt insiders alike.

Over much of the past decade we've detailed the very real hazards of e-voting, along with the threat of, and evidence of, the easy election fraud it allows. That effort has helped to encourage a rollback of oft-failed,

easily manipulated, always unverifiable touch-screen voting systems, which had nonetheless been slated for every voter in the United States. But while use of 100% unverifiable touch-screens is finally on the wane—with numerous states dumping them in favor of verifiable, hand-marked paper ballots—the federal government, in all its idiotic “wisdom,” seems hellbent on making things worse.

The District of Columbia’s Board of Elections and Ethics (BOEE) decided to conduct a test of its new Internet voting system for military and overseas voters by inviting the public to try to hack it just before the BOEE planned to use it in a real election. Within 36 hours of opening up the system on September 28, 2010, for that public hack test, it had become completely and utterly compromised, and the BOEE didn’t even have a clue about that for the first several days.

Once someone finally discovered the University of Michigan fight song playing on the Web browsers of test voters, the BOEE shut down the experiment “due to usability issues,” as it told the public. A few days later those “usability issues” would come to full public light. A team of U-M computer science students and their professor had decimated D.C.’s supposedly “secure” Internet voting system’s architecture. It was child’s play.

J. Alex Halderman, assistant professor of electrical engineering and computer science at U-M, subsequently traveled to the nation’s capital to explain exactly what had happened. At a hearing conducted by the Council of the District of Columbia’s Committee on Government Operations and the Environment, Halderman recalled how he and several of his sharpest students had

taken over every aspect of the system—from top to bottom. But, perhaps even more chilling, it turns out they weren’t alone.

“While we were in control of these systems, we observed other attack attempts originating from computers in Iran and China,” Halderman testified in a nearly

screen e-voting system that was used in 2008 in 161 jurisdictions with almost 9 million registered voters. That hack, quite literally, really was child’s play. The entire voting system software was replaced by a game of Pac-Man—all without disturbing the so-called tamper-evident seals that officials

claim are sufficient for deterring hackers. In 2006, while a student at Princeton University, Halderman also played a key role in one of the first known hacks of a Diebold touch-screen voting system. (See sidebar.)

The D.C. BOEE, for its part, was also no stranger to e-voting disasters. During a 2008 primary election, for example, thousands of inexplicable “phantom votes” were cast for write-in candidates on the BOEE’s new paper-based optical-scan voting systems.

According to Halderman’s stunning testimony in Washington, the BOEE’s implementation of Internet voting was even more menacing. “Within 36 hours of the system going live,” he explained, “my team had found and exploited a vulnerability that gave us essentially total control of the voting system software. This included the ability to change votes and to reveal voters’ secret ballots. We modified all

the ballots stored on the system that had already been cast by voters, and we changed the votes so that the votes would be counted for candidates we selected.”

In addition, Halderman and his team were able to discover the identity of every person who’d cast a vote and how each had voted. So much for the “secret ballot.” But that’s not all. The U-M hackers also injected into the system a script that would change

WHEN COMPUTER SCIENTISTS ATTACK! A HISTORY OF E-VOTING HACKS

(OR AT LEAST THE ONES WE KNOW ABOUT)

Each of the e-voting systems discussed here is still in use today and will be used again for the 2012 Presidential election unless officials finally do the right thing and replace them with verifiable, hand-marked, hand-counted, paper ballots.

•**2009: Sequoia AVC Advantage** Computer scientists at UC San Diego, the University of Michigan and Princeton University swap out the chips from the touch-screen system in a matter of minutes. System easily hacked with no prior access to source code or other “closely guarded technical information.”

•**2007: Sequoia AVC Edge** Hacked by UC Santa Barbara computer scientists who demonstrate how the supposedly “verifiable paper trail” printed out with votes on this touch-screen system can be gamed in such a way that a manipulation of the system to flip election results would likely go undetected even if this paper trail was later manually counted.

•**2007: Diebold AccuVote TSX/OS** Princeton computer scientists confirm that the security key for this system’s voting machines (both touch-screen and optical-scan) can be accurately copied from a photograph of it posted on Diebold’s Internet store. The identical key is used for every such machine in America.

•**2007 & 2006: Diebold, ES&S, Sequoia and Hart Intercivic systems** Independent tests commissioned by California, Colorado and Ohio officials determine that hackers could subvert each of the systems tested—within seconds! Despite the remarkable findings of their professional analysts, all three states continue to use many of the systems.

•**2006: Diebold AccuVote TS** Touch-screen system hacked by Princeton computer scientists with a virus that can pass itself from machine to machine, ignoring what is shown to voters on the screen and flipping the results of elections without detection when “results” are printed.

•**2006: Sequoia tabulator** Accidentally hacked by a tester hired by Pennsylvania election officials while he was trying to demonstrate how secure the state’s e-voting systems were. As a result, Pennsylvania decided to switch to other manufacturers’ hackable systems instead.

•**2006: Diebold AccuVote TSX** Hacked in Emery County, Utah, by a Finnish computer-security expert. The local election official (a Republican) who authorized the tests of the new touch-screen systems forced on him by his Republican superiors is promptly fired. The vulnerable systems are still in use in Utah today.

•**2005: Diebold AccuVote OS** Accessed in Leon County, Florida, by the aforementioned Finnish computer-security expert. This landmark hack of a paper-ballot op-scan system completely flips the result of a mock election in such a way that the hack would never have been discovered unless the paper ballots had later been manually counted. Captured by filmmakers, the first-of-its-kind hack dramatically culminates in HBO’s Emmy-nominated documentary *Hacking Democracy*.

empty conference room. “These attackers were attempting to guess the same master password that we did. And since it was only four letters long, they would likely have soon succeeded.”

It hadn’t been Halderman’s first e-voting rodeo. About a month earlier, he and Princeton University Ph.D. student Ariel Feldman had revealed another remarkable hack. This one involved the same touch-

every ballot ever cast on the system in the future and another script to allow them to come back anytime they wanted.

As election officials don't tend to be experts in computer security—and even those who claim to be experts when hired really aren't—a foolish error made entry to the system even easier than the U-M team had expected.

"We gained access to this equipment because the network administrators who set it up left a default master password unchanged," Halderman told Councilwoman Mary M. Cheh, chairperson of the Committee on Government Operations and the Environment. (Of its five members, she was the only one who felt the issue was important enough to show up for the hearing.) "This password we were able to look up in the owner's manual for the piece of equipment."

It was only a four-letter password, but as it turned out, even a more difficult one would have likely been discovered in short order. That's because the U-M team managed to take over the security camera apparatus where the election board's servers were located.

Thus, Halderman told the committee, he and his fellow hackers were able to sit at a computer in Ann Arbor and observe in

real time as the D.C. network's operators configured and tested the equipment. They were able to, in Halderman's words, "watch them on camera because we found [that] a pair of security cameras in the data center were on the same network as the pilot system and were publicly accessible with no password at all."

Yes, the U-M team could actually watch the administrators typing the password into the system itself.

While comfortably inside the system, Halderman and his team discovered intrusions from computers in Iran and China, prompting the white-hat hackers from the United States to take measures to protect the D.C. system. "We decided to defend the network by blocking them out by adding rules to the firewall and by changing the password to a more secure one," Halderman explained to Cheh.

"You changed the password of the BOEE system?" the stunned chairperson interjected.

"Of the pilot system, yes," Halderman responded.

"You changed it?!" Cheh asked again, incredulously.

"We did, yeah, to something so that the Chinese and Iranian attackers wouldn't get it," he stated.

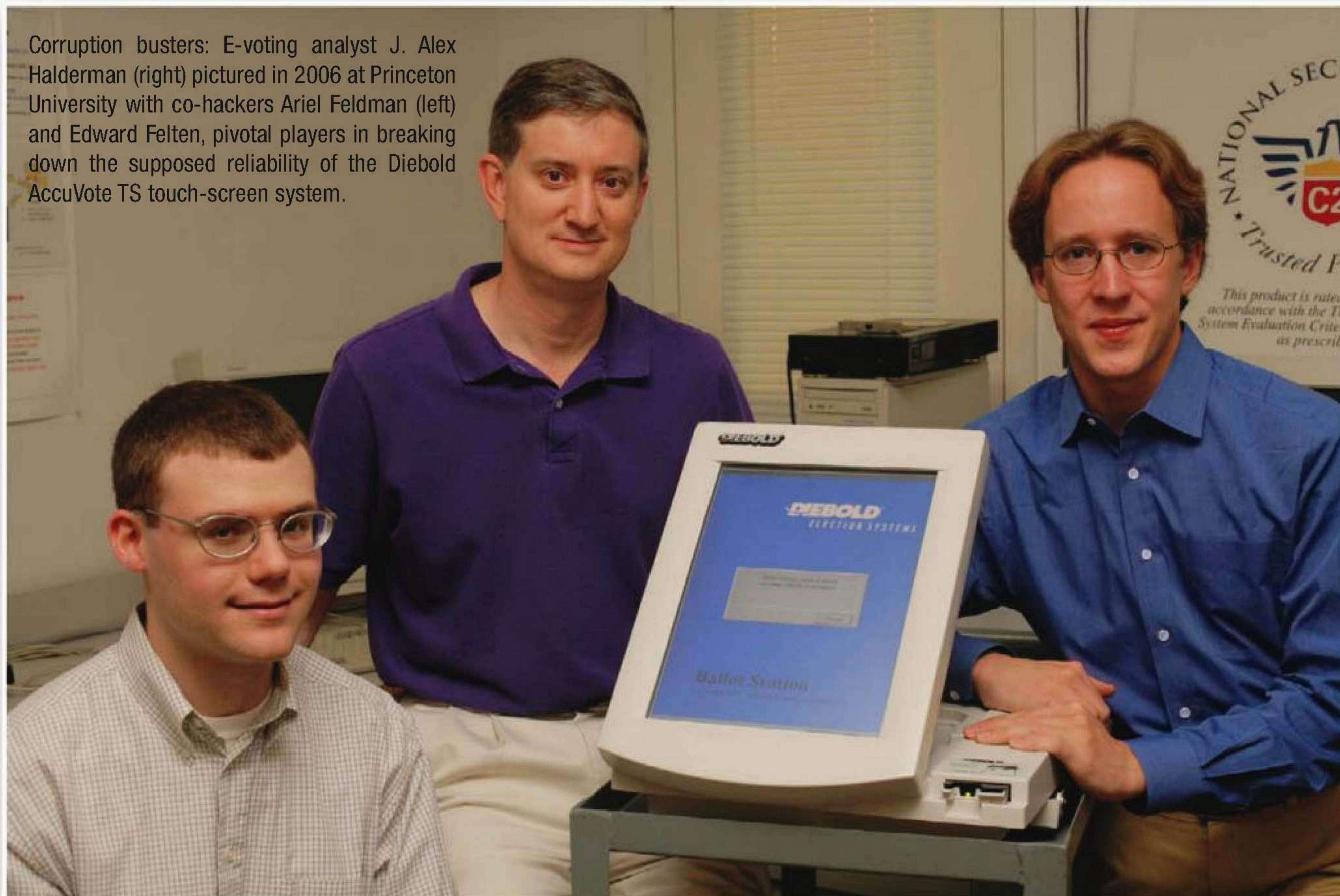
Following Halderman's testimony, com-

puter security and voting systems expert Jeremy Epstein told the committee, "For the first time, what computer scientists have been warning could happen in an election...isn't just a theoretical problem."

Happily, after all of this, the D.C. Board of Elections and Ethics decided to shelve Internet voting for the 2010 midterm election.

"Many of us have been arguing that election security is a matter of U.S. national security," computer scientist Dr. David Jefferson of Livermore National Laboratory told me during an interview after the D.C. hearing. Jefferson, who now serves as chairman of VerifiedVoting.org, has worked for more than a decade on these issues. He has testified to countless official bodies about his concerns. Jefferson most recently worked on California Secretary of State Debra Bowen's 2007 landmark Top-to-Bottom Review of the state's electronic voting systems. (All were found to have been easily penetrated and manipulated during the first-of-its-kind independent hack testing by an official state commission.)

"It's really important that it not be possible for foreign governments or crazy, self-aggrandizing hackers in other countries—or in our own—to be able to modify votes and get away with it," Jefferson said. "But usu- (continued on page 114)



Corruption busters: E-voting analyst J. Alex Halderman (right) pictured in 2006 at Princeton University with co-hackers Ariel Feldman (left) and Edward Felten, pivotal players in breaking down the supposed reliability of the Diebold AccuVote TS touch-screen system.

PHOTO COURTESY JOHN JAMESON/PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

BY BOB FITRAKIS & HARVEY WASSERMAN

HOW THE GOP HAS ALREADY WON THE 2012 ELECTION

ILLUSTRATION BY TYRONE FLUKER



The Republican Party is a lock to capture the Presidency in 2012 no matter who the candidates may be.

In the decade since Republican George W. Bush stole the 2000 election in Florida, the Democratic Party has done virtually nothing to reform this country's electoral system.

Ohio's stolen vote count in 2004 did not goad them to action. Despite Democratic control of Congress and the White House, not a single significant piece of federal legislation has been passed to make elections less vulnerable to electronic theft. Vote counts from computerized machines still hold the balance of power. Where it really matters, the GOP is in command.

The key in 2012 is still Ohio. Except for John F. Kennedy in 1960, no Democratic or Republican Presidential candidate has moved into the White House without carrying the Buckeye State. Just as it was in 2004, Ohio is now the GOP's for the electronic taking.

The state now has more electronic voting machines, not fewer. Nearly all belong to just three GOP-controlled companies. Of Ohio's 88 counties, those using the

infamous Diebold technology has jumped from one to 61 since 2004.

Elected Ohio's secretary of state in 2010, conservative Republican Jon A. Husted has the power to swing the vote count for all federal and statewide elections with a few keystrokes.

There are numerous ways to use electronic voting registration and procedures to steal an election. One is to simply eliminate certain citizens from the electronic registration rolls. In the years 2001 through 2004 more than 300,000 (mostly Democratic)

cratic) voters simply disappeared from the log books in Ohio. When these individuals went to the polls, they were told they could not vote. George W. Bush's alleged margin of victory in 2004 was just 118,000 of some 5.5 million votes allegedly counted. Between 2005 and 2008, 1.25 million have been purged from Ohio's voting rolls.

Other avenues of electronic theft center on the voting machines themselves. Because the devices are officially proprietary, the companies owning them are rarely required to reveal how they are programmed. Some component parts are now being outsourced to Russia and elsewhere, making their internal hardware and codes even harder to regulate and more vulnerable to hacking. Thus, it's a fairly simple procedure to preprogram the codes to yield a predetermined outcome

sent from Ohio to a bank of servers in the basement of a building in Chattanooga, Tennessee, that also housed the servers for the Republican National Committee.

Kerry was ahead at midnight, and exit polls showed him winning. But the results as they filtered back from Tennessee handed the election to Bush. Ultimately, there was a 6.7% discrepancy in his favor between the exit polls and the final official electronic vote count—enough to give Bush a second term.

The electronic network that made it possible was structured by Bush IT guru Michael Connell. Just one month after being deposed in a federal proceeding, Connell was killed in a mysterious airplane crash in December 2008. At the time of his death, he was due to testify again. Shadowy government officials swarmed over the burning wreckage of

Connell's Piper Saratoga, and his BlackBerry remains missing. But the election results Connell is believed to have helped program gave George W. Bush four more years in the

It's a fairly simple procedure to preprogram the codes to yield a predetermined outcome no matter how the actual votes are cast. They can also be set to eliminate a certain percentage of votes cast for a given party or candidate.

no matter how the actual votes are cast. They can also be set to eliminate a certain percentage of votes cast for a given party or candidate. Conversely, the code can produce "phantom votes" for a candidate. If done properly, such codes can be hidden even from inspectors who are looking for them.

It's also relatively simple to preprogram a memory chip that can be installed during an "inspection" or recalibration before or after the voting process. And an election can be "flipped" by wireless tampering with individual machines or by "filtering" an entire state's results through a remote server.

Some of these procedures turned up in isolated counties in Florida 2000 when George W. Bush stole the election from Democrat Al Gore.

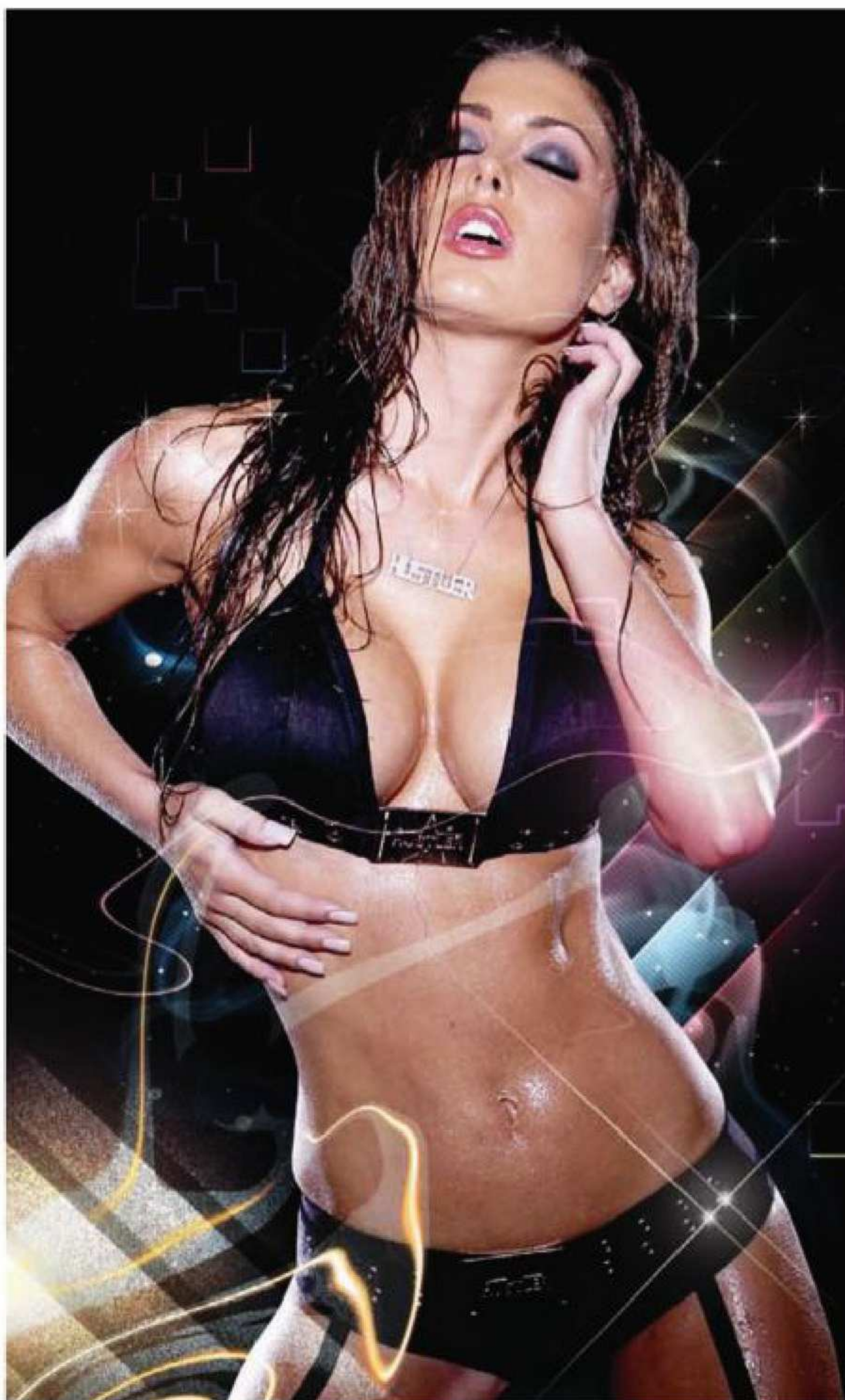
But the comprehensive precedent was set by J. Kenneth Blackwell, who, while serving as Ohio's secretary of state, turned the 2004 Presidential election from Democratic candidate John Kerry to Bush in the wee hours after the votes were cast. That's when the preliminary results were

White House.

Our research shows the vote count in Ohio and numerous other states to be more vulnerable than ever to electronic theft. Yet when we have publicized our findings, we've been attacked by the Democratic Party from which the 2000 and 2004 Presidential elections were stolen. It's almost as if the Democrats want to lose the election in 2012.

Barack Obama won in 2008 because so many people were watching the process and because his margin of victory was too great for electronic manipulations to overcome. Such will not be the case next time around. Thanks to the Democrats' inaction, a few keystrokes in the dead of Election Night 2012 will be all it takes to put Sarah Palin or whoever else the GOP nominates into the White House for the foreseeable future.

Bob Fittrakis and Harvey Wasserman have coauthored four books on election protection, including *As Goes Ohio* and *How the GOP Stole America's 2004 Election & Is Rigging 2008*, available at **Free Press.org**.



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KIARA DIANE

Fappable and unflappable, **Kiara Diane** doesn't let anything get to her. "I've been easy-going since I was a kid," she reveals. "No matter what happens, I stay calm, and I deal with it."

Kiara continues, "I don't know why, but nothing stresses me out. I was born that way. I could crash my car or find a snake on my pillow or something—a friend did that to me once—and it doesn't matter. I never panic."

Sometimes **Kiara** worries that guys find her *too* aloof. "I definitely have had that problem where I'm totally into a guy, but he has no idea," she explains. "I think I'm throwing myself at him, but the dude thinks I'm bored or something. It's frustrating."

There's one place, though, where no one could accuse **Kiara** of being dispassionate. "I totally come to life in bed," she admits with a giggle. "If it's a hot guy and I've been fantasizing about what it would be like with him, then I completely forget who I am once my clothes come off. I turn into an animal."

We're not sure what sort of voracious creature **Kiara Diane** transforms into during her lustful episodes, but we happily offer ourselves up as prey.









KIARA DIANE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Kent, Washington | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 126





For more of Kiara Diane, we strongly recommend *This Ain't Dancing With the Stars XXX* and *This Ain't Ghost Hunters XXX* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 140 to order by mail.



BY ROXANA SHIRAZI



DATELINE IRAN

*Sex Parties
To Die For*

**An Eyewitness
Report on Depravity
and Defiance in the
Harsh Islamic Country**

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

I had just arrived back in Tehran, Iran's capital. Wearing my Islamic hejab, I was filled with anticipation. This was the land of my birth. I was certain I would love it here.

Iran is a death trap—a seductress that bewitches you with its majestic mountains, misty valleys and luscious food. But on the streets, one wrong move could find you facing torture and execution.

I was a child when I escaped from Iran in 1984. It was during the bedlam of the Iran-Iraq War and the terrifying climate of the newly appointed Islamic regime. As a child, I had had a few run-ins with the Komiteh (Iran's morality police) when they caught me showing too much hair from under my hejab and once a bit too much ankle while sitting in my parents' car.

During that first decade of the Islamic revolution, dancing was illegal, as was listening to music in your car. Women who wore lipstick in public might have had their lips slashed with a razor by the Komiteh; wearing nail polish was punishable by lashings; even wearing a tie was seen as counterrevolutionary. Now 24 years later, things had changed but not all that much.

Present-day Iran still exudes a climate of fear where everything seems forbidden and punishable by imprisonment and torture. Just being in the company of the opposite sex, if not married or related to the person by blood, will likely get you lashings and imprisonment. Premarital sex is illegal, and being convicted of it is grounds for severe punishment: up to 84 lashes and possibly public execution by hanging. If you get caught cheating on your spouse in the Islamic Republic of Iran, you will be buried up to your neck in sand and then stoned to death. It usually takes about 20 minutes for the person to die.

Being back in Iran was a beautiful, bittersweet comfort. I felt like I had returned to the maternal womb of my childhood. I saw family and friends and rewalked the steps of my past, visiting the home where I had played all those years ago. But I walked with trepidation in the streets of Tehran, my hair and body fully covered by a hejab (the compulsory garment for Iranian women in public). I was also make-up-free, and I kept my head down, careful not to look men in the eye for fear of coming across as a whore.

In this climate of fear, people are constantly looking over their shoulder to see who is watching. No one wants to get pounced on by the morality police. Yet it was here that I went to some of my most degenerate and debauched sex parties.

In a land where there is mass oppression and no freedom of expression—where any resistance to the primitive Islamic laws results in immediate imprisonment, torture and possible death—the youth of Iran are using sex as a desperate form of defiance and rebellion. In effect, they are enacting their own little revolution, giving a big “Fuck you!” to the Islamic fundamentalist regime.

It takes great courage and madness to literally risk your life for sex and sex parties, knowing that any minute you could be in deep trouble. But when you find that going to any protest or demonstration will get bricks thrown at you, get you beaten up and shot—as shown in the recent anti-election protests in Iran—the only way young adults can feel they're winning the battle is to create a small space for self-expression. It's their way of demanding social change.

The book *Passionate Uprisings: Iran's Sexual Revolution* chronicles Pardis Mahdavi's seven-year investigation of the Iranian sexual revolution. In it she recounts asking one partygoer about the terrible risks of indulging in sexual debauchery. Mahdavi is told: “Iran gives a new meaning to party like there is no tomorrow.” If participants are caught, there literally may not be a tomorrow.

On my second night in Iran, I was at a café with a couple of female friends when I met 19-year-old Nima (not his real name). He was a rich kid, full of breathless energy and a love for fast cars. When he whispered an invitation to have some fun at his place, my immediate impulse was to decline. “Don't worry,” Nima responded with a wink. “There'll be lots of other guys there too. And a lot of sexy girls—really wild, crazy ones.”

A few nights later I watched as my girlfriend picked out the sluttiest stripper-type outfit she could find for the party. Over the low-cut, ass-skimming red dress she put on layers and layers of Islamic garb, covered every inch of her hair with a hejab and wore barely-there makeup. With trembling hearts we drove through the streets of Tehran, snaking through the choked traffic, making sure to avoid eye contact with any morality police in their cars.

When my girlfriend and I reached the affluent uptown part of Tehran, we were careful to park far enough from our destination to avoid attracting attention to it. Walking to the apartment where the party was held, I prayed it wouldn't get raided. Torture and prison were not something on my to-do list.



As the apartment door opened, our hostess—a twentysomething, red-headed beauty—greeted us warmly. Entering, I could hear moaning mixed with techno music. As my eyes adjusted to this scene, I could see bottles of vodka, whiskey, wine and beer lining the vast kitchen bar and half-naked girls and boys stumbling in and out of bedrooms.

It was a gorgeous apartment with powder-pink velvet curtains and lush Persian carpets. My girlfriend, who had manically gone to the bathroom to cake on five layers of makeup, made a dash to join the moaning bodies.

In the corner I saw a girl being slowly kissed by three guys while she performed oral sex on another as a fifth guy fucked her doggy-style. Girls who looked like painted dolls in slutty lingerie were enjoying double penetration. Other girls did 69s on each other while a couple of guys came all over their tits. It was bodies

piled on top of one another, every-body kissing,

moaning and fucking.

There were all sorts of drugs—but mainly Ecstasy—and lots of brand-name alcohol. The women were all attractive and very well-groomed, with perfect noses (Iran is the nose job capital of the world) and lip jobs. The guys were very designer-label-conscious; the rooms were strewn with black market clothing. These rich uptowners, desperate to create their own piece of “the West,” were wealthy enough to keep a fat wad of bribe money handy just in case they were raided by the Komiteh.

“It’s the only way we can live in this quagmire” was how one sweat-covered partygoer put it to me. “Every day we have to put our head down, do as they tell us and constantly look over our shoulder so we won’t get beaten, arrested or imprisoned.” Pointing to the writhing bodies on the floor, he added, “This is how we experience a bit of freedom, a bit of breathing space. Without this, we would die, and we’re pissed off enough to take that massive risk.”

Indeed, the women kept their hejabs close by just in case there was a raid by the morality police. It seemed that even as the moans of orgasm wailed from all corners, partygoers listened for a knock on the door or a warning from someone so they could fetch their Islamic garb and jump out the window.

Mahdavi’s book contrasts the medieval Islamic laws that Iranians must follow with the anarchically debauched secret sex lives they have created. Attending a few parties, she witnessed orgies taking place in apartments, houses

and even drained swimming pools with groups of 40 or so young people—all naked, kissing, touching, dancing and having oral, anal and vaginal sex. Mahdavi’s book describes girls laying down spread-legged for lines of guys to fuck them one after the other, as well as groups of three, four or five engaging in sexual acts with both genders.

The irony of life in the Islamic Republic of Iran is made evident by one of the most astonishing sex parties Mahdavi attended. It was hosted by the daughter of a cleric who was away on a religious pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca. There were even butlers and servants. The fact that sex parties can even be found at a cleric’s residence is proof that Islam is just a big joke in Iran.

I had grown up in a relatively poor area of Tehran, so being back in touch with my childhood friends opened my eyes to the sex lives of the underprivileged. I knew it was an even bigger risk to participate in one of these parties. The lack of money would not only mean a far-from-luxurious setting but also no chance of bribing the morality police. Nonetheless, I decided to take the risk. The danger was too much of an adrenaline rush for me to resist.

I was told the party was going to be held near a field in the backwoods somewhere out of town, away from everything and everyone. At dusk I got into the rattling old car of the girl I was going with, and we sped through the muggy air of downtown Tehran. The sound of chants rose from a nearby mosque, summoning everyone to evening prayer while solemn men and black chador-clad women scuttled home.

Iranians exist in a double world. Filthy sex parties right out of a porn movie on the one hand, while in public the atmosphere is thick with fear, Islamic prayer and obedient, broken, defeated men and women.

At our destination, girls and boys greeted each other as a fire was lit a safe distance from the cars parked on the side of the road. There was nothing plush here: just banged-out cars and girls with hejabs over frayed jeans and T-shirts. Instead of brand-name booze, there was opium and heroin. (Both are cheaper and more accessible than alcoholic beverages in Iran.) This was the poor and underprivileged’s version of a sex party.

Girls and boys who had walked hand in hand into the woods to fuck



SEX PARTIES

could be heard moaning amid the trees and bushes. Flashlights were used discreetly, and music whispered from a car's cassette player.

Such sexually promiscuous activity in an Islamic republic is dangerous not only because of the restrictive laws but also because of sexual ignorance. Premarital sex is illegal in Iran; information about sex and family planning is reserved for couples who are engaged to be married. You must produce a marriage license in order to acquire contraception. I spoke with many girls and guys from both wealthy and underprivileged backgrounds who did not use contraception and indeed didn't know where to obtain any. So the rates of STDs and seedy backstreet abortions are alarmingly high.

Because of the stigma attached to premarital sex, most young people don't go to doctors if they've contracted an STD or get pregnant. My cousin, a young doctor in Tehran, explained to me: "They have all sorts of STDs, and they don't even know what it is. There is absolutely no sex education in Iran, and there is no way the government would allow public information on contraception. So the highly sexually promiscuous youth of Iran are not only risking their lives with imprisonment and possible death, but are living with huge health risks such as HIV and abortion."

Then there is the matter of family honor. Unwed daughters are often disowned if it's discovered they're no longer a virgin, but the consequences can be even more severe. In 2004 a 17-year-old girl was publicly executed after being turned over to the authorities by her family after they caught her engaging in premarital sex. The fear of such discovery has made one cosmetic surgery procedure prevalent in Iran: hymen reconstructions, which reattach the membrane covering the vaginal opening. Some girls have undergone the procedure multiple times!

The pressure of maintaining this double life takes its toll on the mental health of Iran's youth. Indeed, many young people suffer severe depression from the constant fear of imprisonment, torture and execution for trivial offenses. They could be arrested for dressing the "wrong way" or having too much of a Western haircut or listening to the wrong type of music.

Unemployment is high, sanctions against Iran have devastated the economy, and everything seems to be illegal and forbidden. Speaking out against the injustice of the country's dictatorship is extremely dangerous.

There is nothing the youth can do except create their own underground. The sex parties are an escape, a utopian playground that repudiates all that the Islamic regime has tried to foster in Iran. They make government officials look like buffoons.

Roxana Shirazi is the author of *The Last Living Slut: Born in Iran, Bred Backstage* (Harper Collins).



"Before you squeeze that trigger, do you have any idea what they'll do to a little punk like you in prison?"



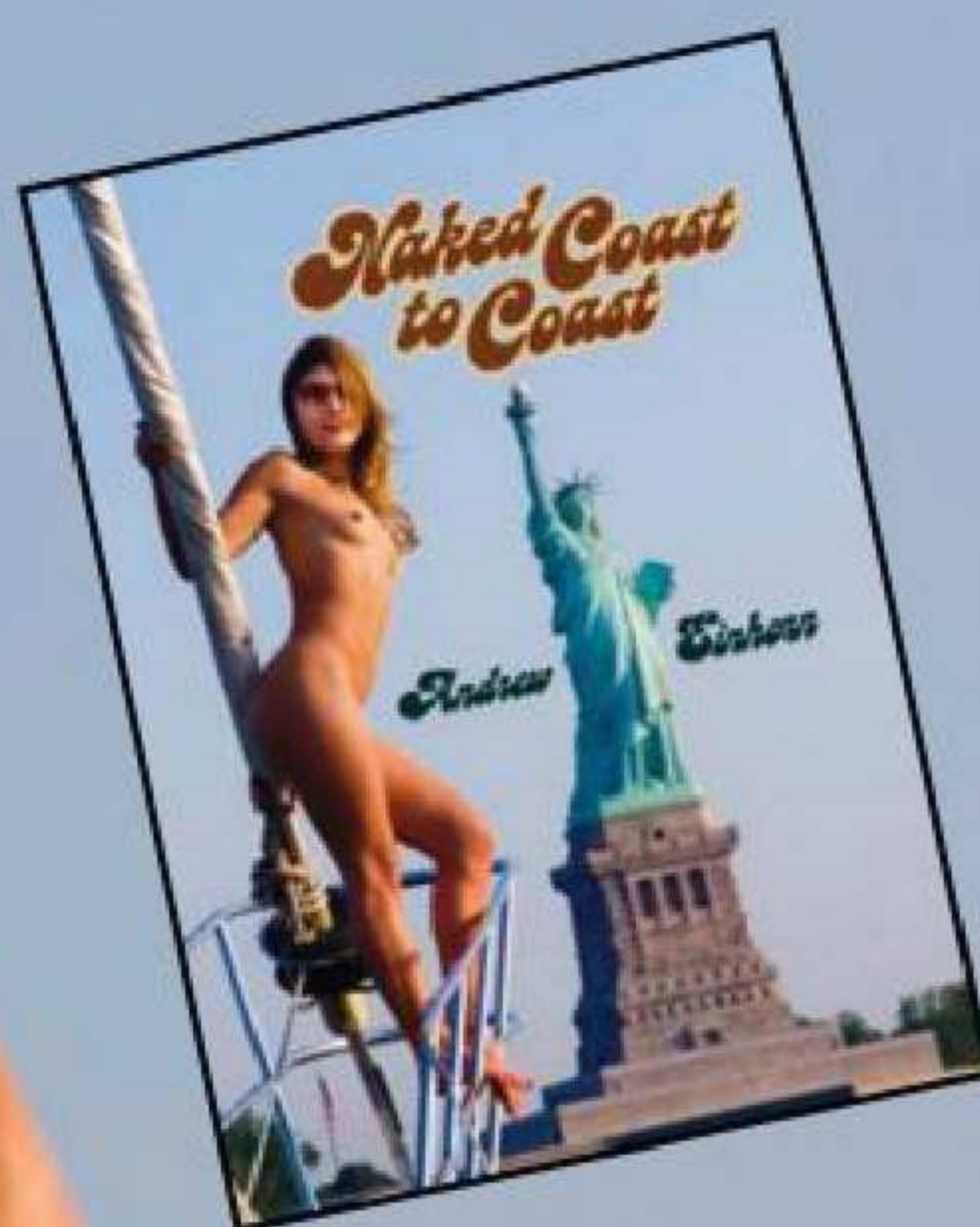
"I don't care if Glenn Beck says it's Constitutional. I'm not letting you fuck me in the butt."

BY ALBERT PIERCE

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The world is full of happy, naked girls, and ace lensman Andrew Einhorn has a knack for finding them. Born in Philadelphia, he relocated to New York City in 1994 to follow his dream of becoming a world-class photographer. After years of toiling in the advertising world, Einhorn decided to follow his heart by snapping pictures of naked chicks.

But Einhorn doesn't shoot your standard overexposed porn actresses or tired, angry strippers. Instead he prefers real women who truly enjoy taking it all off for

the camera. Einhorn's passion led him to create the ultrapopular cable show *Naked Happy Girls*, which ran for two seasons on Playboy TV. He also compiled a pair of best-selling photo books, *Naked Happy Girls* and *Bubble Bath Girls*.

For his third book, Einhorn decided to hit the road to photograph the alluring, exotic and ethnically diverse women of the Big Apple and San Francisco in all their glory. The result is a must-have compact chronicle, *Naked Coast to Coast*. This magnificent hardcover volume con-

tains more than 800 photographs of 35 naturally beautiful women celebrating nudity and their unabashed sexuality. While a number of Einhorn's models posed in their own bedrooms, others were captured in front of landmarks like the Statue of Liberty and Golden Gate Bridge. No matter what the setting, the results are truly breathtaking.

Naked Coast to Coast and a DVD featuring 100-plus minutes of video footage shot during the photo sessions are available at NakedCoastToCoast.com.

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**BETTER
TO HAVE
LOVED &
LOST...**



Equally alluring A (fair-haired **Aimee Addison**) and J (**Jennifer White**) were drawn to each other like a pair of sexy magnets. Their love affair was passionate and brief. When J suddenly disappeared one summer morning, A was left only with memories.

Obsessed with sex and death, J often spoke to A about her ultimate sexual fantasy: "I want to make love to you on the back of a narwhal that's swimming out to sea. I want to drown with the taste of your snatch fresh in my mouth."

J wrapped bacon around everything she ate. It didn't matter if it was a fig, an owl's wing or even just another piece of bacon.

When J was sad, she would sit in a dark room with a pepper grinder and sob. A regrets not asking J what the pepper grinder symbolized. Looking back, A assumes that it either represented global poverty or Harvey Korman.

At times, J claimed that her father was dead. Sometimes she said he was in jail. Once, J told A that her father was either Andre the Giant or Alan Alda, but she would never know the truth.

J was fond of causes. She believed that some types of clouds should be outlawed, and she felt passionately that men over six feet tall should not receive farm subsidies. J worried about the increase in heroin use among Europe's brown bear population, and she dreamed of opening a methadone clinic for opiate-addicted mammals.

J was unlike anyone A had ever met before. She was beautiful, unique, perfect. To this day, A cries uncontrollably whenever she sees a narwhal's tusk.













**DOUBLE
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COUGARS UNLEASHED #29

PHOTOS COURTESY JASMIN ST. CLAIRE



BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

JASMIN ST. CLAIRE

AGE: 40

LOCATION: Los Angeles; São Paulo, Brazil

FIND HER AT: ClubJasminStClaire.com; MetalsDarkside.com

This is a feature dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

This month's undeniably striking offering is one of adult entertainment's most legendary figures. In 1996, Jasmin St. Claire grabbed Annabel Chong's crown by having sex with an advertised 300 men as the record-breaking star of *World's Biggest Gang-Bang 2*. By the time Jasmin left the biz behind in 2000, she had more than 70 hard-core flicks under her belt, including a farewell gang-bang.

Showing no signs of wear-and-tear at age 40, the exotic vixen of primarily Brazilian and Russian ancestry still boasts a body that doesn't quit. Also deserving raves is a personality that brims with a cosmopolitan blend of intelligence and sharp wit. And even though her XXX career is "ancient" history, Jasmin—who ironically was born in the Virgin Islands—is hardly disengaged when it comes to getting down and dirty.

"Sex is very important to me," she readily admits. "Actually, my married friends are all envious because I have sex more than they do. I like all kinds of positions and styles. Some days I like it really rough; other times gentle is good too."

Since breaking the hearts of porn fans worldwide, Jasmin has been anything but idle. In fact, her entrepreneurial spirit has helped the unabashed go-getter pursue a multitude of careers, including pro wrestling (as a manager and grappler), mainstream acting (most notably as the ship captain's promiscuous wife in *National Lampoon's Dorm Daze 2*) and music. "Heavy metal is one of my great passions," Jasmin tells us. Is it ever! Amassing loads of frequent-flyer miles, she regularly ventures to São Paulo, Brazil, to host the music show *Stay Heavy TV*. In addition, a MetalsDarkside.com series features Jasmin interviewing members of various extreme metal bands.

But that's not all. More recently Jasmin added author to her long list of credentials with the release of *What the Hell Was I Thinking?!! Confessions of the World's Most Controversial Sex Symbol*. (Look for our upcoming photo-laden review.)

Jasmin St. Claire has certainly experienced life (in and out of porn) to its fullest, but her latest thrill is being showcased here. "I'm a huge fan of Larry Flynt," gushes the former gang-bang queen. "He has the strength to stick to his guns. More people should be like him."

And we definitely look forward to someday (soon we hope!) filling you in on the film version of *What the Hell Was I Thinking?!!* 🍑

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com.



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SCARLETT FAY

(continued from page 40)

True to her plan, Scarlett used her innocent, fresh-faced good looks to become one of the rising young stars in the adult business. Her career hasn't been hurt by the fact that, with the right hair and makeup, she also bears more than a passing resemblance to a certain mainstream actress.

Scarlett was cast in the starring role of *HUSTLER's Untrue Hollywood Stories: Lindsay Lohan* and the sequel *Lindsay Goes to Jail*. Besides being described as super-sexy and smokin'-hot, Scarlett was pleased to discover that people found her hilariously funny. "I had the best time doing those movies," she says. "All we did was laugh. The whole cast did. I think that's why they were so successful. Audiences were as entertained as we were."

Scarlett, who did some acting in high school, has always dreamed of getting into mainstream show business. The success of *HUSTLER* Videos' Lohan sex parodies has made that dream seem a bit more attainable.

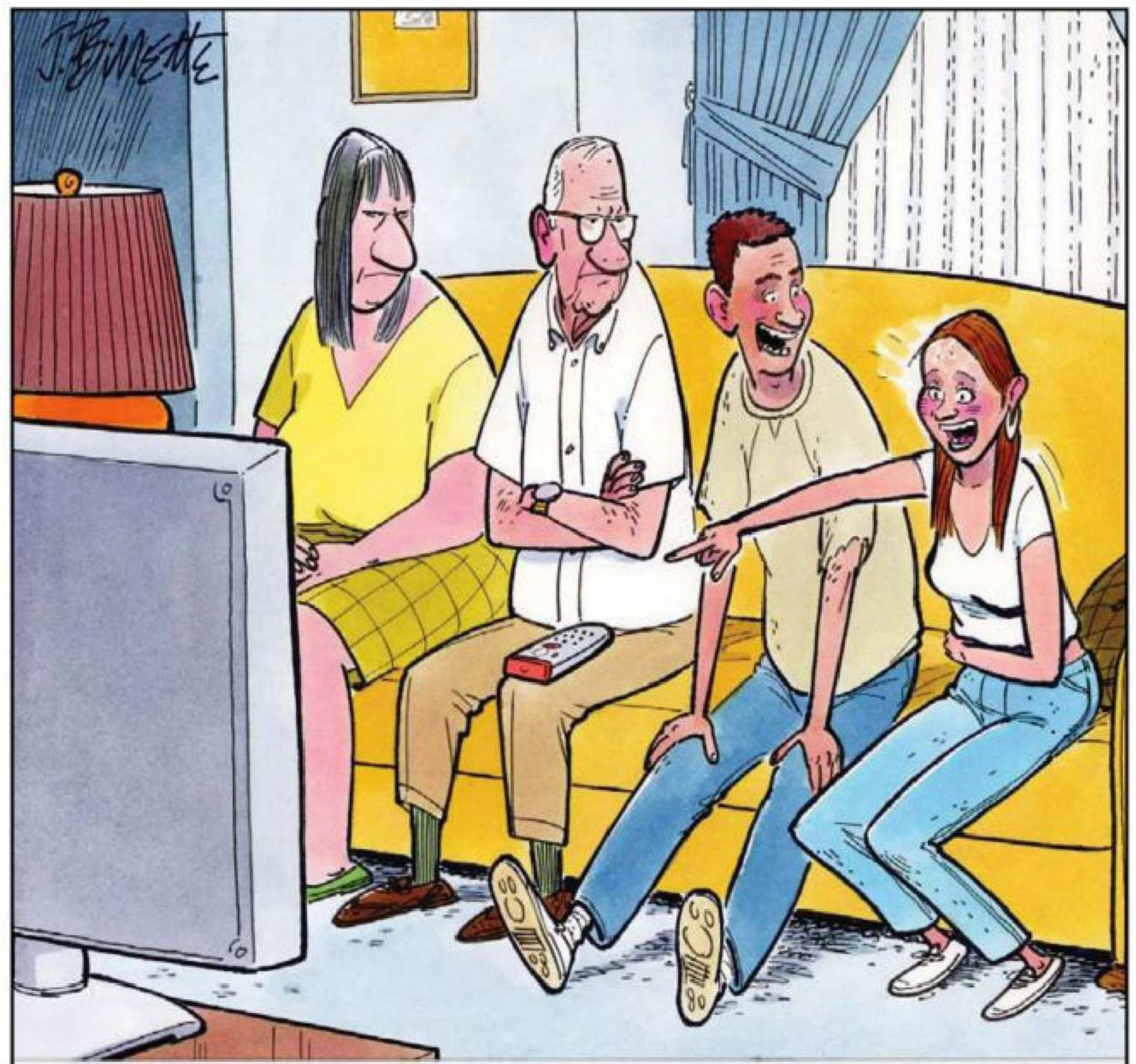
After hiking through the mountains together, Scarlett and I head to her favorite Hollywood bookstore. (She's a voracious reader of history, especially stories about women who overcame adversity.) When we finally sit down to relax, I ask if she's ever been tempted to shoulder a little less responsibility.

"I don't believe in jumping ship when things get tough," Scarlett replies. "Families are supposed to come together in times of hurt. I guess I learned that from my dad. He never stopped loving all of us. My whole family never stopped loving each other. That's why I know we're all going to be okay."

Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award winner. The frequent *HUSTLER* contributor also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.



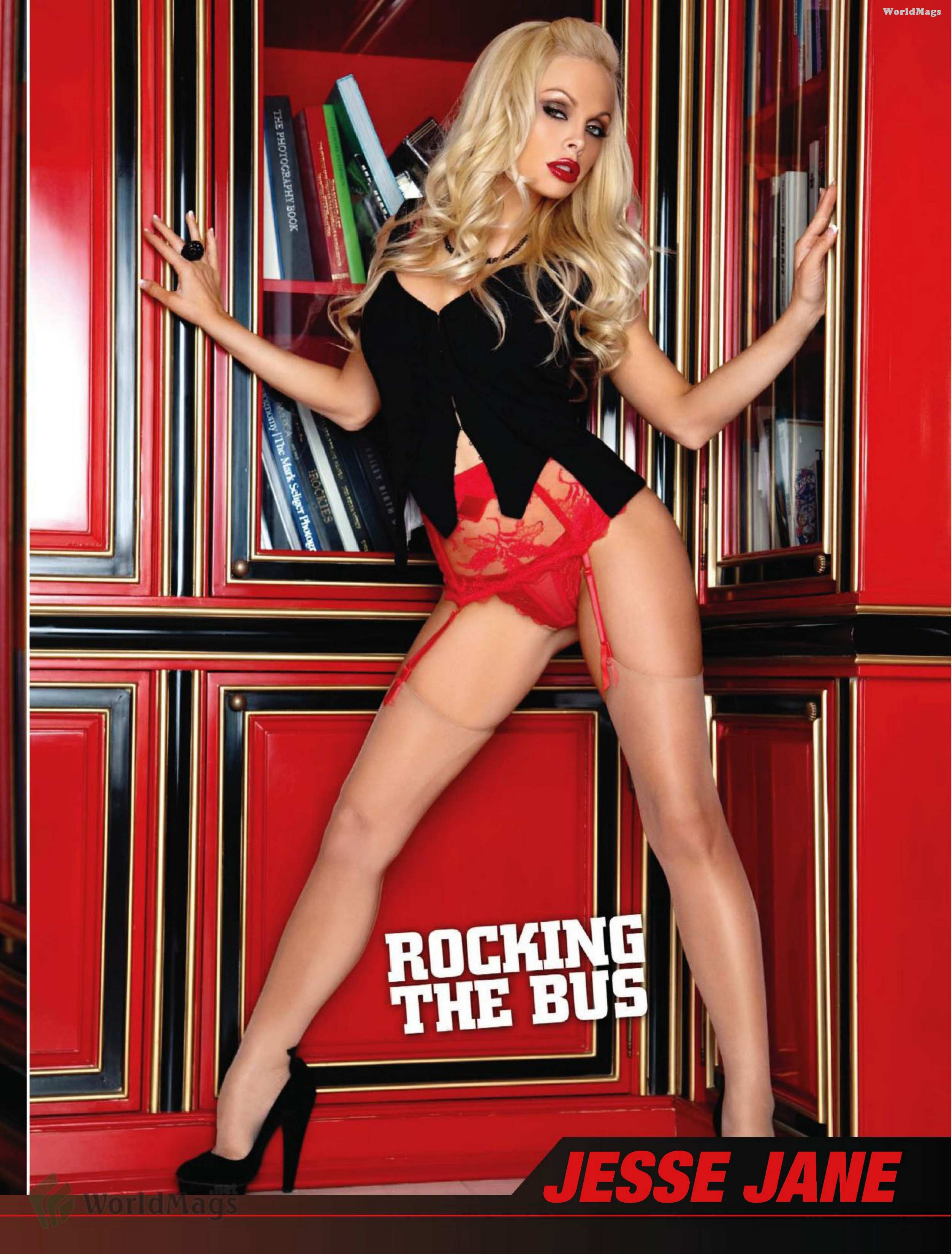
"In closing, I hope all of you graduates will take advantage of the generous drug cartel bribes that will be offered to you, and remember: The kidnapping of rich gringo tourists can also be a lucrative side business."



"Wow, you've never listened to Michele Bachmann before?! She's hilarious, and there are a lot of people who actually take her seriously!"







**ROCKING
THE BUS**

JESSE JANE





According to CNBC, **Jesse Jane** might just be “the modern face of porn.” The longtime Digital Playground contract girl shot to fame with the XXX juggernaut *Pirates*, acquiring legions of die-hard fans in its wake. Her face and—let’s be honest—the rest of her body are recognizable all over the world. (Well, maybe not in Saudi Arabia.) “When I first started,” **Jesse** says humbly, “I never knew that I would become what I am now.”

Jesse’s odyssey began in Oklahoma. While working at a Hooters store, she entered bikini contests around the country. “I had so much fun,” she reminisces. “You were always going someplace new, meeting hot girls, partying all over the place and just having a good time.”

Soon **Jesse** felt the gravitational pull of the adult industry. “Instead of jumping into stripping like most of the girls did, I went little by little,” she recalls. “Hooters was a little clothing, then I went to bikinis, which was a little less. And then I was like, *Screw it! If I’m going to get naked, I might as well do porn.*”

Now that the Oklahoma City resident has become a XXX superstar, she only has to travel to California several times a year for work. **Jesse**, who has an 11-year-old son, notes that the Sooner State’s conservative climate helps a porn star parent keep her chosen profession on the down-low: “You can’t even buy porn [videos] in Oklahoma. If you want to even get a magazine, you have to be 18, and you have to go to an adult store to buy it. They have a very limited selection of magazines, sex toys and the bachelor/bachelorette games, but that’s it. It’s not like L.A., where magazine stands have every frigging porno mag open and exposed, where you can see things at a young age and be curious.”

Most Okies may not be in the know, but anyone who is able to watch one of **Jesse Jane’s** films quickly realizes that she loves her job. Sometimes too much. “They always make me tame my scenes

down,” she discloses. “When I have sex in a film, I lose the character, and I go into my world, you know? They tell me to calm it down some, do some more kissing, and I’m like, *What?! I get lost in the moment because I’m having fun. I think that’s what distinguishes a really good porn star, when you’re actually into the sex and not faking it. I hate the girls that look into the camera the whole time and make fake-ass noises.*”

When asked about her most memorable performance, **Jesse** recalls Digital Playground’s 2009 release *Teachers*: “I’ve gotta tell you my first orgy—my first and only orgy—was so much fun. I didn’t know if there’d be too much going on, if I’d really be turned on by it or if I’d only concentrate on *Wait, who am I doing, and do I need to switch?* You know what I mean? I had a fucking good time, and it was on a school bus, which made it even more fun. We rocked the shit out of that bus!”

Jesse’s scenes would be even wilder if she could listen to tunes while on set. Rock music whips her into a sexual frenzy: “Like when ‘Control’ by Puddle of Mudd comes on. I feature-dance to songs like that now, and I just go to a fucking whole other level. I’m so horny and turned on. Everybody says that, all of a sudden, I get this look. I don’t notice. I don’t know I get a look, but I guess I do. I get turned on by music, and there are certain songs where I’m just like, *Oh, fuck, let’s go!*”

Jesse’s also a noted fan of long walks, basketball phenom Kevin Durant and frozen yogurt. Nevertheless, there are some things she could do without: “I don’t like scary movies. I refuse to watch them—like that movie *Hostel*. It’s so gory, I think I puked. And then there’s this French film called *Irreversible*. It’s shot really crazy; it’s so violent and disturbing. Anytime somebody makes me watch movies like that, I have to sleep with the lights on, and somebody has to be in my bed.”

If the “face of porn” ever invites us over for movie night, we’ll be sure to bring plenty of terrifying flicks. Leaving the lights on and hopping into bed next to **Jesse Jane** doesn’t sound scary at all.





HOMETOWN: Oklahoma City, Oklahoma | AGE: 30 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 105

JESSE JANE'S VITAL FACTS:









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your cock!
Jane
Jesse*

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HUSTLER HUMOR



Sammy was driving down a rural road with the missus when she started to complain about his fucking around on the side. All of a sudden, Sammy's wife reached over, sliced off his pecker and tossed it out the window.

In the car right behind them were a man and his nine-year-old daughter, who got a real eyeful when the dismembered penis smacked the windshield, stuck for a few seconds, then flew off. "Daddy," the kid wondered, "what was *that*?"

Not wanting to expose his little girl to anything sexual at such a young age, the father replied, "It was just a bug, honey."

The daughter sat with a confused look on her face for a moment or two, then muttered, "Sure had a big dick, didn't it?"

Question: What goes peck, peck, *bang*!

Answer: A chicken in a minefield.

Two sharks—a father and son—came upon a shipwreck with a lot of survivors floating in the water. "I'm hungry, Dad!" the younger shark cried. "Let's eat them!"

"Not yet," the daddy shark suggested. "Let's swim around them for a while with our fins sticking out of the water."

The two sharks made numerous passes near the terrified survivors. Eventually the father exclaimed, "Okay, son, it's supper-time!" The sharks slithered in and had a feeding frenzy, eating every last person.

As they swam away, the son asked, "Why did we have to swim around first with our fins out of the water?"

The elder shark answered, "Humans taste a lot better when there ain't any shit in 'em."

Question: What do you say to a girl with no arms and no legs?

Answer: Nice tits!

Pam and her sister Sandy had both been married for years. One day, Pam complained to Sandy that she thought her husband didn't find her attractive anymore. "As I get older, he doesn't even bother to look at me," Pam grumbled.

"I'm so sorry," Sandy sympathized. "My husband says I get more beautiful every day."

"Yes," a tearful Pam countered, "but he's an antiques dealer!"

IRS slogan: "We've got what it takes to take what you've got!"

Did you hear about the blonde who got fired at the banana plantation? She kept throwing away the bent ones.

There was a long-standing tradition in Patrick's Irish family, which had lived in upstate New York since the late 1800s. On the day the males become old enough to drink, they walk across a lake to the tavern on the other side. Patrick's father, grandfather and great-grandfather had all done that on their 18th birthdays.

Due to changes in the law, Patrick had to wait until his 21st birthday rolled around. When it did, he walked out to the lake, took a step off the dock and damn near drowned. Totally pissed off, Patrick staggered out of the water and stormed off to see his grandmother.

"It's my 21st birthday," he fumed, "and I'm old enough to drink, Grandma. So why can't I walk on water like Dad, Grandpa and Great-Grandpa did?"

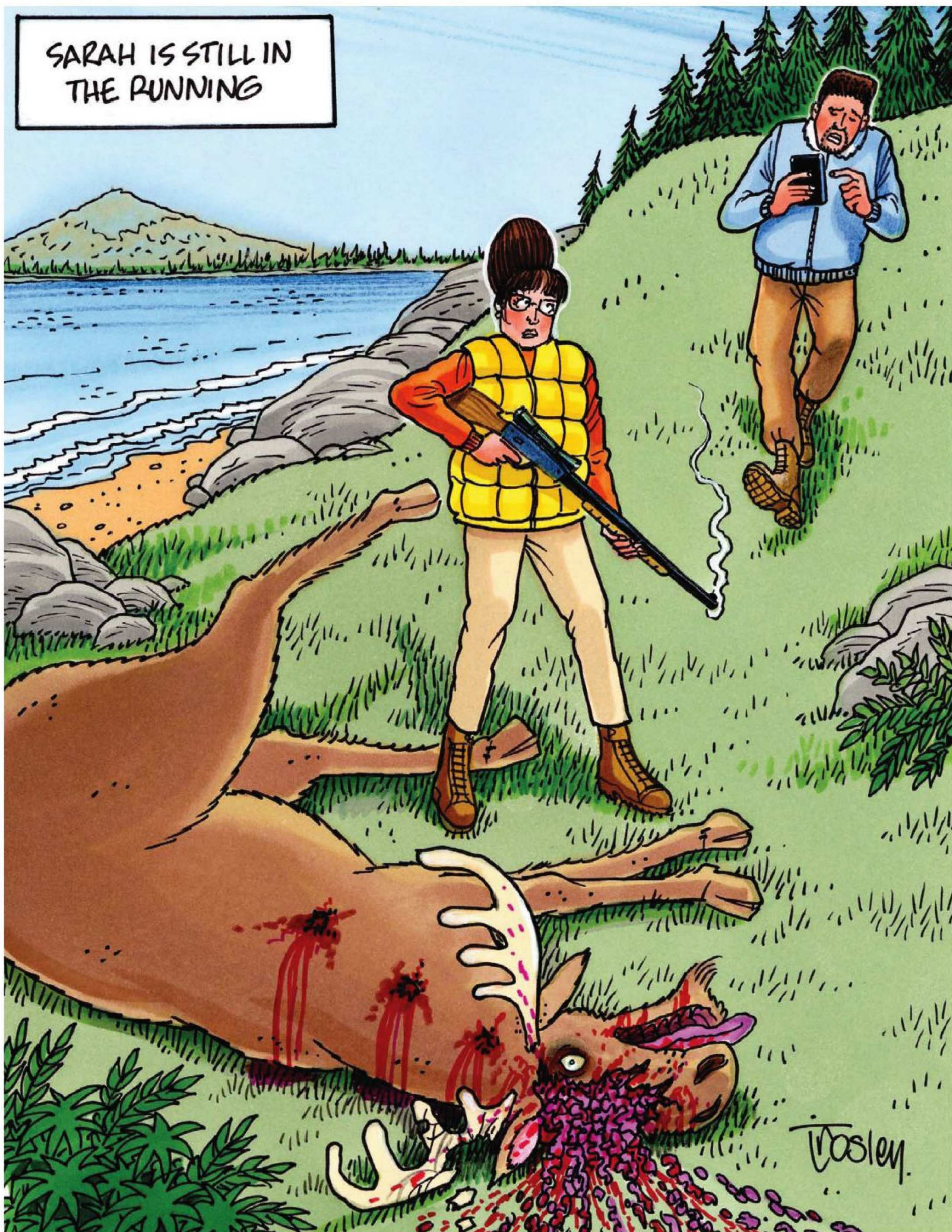
The biddy looked at her grandson in his sopping-wet duds and snapped, "Because they were all born in December, when the lake is frozen over. This is August, ya friggin' moron!"

GRAFFiLTHY



Thanks and \$50 go to Bert H.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"Good news... Eighty-two percent of Americans polled want you to run again. Bad news... So they can vote against you."

GRAPHIC ART & DESIGN BY KEVIN GENTRY

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

TICHINA ARNOLD

Seriously Funny

SITCOM STAR'S DRAMATIC TURN

Best known for her stints in several sitcoms, most notably *Martin* and *Everybody Hates Chris*, Tichina Arnold is one funny lady. But the New York City-born actress can handle any role—even portraying Lena Baker, who was accused of killing a white man and unjustly sentenced to die in Georgia's electric chair. Tichina stopped by *HUSTLER* to discuss *Hope & Redemption: The Lena Baker Story*, working with Martin Lawrence and Chris

Rock and starting a band. (She sings too!)

HUSTLER: A lot of celebrities are too scared to be interviewed by *HUSTLER*, yet here you are. What made you decide to do this?

TICHINA ARNOLD: I was in shock that I was asked. Initially I was like, "Whoa! Hey! I don't know." Then I was happy and got excited. Then I thought, *How does this work with my image?* I play moms and all that stuff. I went back and

forth until I realized this is a part of being an actress. *HUSTLER* is a part of the media I've never been exposed to. As an actress you want to reach as many audiences as possible. I'm not showing nipples. So why not?

So, no nipples?

You show me your nipples first! (Laughs.)

Since you're known for your comedic acting what drew you to such a serious project as Lena Baker's story?

Because *Hope & Redemption* had no comedy in it whatsoever. I liked the fact that it was going to be a new challenge for me. Plus I'd always wanted to play the life of somebody else. To me, comedy is second nature. It is something that I do without thought. I've had some little dramatic roles or dramatic moments in my career, but I've never had the opportunity to dive in and envelop a character who actually walked this Earth. That was a great challenge.

How do you play a real person as opposed to making up a character?

I didn't read the biography of Lena Baker by Lela Bond, which the film is based on, because I didn't want to have any preconceived notions of what I thought she was until I could bring her to life. I wanted to start with a clean slate. I just focused on the script. I always say that my job is to bring the black-and-white—the script—to life.

Once you started to portray Baker, did you like her?

I felt bad for her. This woman had been sexually, mentally and physically abused. There were so many negative things in her life. On top of that she was a single mother, and she had been on a chain gang chained to men for ten months. Can you imagine that? I went through all of these different emotions as we made the movie. Luckily, though, as an actress, once I leave the set, I leave that pain and emotion behind. Because it's too heavy.

Why was Baker drawn to the man who abused her and whom she eventually killed in self-defense?

She was an alcoholic, and when you have a weakness, it can be exploited. The dynamic between Lena Baker and Mr. Arthur, who was played by Peter Coyote, was interesting. Lena and Mr. Arthur's alcoholism brought them together, as did their loneliness. But in the 1940s it was unheard of for a black woman to be with a white man, legally living together. A white man could do whatever he wanted to a black woman as his concubine, but they could not live together. Mr. Arthur held her captive. I think he was a little nuts. The hardest part to play was that dynamic. Even though Lena hated him, there was still that connection that no one can really ever explain.

There are some intense scenes in *Hope & Redemption*. What was the hardest one for you?

The hardest scene was the last time Lena could see her kids, but she couldn't tell them that it would be the last time and that she was going to be put to death in the electric chair. Even thinking about that scene right now still brings tears to my eyes because it made me think about my own daughter. I put myself in Lena Baker's shoes at that point. It was the

moment where you're trying to be strong for someone else. I could not let my children see me weak. That scene tore me apart.

What do you think would have happened to Lena Baker if she had been arrested in 2011 and not 1944?

She would have been acquitted. Actually, the funny thing was that she was pardoned after all these years. She didn't get a fair trial. She was supposed to be tried by a jury of her peers. Her jury was 12 [white] men who lived with each other in a boarding house and drank moonshine together. Not fair. I'm really happy I had the chance to tell her story.

Is there anyone else you'd like to play?

I would love to play the life of Nina Simone. I love her music. Plus I heard that Nina Simone was a hoot and that her mouth was as bad as mine. (*Laughs.*)

You started out as one of the girl singers in *Little Shop of Horrors*; what do you remember about making that film?

I was so excited to be working with the voice of Miss Piggy. Frank Oz, who directed the film, was also the voice of Miss Piggy, dude! No joke. I was also excited to be working with Steve Martin. I was in a makeup-and-wardrobe trailer with Steve. He's at one side of the honey wagon putting on his dentist uniform while Tisha [Campbell] and Michelle [Weeks] and I are at the other end getting dressed. One side of the trailer was on wheels while the other side was on cinder blocks.

All of a sudden we heard something fall. A block fell, and the whole trailer shifted, and we tumbled on Steve Martin. At least I got to touch him! (*Laughs.*) It was such a great experience. I was 15 years old, and we were living in London for a whole year. I flew over there on the Concorde. Getting to work with Steve Martin, John Candy, Rick Moranis, Bill Murray, Ellen Greene—all these really amazing people made me a better performer.

That was also the first time you worked with Tisha Campbell. Did that lead to you being co-stars on *Martin* years later?

I was doing this play called *The Buddy Holly Story*, and I was over it. I said, "If I hear one more Big Bopper tune, I'm going to kill myself." Theater had always been my love, but after six months on tour with that show, I was done. I wanted to do a sitcom. So I asked myself, *If I move to Los Angeles and nothing happens, will I regret leaving the play?*

As soon as I answered myself *No*, I was on the next thing out to L.A. I flew MGM Airlines and spent \$1,500 on a one-way ticket. I lived with Tisha for a few months. Martin [Lawrence] had already asked Tisha to be on the show, but he didn't know that Tisha and I knew each other. I told her I wanted to audi-

tion for it and not get special treatment. I went through proper channels.

By that time I had tested for three pilots. I didn't really want to do *Martin*. I was up for this pilot called *CCPD* with Dan Aykroyd and a sketch comedy show called *Main Street*, which was what I really wanted. Well, the first two didn't happen, so everything happens for a reason.

Your character (Pamela Jones) and Martin's were always fighting on the show. What was your relationship like in real life?

It was so much fun. With Martin you didn't know what the hell was going to come out of his mouth. You just went with it. Half the stuff we did wasn't written in the script. I tell people all the time that the unfortunate thing is that the TV audience missed out on all of the stuff that got cut. The stuff that we would say off camera was hilarious. We were bad. Our mouths were foul. We would just do stupid stuff on the set all day. Slap the food out of each other's hands. Working on *Martin*, we came to work to laugh every day.

But in the later seasons it wasn't so much fun.

It got rough.

Was Martin Lawrence mentally ill back then?

You'll find with a lot of comedians, it's hard. I'm not a stand-up comedian. That is one thing that I will never attempt. It's like being your own team. I like being on a team and being part of a cast of people. I like playing off people, but with stand-up you are out there alone. If you bomb, *you* bomb. So a lot of comedians have it hard.

From comedy comes a lot of tragedy. You're really laughing about what you should cry about. Then you make it. Martin was one of the guys who made it, and he deserved success. On the outside he finally realized all of his dreams: the money, the cars, the house. But nobody knows what's going on on the inside. Are you really happy? Nobody knows what's going on with you except you. We didn't really know much about what was going on with him inside. I'm just happy that he got through a rough moment in his life and that he triumphed.

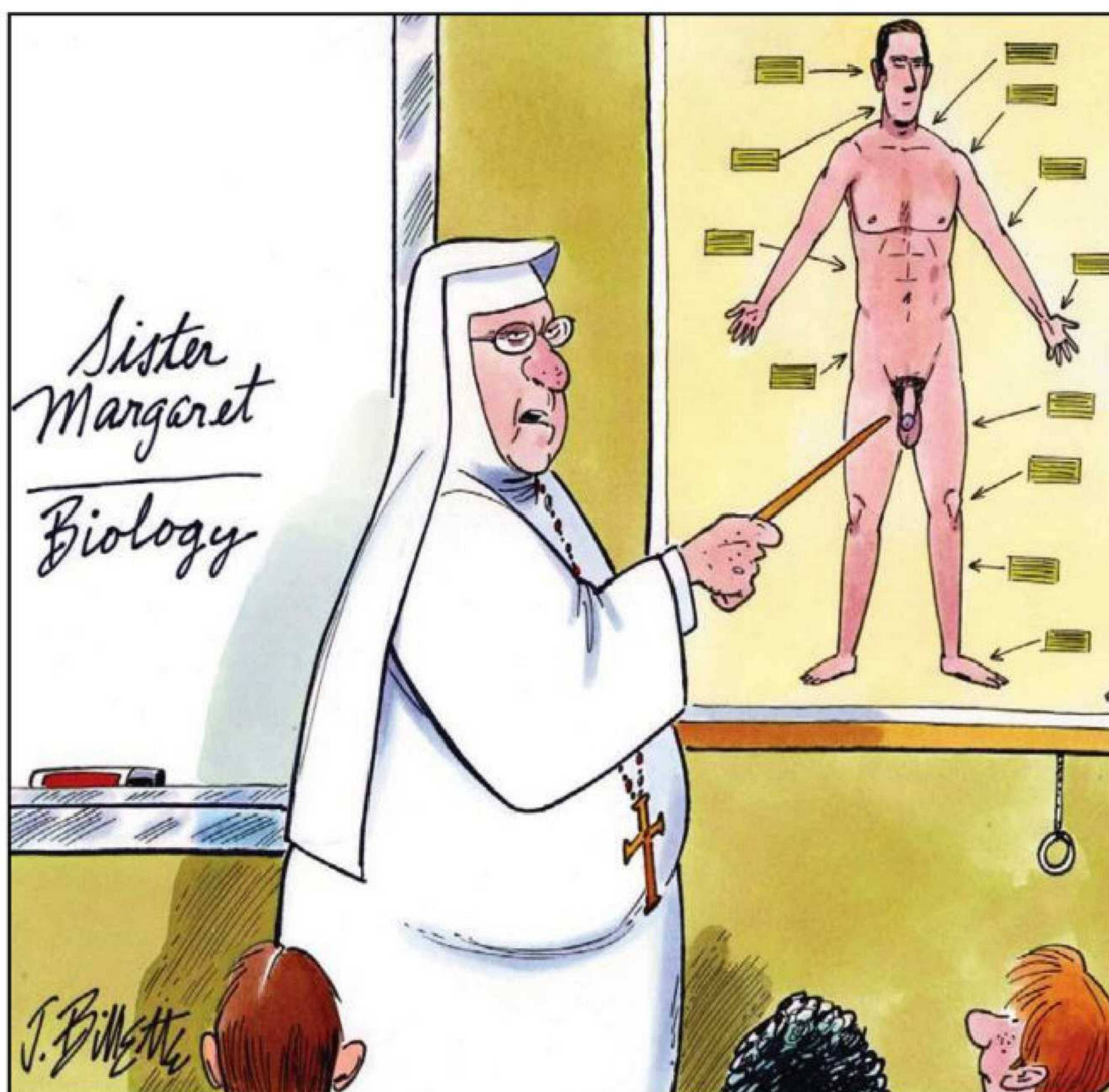
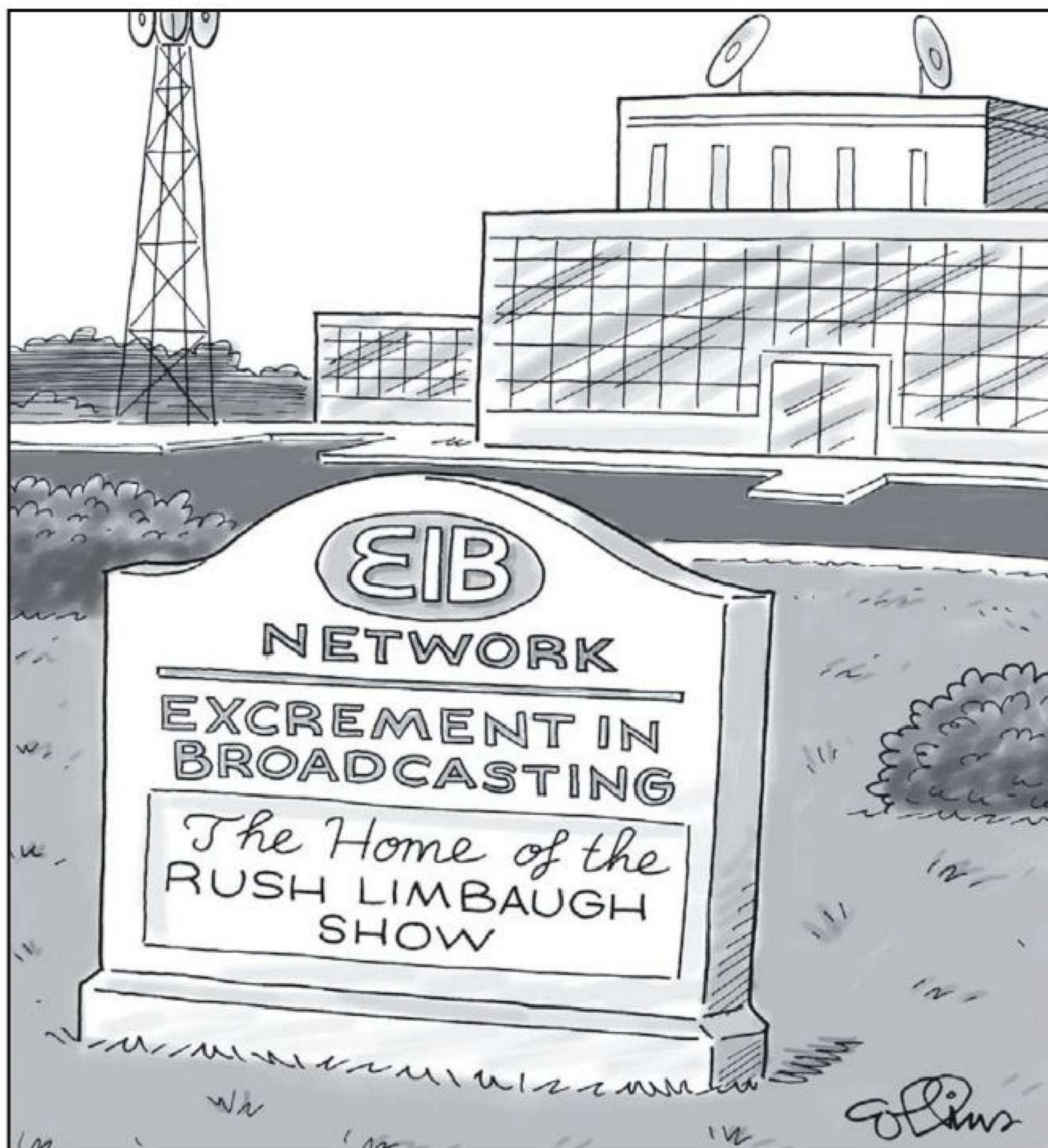
You've worked with Lawrence in two films, *Big Momma's House* and *Wild Hogs*. What's the relationship like nowadays?

All good. I love Martin. I still talk to the family and still see him from time to time. I will always thank Martin. I will always appreciate him for making me a better comedic actress. I hope to work with him more. We were supposed to do a *Wild Hogs* sequel, but it didn't happen.

Is Martin your favorite gig?

For television? Yeah. *Everybody Hates Chris* is too, but it's a different dynamic. On *Martin* I was single. On *Everybody Hates Chris* I was a single mom. On *Martin* I was

TICHINA ARNOLD



"God gave man his head and his torso, his arms and his legs, but it was Satan who gave him his genitals!"

a sex symbol. On *Chris I* was a mother. Two amazing roles with completely different types of humor.

Why did *Everybody Hates Chris* last only four seasons?

Because they're idiots! (Laughs.) I saw the signs. When the network went from UPN to CW, I thought, *We might not make it to the fifth season*. We had a name for UPN: the UnderPaid Negro network. I also said, "As soon as the show is canceled and is syndicated, people are going to want it back, and it's gonna be gone." Networks don't like to admit mistakes. That's why they don't bring shows back. It's a power thing. You get new executives and new CEOs, and instead of doing what makes sense, everybody wants to start their own new thing. Who cares what the viewers want?

What was the best part of working on *Everybody Hates Chris*?

Working with such a great cast. I loved them. Chris Rock was not one of those celebrities that has a show and doesn't care. He was involved from when I went in for the audition to the actual filming of shows. I would be onstage doing a scene, and I'd hear [in a Chris Rock voice] "Okay, Tichina, try it this way!" He was always there.

In real life are you as strict as your character Rochelle, the mom on *Everybody Hates Chris*?

That character is my mom, my aunt and my grandmother—the three matriarchs of my family who raised me. To this day I find myself saying stuff to my six-year-old daughter like, "Girl, I'll slap you into next week!" You always find yourself using those idle threats. My mom used to say, "Girl, I'm gonna slap the stew out of you!" What the hell is stew?

What's next?

I'm in development with a show right now. I just got an amazing script that was written for me for a sitcom, so I'm hoping that works out. Plus I started a band called KNOW Pressure. It's a baby work in progress. If I had a dollar for everybody that asked me to make an album, I'd be rich! I got a chick drummer. Music allows me to get a lot of shit off my chest. Music makes me feel better and has always been in my spirit, so it's a way for me to have another outlet.

Would you trade your success as an actress for a musical career?

Singing has always been my first love. I can't say I would give up one for the other. The way I live my life and the way I've done my career is I go with the flow. I go with what's going. If I had to go back onstage, I would. If it calls for me to do another TV show, I'll do another. Film is something I keep tapping into but haven't fully cracked yet. TV is more powerful now. It used to be looked down on. I kept telling people TV is where it's at. It's nice and steady once you're in it. You have a lot of big film people that are coming to TV now. So, ha! Kiss my ass! (Laughs.)

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GARY NUMAN

PRINCIPLES OF PLEASURE

Best known for his 1979 megahit "Cars," electronic-music pioneer Gary Numan recently wrapped a tour celebrating the reissue of his classic album *The Pleasure Principle*. Listen in as he discusses his return to America, coping with Asperger syndrome and being the heart-throb of an acid-throwing lunatic.

HUSTLER: Last time you were scheduled to tour America, in 2010, you were stopped by a volcanic eruption. Was that frustrating?

GARY NUMAN: To say it was frustrating is putting it mildly. It was slightly surreal because England doesn't have volcanoes, obviously. I woke that Thursday morning doing the last bit of packing, and it came on the news that this volcano had gone off [in Iceland]. The way that they were reporting it gave the impression that it was going to be over sometime soon. After two or three days of that, you realized that they had no idea of what was going on. It was really disappointing.

I had put a huge amount of stock into doing Coachella. The last time I toured the U.S. before that, it hadn't gone very well. The audience numbers were getting less and less each time I toured. While I wouldn't say Coachella was a lifeline, it was an important thing to put me back into the mainstream again. Major opportunity gone. But because of that, this time around there was more interest when we started to negotiate for this tour. There were lots of promoters that were suddenly interested, whereas they hadn't been that interested before. All of a sudden we were able to do a relatively reasonably sized tour here.

Is it true that your stage name Numan came from a listing in a phone book?

I had slaved over choosing a stage name. My real last name is Webb. I didn't think Webb had

a very rock star feel to it. I went through the Yellow Pages and suddenly saw Neumann Kitchen Appliances. I loved it. I took out the *e* and second *n* and adapted it into Numan.

Why did you decide to tour and play *The Pleasure Principle* album in its entirety?

I'm very antiretro. For a long, long time I've been very hard-nosed about it. I've had opportunities to do TV shows, but all they wanted me to do is play "Cars." I've said no to everything. With a musical career, you have your moment where everything is going great, and then it all slides away. From then on you struggle. It seems to me that the kiss of death is when you're tagged as something from a certain era.

For a while there, if there was ever a photo of me in the press, it would say '80s whatever. Fucking '80s at the beginning of it—kiss of death. People stop listening to you. You become associated and stuck in an era. I didn't want that. I'm still very passionate about what I'm doing now and what I'm doing next. I was so antiretro that I did very little old stuff in my conventional shows. But people were coming to the shows and really grumbling because they'd pay their 20 pounds for a ticket and get three old songs and 17 new ones.

After a while I realized I was actually being quite arrogant, and I felt as if I was giving them the finger. I came up with the idea that once in a while I would do what we call "classic album" tours. We play all the songs from one particular album. I said on my Web site the idea is that if I do all this old stuff, fans would stop moaning.

Is there a way to embrace your past while not becoming a nostalgia act?

For this tour, which seems to have worked quite well, we did 45 minutes of *Pleasure*

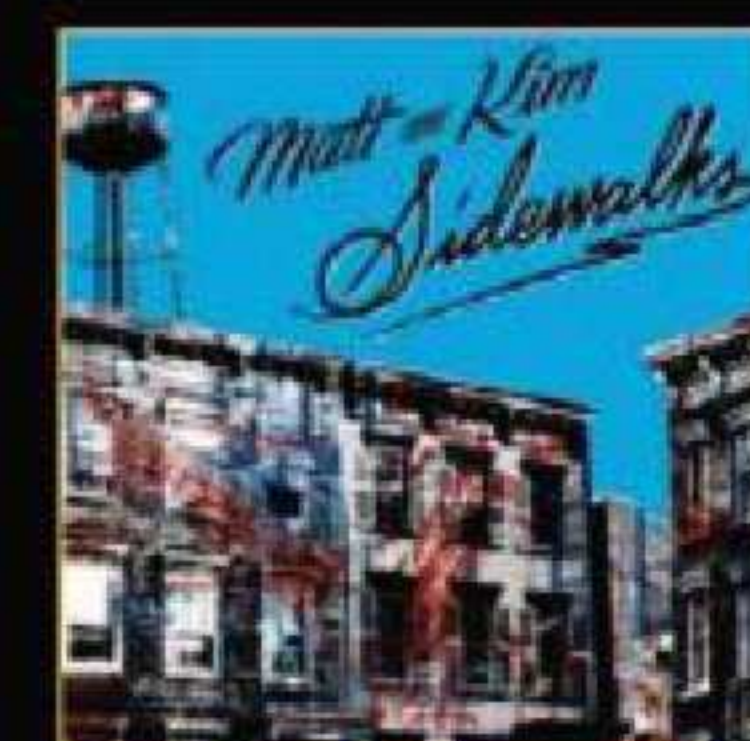
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The original outlaw teams up with legendary producer T-Bone Burnett for a badass disc of blues covers. Stunning and swampy, *Low Country Blues* showcases the trademark growl of the Allman Brothers' leader in a whole new light.



MATT AND KIM

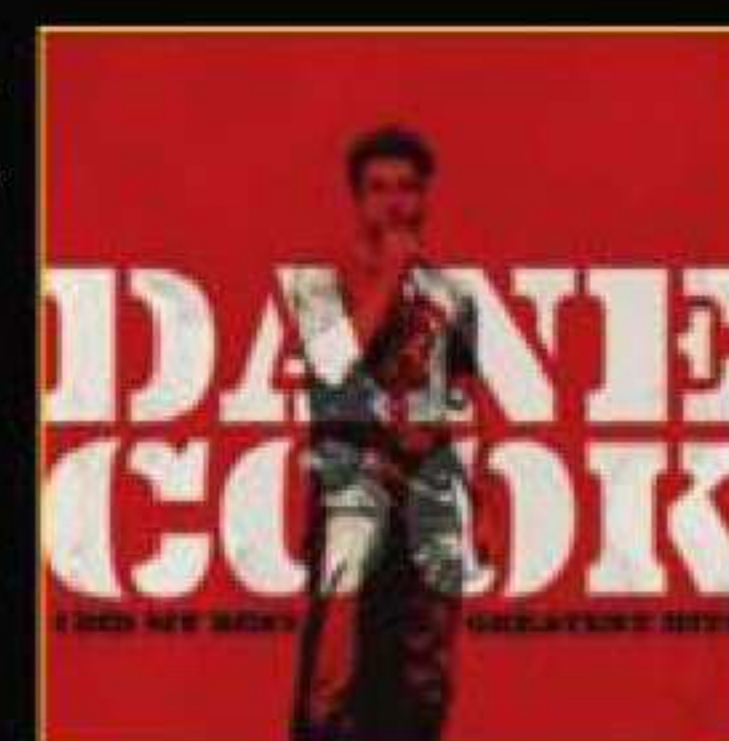
Sidewalks

The mighty duo release their third disc of full-force funky rock. Much like the White Stripes, Matt and Kim know how to make the most out of their lack of cohorts. It may be hard to believe that this much music can pour out of just two Brooklyn hipsters, but it does.

DANE COOK

I Did My Best—Greatest Hits

Love him or hate him, Dane Cook is the biggest stand-up comic of the past decade. This two-CD set features his best bits about being terrorized by the Kool-Aid Man, getting hit by a car and breaking and entering. Stop hating and hop on the "Dane Train." It's a funny ride.



MARTINA TOPLEY BIRD

Some Place Simple

Best known for teaming up with Massive Attack and Tricky, Martina Topley Bird certainly picks her collaborators well. The latest cohort of the woman who sings like an angel possessed by demons is Blur/Gorillaz mastermind Damon Albarn. Together they create a sparse, ethereal masterpiece.

CHIDDY BANG

The Preview

Can a hip-hop group firmly rooted in the old school also be modern and groundbreaking at the same time? Chiddy Bang is. With a little help from Pharrell and Q-Tip, the interracial duo delivers big-time. Highlights include "Opposite of Adults."



GEORGE MICHAEL

Faith: Deluxe Edition

Long before George Michael was cruising bathrooms for sex and doing jail time for smoking pot, he was a huge pop star with millions of female fans. *Faith*, given the deluxe treatment here, was his masterwork.

DOZEN

BRITISH SEA POWER

Valhalla Dancehall

Since debuting in 2003, this band has been releasing anthem-packed records worthy of platinum sales and stadium greatness. Their latest is an absolutely epic collection of hooks and riffs. If there is a God, people will finally make British Sea Power huge.



TRAPT

No Apologies

Follow-up albums are always hard. Case in point: Trapt. Their debut featured the untoppable and unstoppable hit "Headstrong."



Since then the group has tried to find the rock 'n' roll nirvana that song unleashed. *No Apologies*, Trapt's fourth album, sees them finally doing that.

JOHNNY CASH

Bootleg Vol 2: From Memphis to Hollywood

The only good thing that ever comes out of the death of an icon like Johnny Cash is that someone gets to go through the archives. This CD, the second in a series of unearthed Cash demos, gives us a peek into the creative process of a legend. R.I.P., Man in Black.



NEW YORK DOLLS

Dancing Backward in High Heels

Sylvain Sylvain and David Johansen make good on the promise made by the original Dolls on this, their fifth, studio CD. It's full of sleazy rock



goodness and celebratory trash. Somewhere Johnny Thunders is smiling. Okay, sneering.

MINITEL ROSE

Atlantique

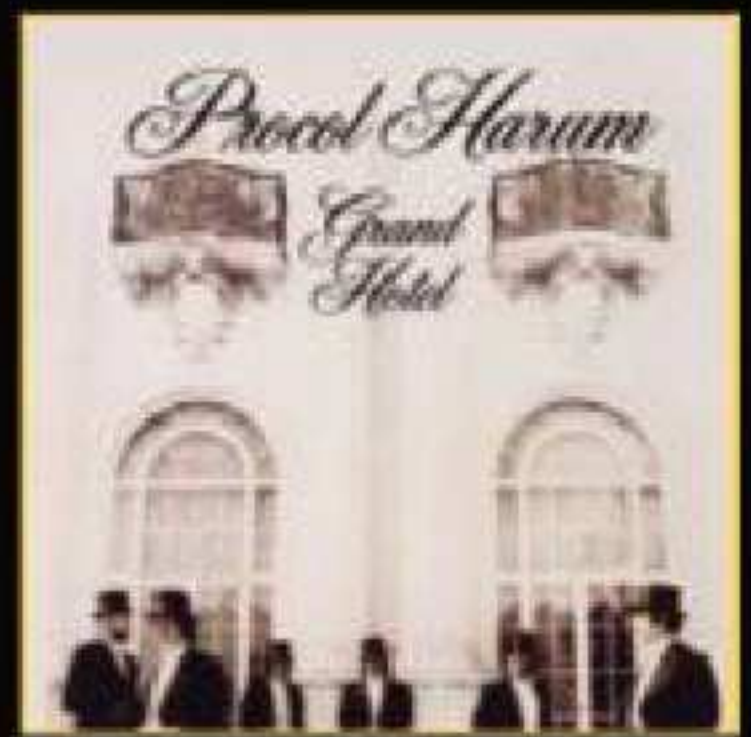
Do you like the French pop band Phoenix? Or maybe you're a fan of late-'70s stars Supertramp? Then you'll dig Minitel Rose, an outfit that sounds a little bit like both with a dash of the Killers thrown in.



PROCOL HARUM

Grand Hotel/Exotic Birds and Fruit/Procol's Ninth/Something Magic

If you're only familiar with Procol Harum's 1967 worldwide hit "A Whiter Shade of Pale," then you've missed out on one of rock's all-time greatest and most prolific bands. Four of its best studio albums have been remastered for longtime followers to rediscover and to captivate new fans.



BY KEITH VALCOURT

SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Principle pretty true to the original for the first half of the show. Then we moved the keyboards from the front of the stage, rolled up our sleeves and moved into far-more-recent stuff.

When you look back and revisit *The Pleasure Principle* in its entirety, how does it hold up?

I've actually grown to like it. When I made it, I toured it for that first year [1979], but then I kind of forgot about it. As an entirety, I always thought it was a bit weak in the production, a bit too cold-sounding. It wasn't really the album I've been particularly proud of from the early years. But then I realized so many people have sampled it and are still doing cover versions of it. It's more active now than it's ever been. Then last year I did some live shows with Trent Reznor, and he would talk about how important *The Pleasure Principle* had been to Nine Inch Nails. It made me feel really proud and think about the album again. I've grown to be proud of it.

Was the intent to make the album as sparse as it is?

We didn't have much money to make the record. The synthesizers that we had were hired. We only had them for so many days. So you had to get sounds quickly and record them quickly because somewhere along the process they were gone. There wasn't the luxury of time with equipment everywhere.

It was all very hands-on and done very quickly. I think that's why there's a very limited amount of sounds on it. That certainly contributed to it being sparse. That and the fact that I wasn't using guitars. Guitars are very filling. You hit a chord, and it fills a track. Without that you have to look for other ways of doing the job a guitar would do. I didn't use guitars at all on *Pleasure Principle* because I had taken a lot of harsh criticism from the British press because they were anti-electronic music. I wanted to make an album that was more electronic than before. I took the guitars out of it to prove a point, I guess. In retrospect I think it would have been a better album with guitars on it, but I can't deny the fact that since it didn't have them, a sound was created that left a lasting impression.

Why do you think "Cars" became your biggest hit?

I'm not sure. Sometimes it's to do with the moment. There are some songs that come along at a particular time that just connect with people in a way. It's a song that captures a time or a feeling of a time. Every once in a while there is an album that is cool to have on your coffee table when people come around. It shows that you're really in touch with what's going on. I think I was lucky enough to have that album.

A friend of mine, a big producer, has a theory. He says the fact that the song starts with that high note that holds for a full four bars was so

completely different. No one would have done that. That drew people in.

How much of the Gary Numan detached alien-like persona is the real you?

I had Asperger syndrome [a disorder characterized by significant difficulties in social interaction]. So in terms of feeling misunderstood, alienated and sort of separated from people, in general it was very much the way I was. I was less aware at the time of the whole Asperger's thing. My mom and dad kind of kept it locked away. I had loads of problems at school when I was a teenager and had to go to a child-psychiatry unit. It was the early days for having diagnostic criteria for the disease. I'm not sure it was really a diagnosed thing at that point. It was only in later years that I came to understand it. I think you can add Asperger's to someone who is quite childish. It took me a long time to grow up. I was still doing the teenage "nobody understands me" thing until I was 20.

Do you think your creativity sprung from having Asperger's?

Yeah. I actually think that Asperger's was beneficial for somebody who does what I do for a living. It's not all bad. It gives you a strong degree of focus. We have obsessive tendencies. Well, that's a good thing if you want to do this for a living.

What about a new CD?

We've got two albums coming at the moment. One is called *Dead Sun Rising*, which is kind of off-the-shelf stuff that didn't make it on the last two albums. Then there is *Splinter*. It is the proper follow-up to my last studio album.

Have you ever had any crazy fans?

I've had people travel from Australia and Japan all the way to England to try to find me—with no idea where I lived. And did. How, it's just so bizarre. They go to London and ask lots of people. Someone says, "I think he lives in Essex." They just ask taxi drivers, "Have you ever driven Gary Numan?" They take a two-week holiday to find me. Then they find me, get something signed, and then they go home. (Laughs.)

There was a woman who had been put into a secure unit at a mental home because she had thrown acid onto (I think it was) her boyfriend's face. Fucked him up. She decided when she was locked up in there that she was married to me. The hospital called me when she escaped. I had to go to court for something at the time, and the *Sun*—our biggest newspaper—printed my home address. The mental woman escaped, saw the article and was "coming home," thinking I was her husband. I was living with a woman for years, and this acid-throwing lunatic was going to show up thinking I was having an affair! Luckily for me, she went home to her mom's first, and the police were waiting for her there. ■

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

HESTA PRYNN

A NEW STATE OF MIND

It was totally true. At the time we said, "Oh, that's not who we are. We're feminists, and our music is totally different!" But the way we started, the girls came over and said, "We're starting a girl Beastie Boys. You wanna be in it?" I was like, "Fuck, yeah! Let's get drunk!"

What was your relationship with the Beastie Boys like?

Obviously, when we started the band, we didn't have a relationship with the Beastie Boys. We knew all the words to their songs. When things kind of started happening for us and we started to get a lot of press, we would look at each other and say, "Do you think Adam [Horovitz a/k/a Ad-Rock] knows who we are?" Then we played a festival in New Orleans, and the Beasties were headlining with the Pixies. We never thought we would meet them.

During our performance Spero said, "Ad-Rock is watching us from the side of the stage." After the show he came over and met us, then invited us to hang out backstage. We met Thurston Moore [Sonic Youth], Frank Black [the Pixies] and the other Beastie Boys. I was so intimidated, the only thing I could say to him was, "Did you know who we were, Adam?" He said, "Yeah. Totally. You guys are awesome." I asked if he thought we were the girl Beastie Boys, and he said, "It's really closed-minded and silly that people say that, because you guys are doing a lot of other things."

Years later we worked together, and now we have a normal relationship. The first time Adam came to the studio to work with us, we didn't know if he would remember who was who. So we made nametags for everyone to wear. Even him. It was just all of us sitting in the studio with nametags on for weeks.

Why did you choose Hesta Pryn as your hip-hop handle?

When the girls first came over to start the group, I said, "Let's not name it something over-the-top feminist like Hesta Pryn"—my hip-hop version of the scorned woman from *The Scarlet Letter*. The girls said, "That's your MC name." It got me a lot of attention, so it works.

Why no hip-hop on your solo EP *Can We Go Wrong?*

When we wrote "Can I Keep This Pen?"

for the last Northern State record, we wrote separately for the first time. I started to write in a different direction. I wrote the song "Away Away." I really liked writing alone. I like structuring the piano parts and creating a proper demo. I really didn't want to rap anymore. I felt silly doing that. I had done the whole drunken-rap-party thing, and it was mad dated. When you're done, you're done. I wanted to say things with music instead of words this time around. This felt right.

Is there a full CD in your future?

Yeah. I have a lot more songs recorded and am playing more songs during my live shows. There will be a full-length CD in late 2011.

How have audiences responded to your live gigs?

I just did a tour with Thirty Seconds to Mars, and they begged me to stay on the tour. That was amazing, but I couldn't do it because I don't have the money to support it. I would have loved staying on the tour. Their audience was emo kids, and they were awesome. It was my best audience ever. They were not aware of my past, so to them I was a new artist, which was cool.

Have you had to deal with groupies?

It's really different when you're a girl. I have a lot of female groupies after touring with Tegan and Sara. I did this show in Kansas, and this girl, who was very pretty, came over to my merchandise table and was hitting on me. Later she sent an e-mail to my fan account that was so smart and cool that I actually wrote her back. Girls that hit on other girls are very emotional. It's not as exciting. It's a very emotional situation, which is exhausting. It's the last thing you want. There is a whole fantasy and story to it. That is not why you join a band.

Whereas boys are superintense and grabby and crazy. A lot of times the boys who work at the record companies are your groupies. Girls aren't like boys. We're not just going to sleep with some random dude who sneaks backstage. The people in the record industry become your version of groupies. You sleep with the people who work for you because they are paying attention to you and because their whole life is you. Then suddenly you're sleeping with a guy from a record label in Norway. But after sleeping with him, I realized he was just a fan, which was kind of weird. ■

As part of the all-girl hip-hop trio Northern State, Hesta Pryn kicked some of the dopest rhymes to ever flow outta a white girl's mouth. Now the Long Island rapper is stepping out solo and taking her funkyass music in a new alt-pop direction. We caught up with Hesta to discuss her former band, hanging with the Beastie Boys and groupie/fan boy love.

HUSTLER: What happened to Northern State?

HESTA PRYNN: Bitches! (*Laughs.*) Sometimes it's time to do your own thing. Three is a very hard number, especially when you're the odd man out. But they're my friends still.

Spero and I are still very close. She lives in Arkansas now. Sprout and I are not. We had a bit of a falling out. We were supposed to have a phone date last week, but it didn't happen. We haven't talked in a hot minute.

As a white female hip-hop trio, was it hard to be taken seriously?

It was really hard, but funny because all the important people from the world of hip-hop that we cared about loved our band. Chuck D [Public Enemy] wrote about us in *Elemental Magazine* all the time. The Beastie Boys took us under their wing. The Roots took us under their wing. Muggs [Cypress Hill] loved us, and De La Soul took us out on tour. But their audiences weren't really feeling it. That was disappointing. It sounds silly to say this, but because I had a true love for hip-hop and loved what I was doing, I expected the crowds would not hate on me. Bottom line—audiences were jealous. They were like, "Fuck this! I started my own fake Beastie Boys band. How come these bitches get to go on tour with the Roots?"

You were called the "Beastie Girls"; was that a fair comparison?

DVD DISTRACTIONS

BY TAYLOR DAVID

The shit hits the fan in this month's selection of movie and TV-show releases.



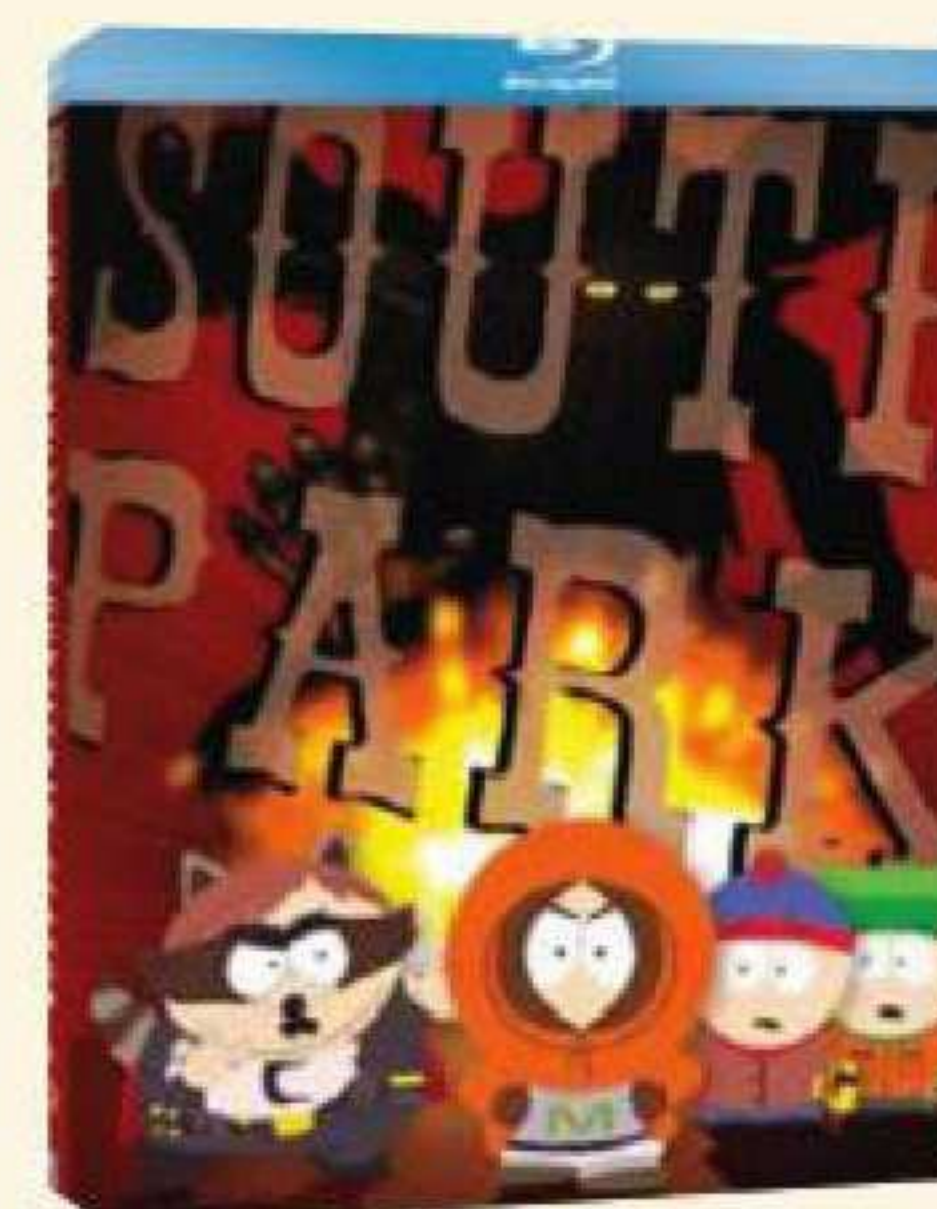
JACKASS 3

Eight years after the release of their first feature-length film and four years since their second, Johnny Knoxville and his gang of daredevil screwballs returned to the big screen last October with *Jackass 3D*. Thankfully, if you missed the eye-popping action when the movie first came out, you can still see it at home. (Just keep in mind that the DVD has been released in anaglyph 3D, necessitating the use of red-and-green glasses instead of the Polaroid specs viewers wore in theaters.) Thanks to stomach-churning stunts, sidesplitting pranks and edgy, gross-out antics, there's never a dull moment in this raucously funny sequel. Besides the theatrical *and* unrated versions of *Jackass 3D*, the DVD offers a bevy of deleted scenes, outtakes and other bonus features.



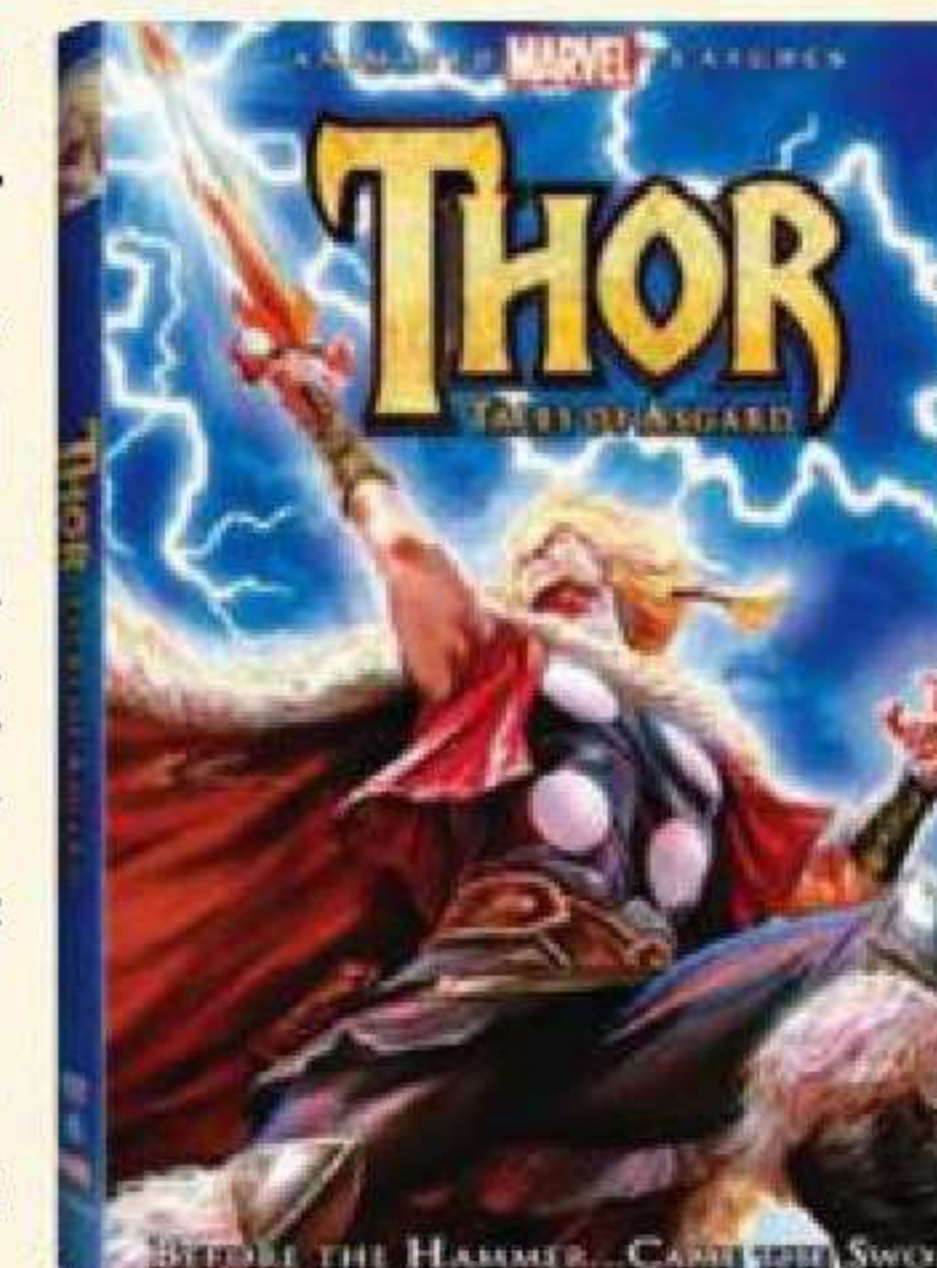
SOUTH PARK: THE COMPLETE FOURTEENTH SEASON

You'll laugh out loud as you watch the adventures of everyone's favorite foul-mouthed fourth-graders on this exclusive three-disc set. Culling every episode of the show's notoriously funny 14th season, the DVD is packed with fresh and relevant satire. Plus it contains deleted scenes and extra features that are sure to satisfy any lingering appetite for the *South Park* gang. Shablagoo!



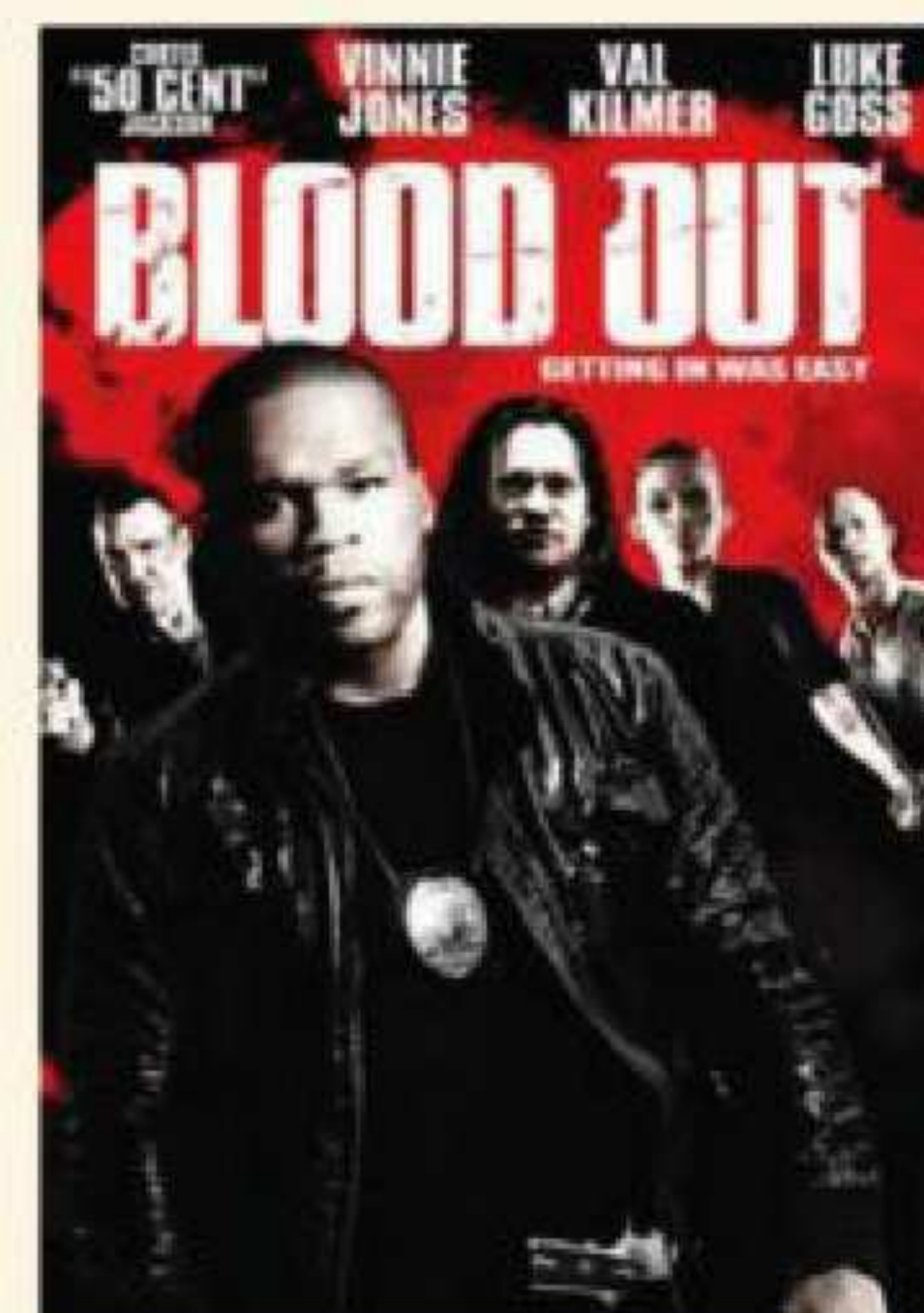
THOR: TALES OF ASGARD

The young, budding Norse god Thor embarks on a momentous rite of passage in this action-packed, animated fantasy-adventure. What begins as a harmless quest for the coveted Lost Sword of Sutar becomes a deadly struggle to save Thor's homeland of Asgard from a catastrophic war. Complete with sorcery, fiery sabers and snow-trekking giants, this majestic tour de force serves as a fitting companion prequel to the epic live-action motion picture *Thor*.



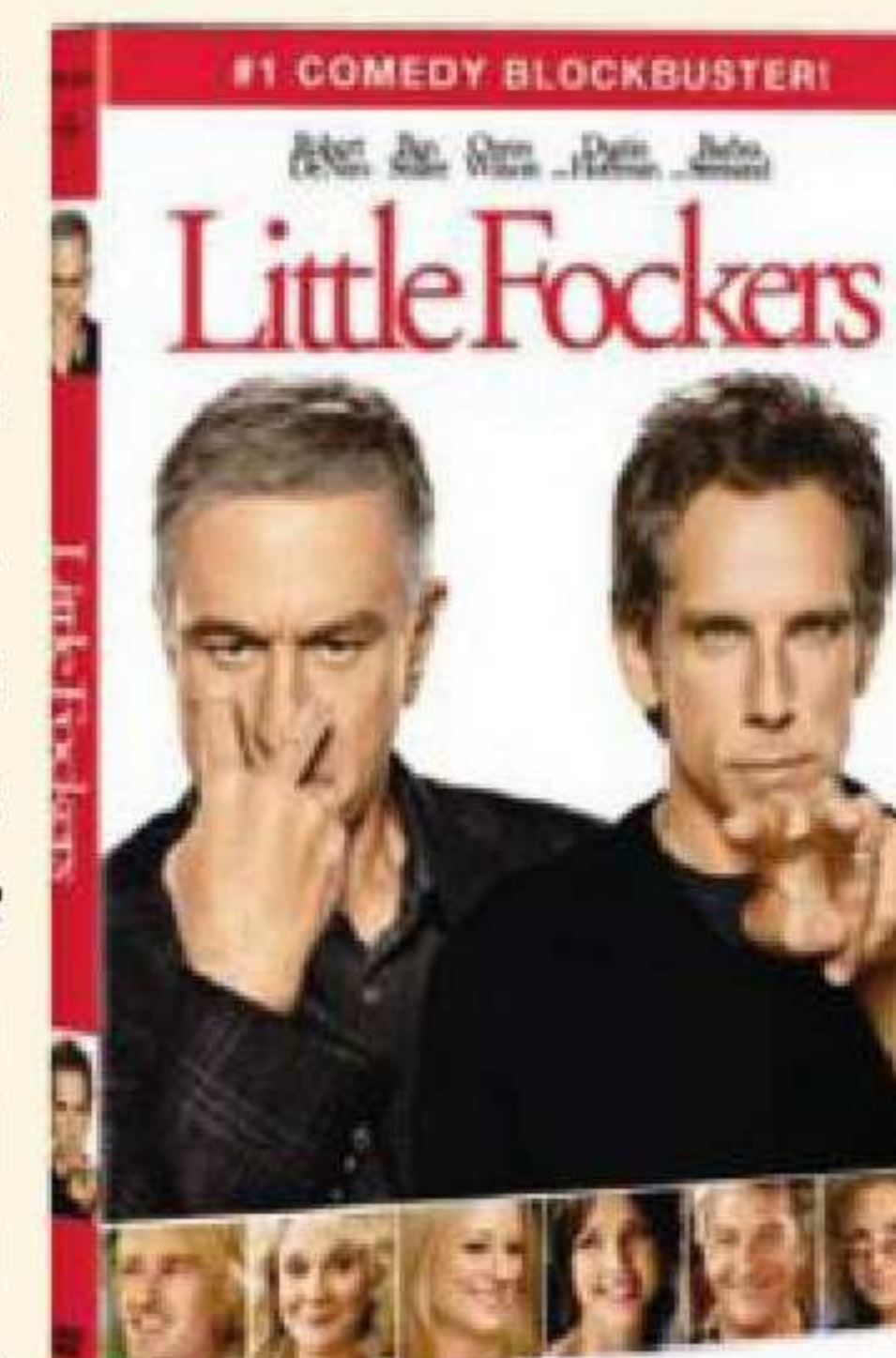
BLOOD OUT

This high-octane film depicts small-town sheriff Michael Spencer (Luke Goss) hunting down the gang member who ruthlessly murdered the lawman's younger brother. Heart-pounding drama unfolds as Spencer goes rogue, infiltrating a local crime syndicate in a desperate mission to exact revenge. Also featuring Val Kilmer and rapper 50 Cent, *Blood Out* is a fast-paced thriller that explores human trafficking, corruption and vengeance.



LITTLE FOCKERS

Showcasing the antics of the polar-opposite Focker and Byrnes families, *Meet the Parents* has grown into one of cinema's most popular comedy franchises. Greg Focker (Ben Stiller) and his ex-CIA-agent father-in-law (Robert De Niro) also sparred in *Meet the Fockers* and return again for more hilarity in *Little Fockers*. This star-studded sequel has Greg trying his hand at parenthood while vying to prove he has what it takes to be the extended family's next "Godfather." The DVD includes a barrage of extras, most notably a hilarious gag reel and a behind-the-scenes look at the making of the movie.



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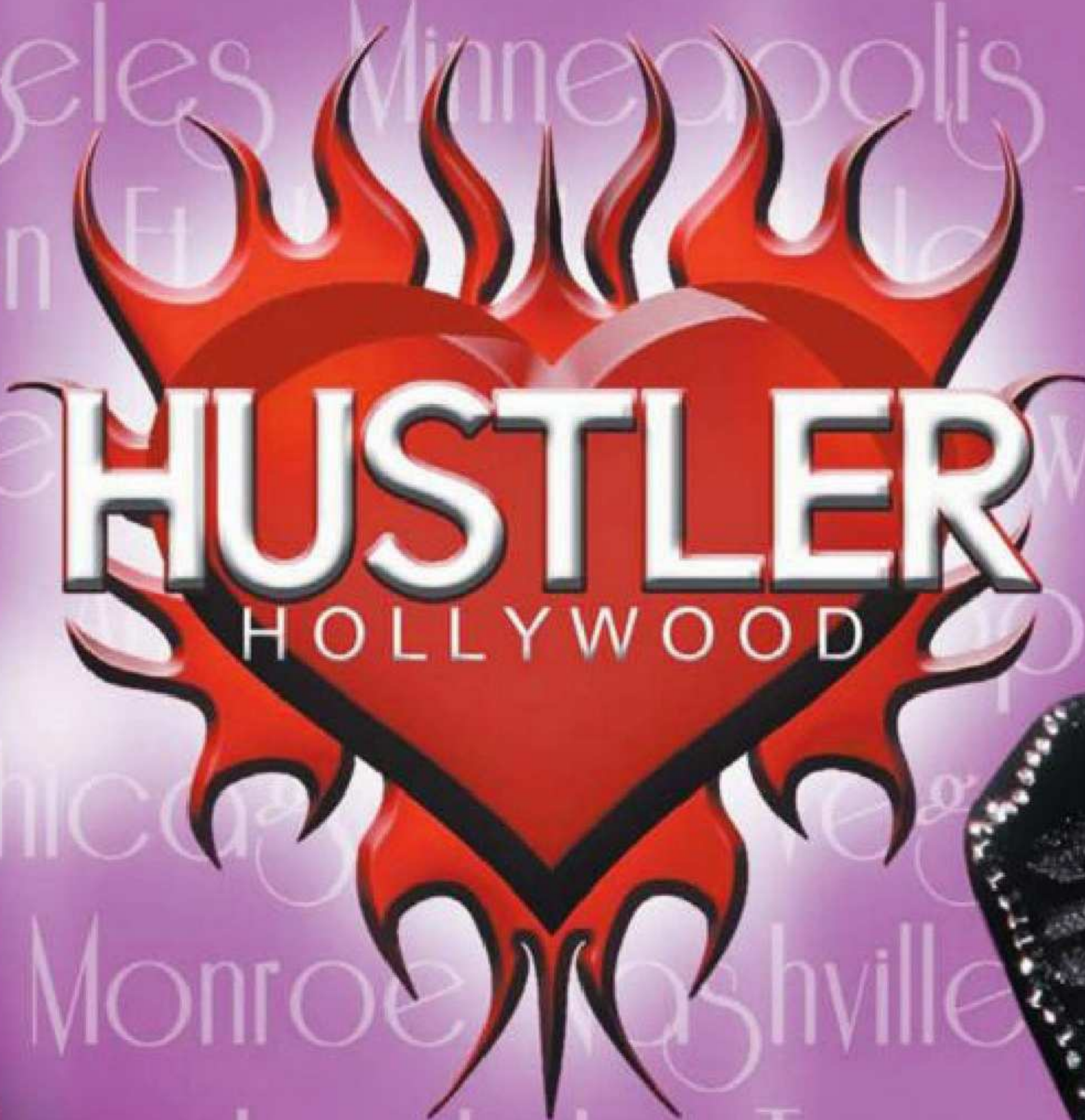
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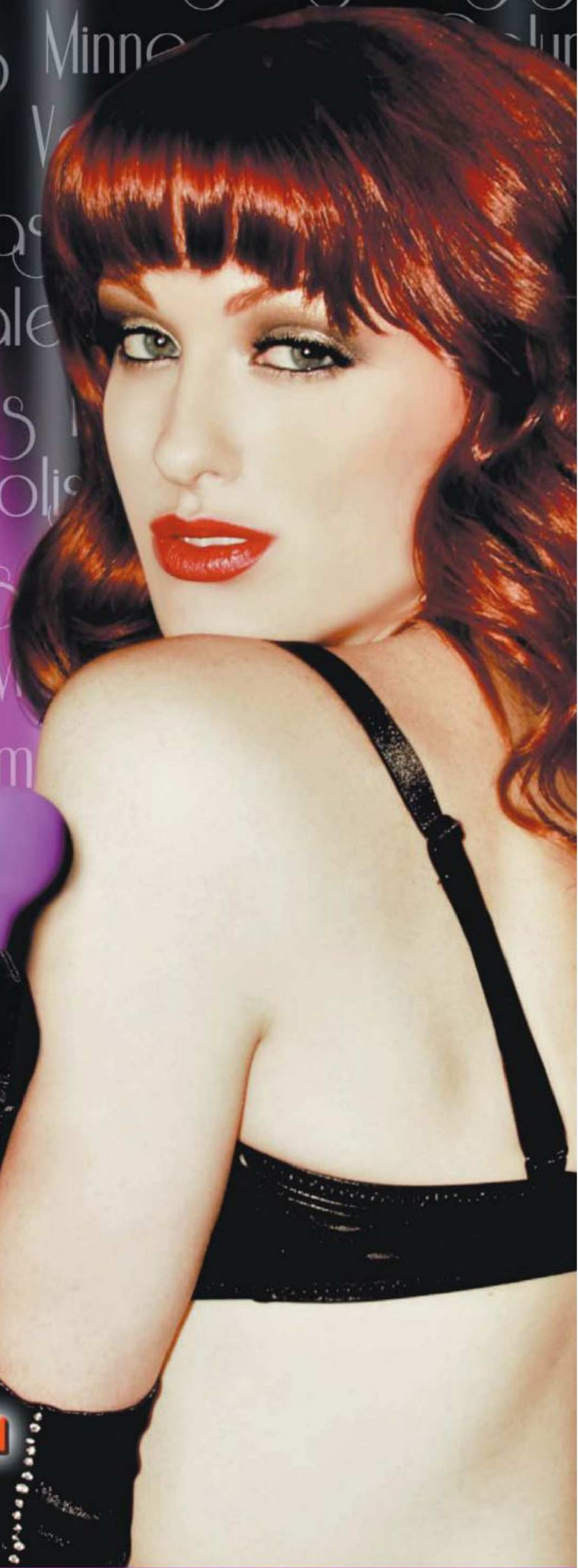


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Payton Nichole

AGE: 23

LOCATION: CHARLOTTE, MICHIGAN

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Apart from picturesque city parks and Interstate 69, Charlotte, Michigan, wouldn't have much to brag about if not for our latest Facebook Girl. With a waist-length mane, big brown eyes and tantalizing body, Payton Nichole easily rates as the hottest thing around. Consequently, it's an understatement when we report that the 5-foot-3 hairstylist and yoga instructor turns heads wherever she goes.

Payton also puts to good use Charlotte's reputation as a sleepy suburb of less than 10,000 residents—especially in the bedroom! "When it comes to sex, I'm very open-minded," she playfully tells us. "Sometimes I like being on top and having control; other times I enjoy giving up that control. It just depends on the day."

With Payton's killer bod, it's not surprising that she's been a fitness freak since her budding days in high school. "I'm very athletic," the fledgling model declares. "I love playing sports. Being so physical, I've always liked muscular men. Nice abs and a strong jawline are major attractions to me."

But don't worry if you're less than Herculean. Brawniness isn't the only quality Payton seeks in a mate: "I'm also attracted to a good sense of humor, as well as guys who aren't cocky—but who aren't insecure either."

So one lucky day, should you find yourself in Payton's presence as she guides you into yoga's popular downward-facing-dog position, don't forget the top two items on her wet-dream list: "My biggest fantasies are having sex in a jungle with lots of fog or on a hot beach with waves crashing around us."

Just tell us what to bring, Payton—lotion or wet suit—and we're there! 🍑

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Facebook? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to HUSTLER@LFP.com.



PHOTOS BY CARI ALMANZA

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK



HUSTLER
ON CAMPUS

THE PRICE OF PLEASURE

CALIFORNIA STATE POLYTECHNIC UNIVERSITY, POMONA STUDENT BLASTS CRITICS OF PORNOGRAPHY.

If you think pornography has ushered in a wave of social and moral corruption, you're probably bitter because you haven't been laid in years—or ever. That may be the case for those at The Violence Prevention and Women's Resource Center at Cal Poly Pomona in light of their antiporn stance. They recently hosted a screening of a documentary titled *The Price of Pleasure: Pornography, Sexuality & Relationships*.

True, the film does an honest job of examining the seedy and thrilling world of pornography through the eyes of both peddlers and prudes, raising compelling discourse about the role adult materials play in everyday life. But the \$13-billion-a-year porn industry isn't so black-and-white.

Contrary to what many believe, porn didn't create America's misogynistic society. That dubious honor goes to a longstanding tradition of staunch patriarchal social structures and centuries of sexual discrimination before, and even after, women were allowed to vote.

Let's look back, for example, to the 1950s, when Drummond Sweaters printed an ad with a woman hanging off a cliff as two men dangle a rope in front of her with the headline "Men Are Better Than Women!" Or a 1970s Tipalet cigarettes ad featuring a sexy brunette in a haze of smoke with the caption "Blow in her face and she'll follow you anywhere."

The "women are subordinate" ideology has been rooted in all cultures long before porn ever reared its naked head. Skirting this issue, *The Price of Pleasure* instead addresses why the porn industry produces 13,000 new DVDs annually, has expanded to an estimated 420 million Web sites and is slowly blurring the line that guards mainstream media. Why do you think porn has become so popular? Because people—men and women alike—

can't get enough of it.

In this depressing world and shithole economy, sex is the one thing we can rely on to make us happy. Besides offering titillation and gratification, porn has helped solidify the notion that women are valued, not reviled, as instruments of pleasure. Women don't need men to be aroused, but men most certainly need women. It's no wonder lesbian porn outsells and is less taboo than gay-male porn.

But I digress. Psychology sophomore Kristi Nelsen told our campus paper, *The Poly Post*, that the racism found in porn "wouldn't be allowed at all" in mainstream society.

"People see this and think that it's right. [They] think that's how it should be." Really? Turn on the TV and watch an episode of Dave Chappelle's



show. A good chunk of mainstream society welcomes racist jokes and parodies with open arms—and it's funny because most of the time the stereotypes are true.

Also quoted in *The Poly Post*, coordinator Erika Zepeda of The Violence Prevention and Women's Resource Center said, "The goal of the event was to educate students about the depiction and objectification of women in the porn industry." Yes, porn commodifies and objectifies women—and so does a boatload of other things: commercials, print advertisements, movies, TV programs...you name it. PETA strips its celebrity spokespersons naked to get the group's point across. Kim Kardashian shows off her ASSets in commercials for Skechers, QuickTrim and Carl's Jr. The fact that sex sells isn't a new concept.

The Price of Pleasure, which includes an interview with Executive Editor Ernest Greene of HUSTLER'S TABOO Magazine, implies that porn perpetuates sexualized violence against women.

Give me a break. People who have a predilection for violence and a penchant for hatred aren't made that way by the media. They probably were like that since childhood. And while the film's researchers found that 89% of the best-selling porn videos contain verbal and physical violence, I am not alone in believing that watching this type of porn doesn't turn an average Joe into a rapist. Many studies have proven that increased violence in movies and TV fare doesn't necessarily translate to increased violence in the streets. Porn is merely another form of entertainment.

Whether it's spanking, slapping, choking or handcuffing, kinky sex and role-playing are all part of a larger fantasy realm known as BDSM—or bondage & discipline, dominance & submission, and sadomasochism. Fetish aficionados aren't jacking off to women or men who are getting chained up, tied down and beaten in real life. It's fake. Everyone knows it's fake—and it's a huge turn-on. Sex with the same person every day can get boring. And if porn is something that will inspire people to stoke the fire, fan the flames and stick it out for at least another year, who are we to judge?

Speaking to *The Poly Post*, a third-year geology major railed that porn is "a lot more destructive than people realize" because "it feeds a certain animal inside you that shouldn't be fed so much." Maybe that student should crawl back under the rock he's been living under. That "animal inside you" is your sex drive, and either he doesn't have one or his has never been fed. It's human nature.

Don't get me wrong. I'm wholeheartedly against violence toward women and fully support having a Women's Resource Center on campus. But to float an inconclusive idea that porn is the cause of moral corruption is irresponsible and evasive. Blame the people who commit such acts, not the circumstances surrounding them.

So, really, what's the price of pleasure? About \$9 at newsstands—and your spanking-new issue of HUSTLER Magazine will guarantee a good fucking time.

Damaris Gonzalez is a Cal Poly Pomona senior majoring in psychology. She admits that her extracurricular activities include "drinking, working out, volleyball, drinking, hanging out with friends, tanning and drinking."

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues, etc.—please contact us at Features@LFP.com. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé. 🍑

BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

REAL COLLEGE GIRLS

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 139 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

KAYLEE

MCLENNAN
COMMUNITY
COLLEGE

"I love going to MCC," announces Kaylee, a lifelong resident of Waco, Texas, and a junior at the city's top-notch community college. "There are so many different people, and I think it's great that MCC provides an opportunity to get a four-year degree through the University Center program. I love learning something new every day."

Now it's time to learn more about Kaylee, starting with her fondness for *Tosh.O*, softball, track and Mexican grub. "I'm super-outgoing and ready for anything," the 5-foot-3 business major reveals. "I suppose the craziest thing I've ever done is fucking outside of a bar while cars were driving by. No one had to twist my arm to get me to show off my cute, little pussy in HUSTLER Magazine. I've seen *The People vs. Larry Flynt* many times. It's an incredible movie. I'd love to meet Larry Claxton Flynt, and I'd be sitting in the front row if he were ever invited to MCC's Distinguished Lecture Series."

Provided an opportunity to distinguish herself as a rookie nude model with a tattooed nookie, rainbow-adorned Kaylee spells out a few more extracurricular kicks: "I love to spend money, decorate my house and make myself look cuter than everybody else. I like to keep a smile on my face and anyone around me. I try to have fun as much as possible and be me."

Since tuition, fees and other necessities aren't free, Kaylee holds down a part-time job. "I work at a utility company's call center," she informs us, "and it sucks; people take their frustrations out on me." But the coed's sex life doesn't suck. "I love boys, I like girls, and both at the same time is even better," Kaylee admits. "I haven't had to play with myself lately 'cause I'm always trying to be the best girlfriend and make sure my guy stays happy. I love to ride him! He thinks it's hot that I got picked for your *Real College Girls* department."

Kaylee can pick 'em too: "I wanna watch my boyfriend fuck this hot chick in my English class. I also want him to watch me go at it with another girl in that class. And, of course, thanks for letting your readers see me—that's awesome!"



DAZED BUT NOT CONFUSED





DALIA DAYZE



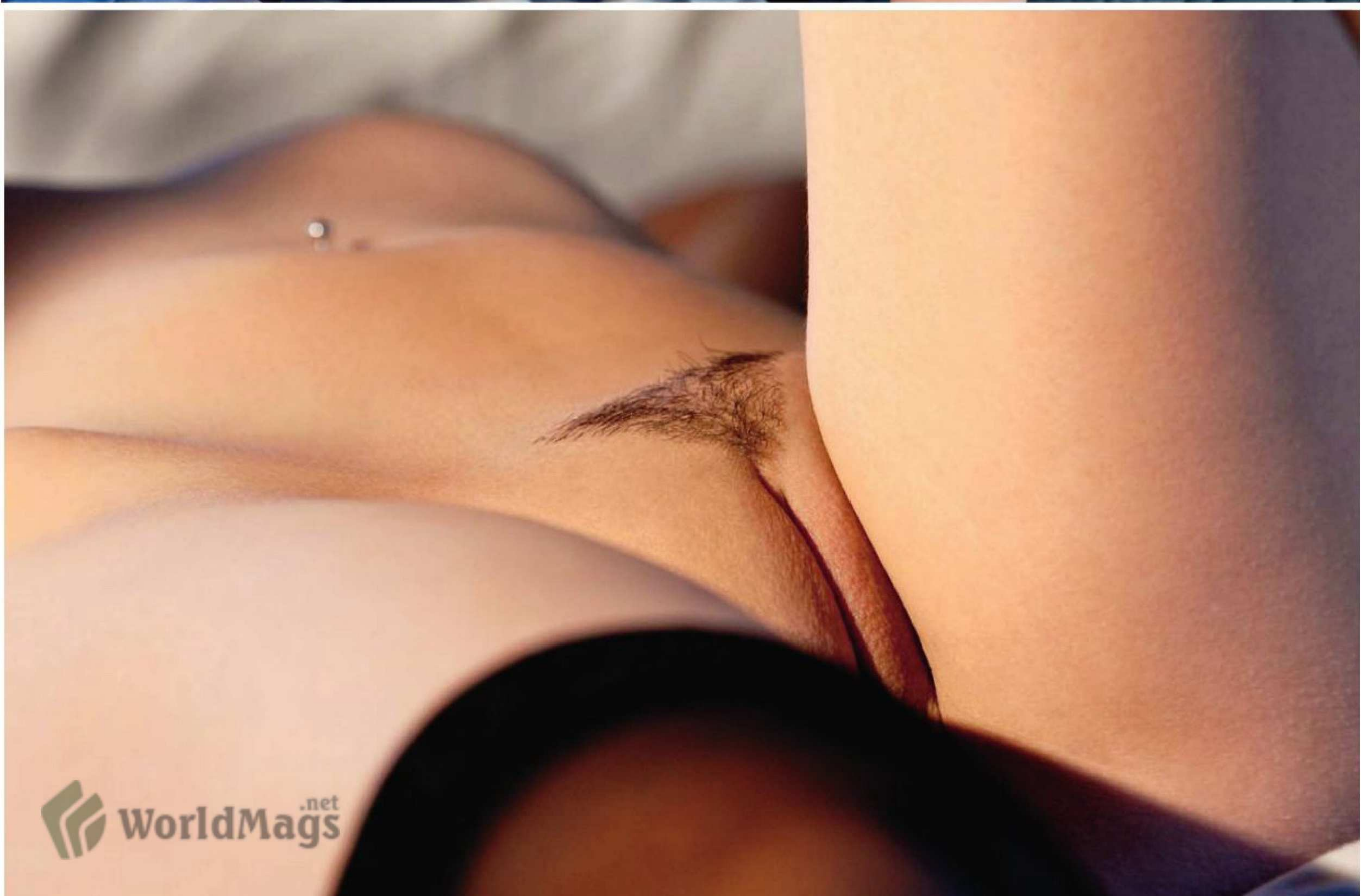
Dalia Dayze isn't sure what she wants out of life, but that's because our dazzling discovery likes surprises. "I definitely have goals," she points out, "but I'm not one of those people who's like a type-A person, always freaked out about getting things done, always moving on to the next thing. If you know exactly where you're going to end up, it takes the fun out of the journey."

Don't assume **Dalia** is a slacker, though. "I was raised to have a good work ethic," she trumpets. "Anything I do, I put all of my effort into it."

For the past few years **Dalia** has been investing her time and energy in nude modeling. Along the way she's made plenty of fans, but her career choice has its challenges. "Every photo-shoot you're working with completely new people," she explains. "It's sort of like starting a new job every time, and it's even more intense because not many jobs make you take all your clothes off on the first day."

What's **Dalia**'s secret for getting as many modeling gigs as she can handle? "Be nice. That part is easy for me, but some people in this business are really rude. I get along with everybody, so I'm just my normal nice self, plus I try to be superprofessional. I always show up on time and get the job done."

There's no doubt that **Dalia** got the job done on this occasion. In fact, the statuesque damsel looks so damn good, she could probably have gotten away with throwing a few divalike fits during the shoot. "No way!" **Dalia** exclaims. "It's not my style. I don't think I'm capable of a temper tantrum."







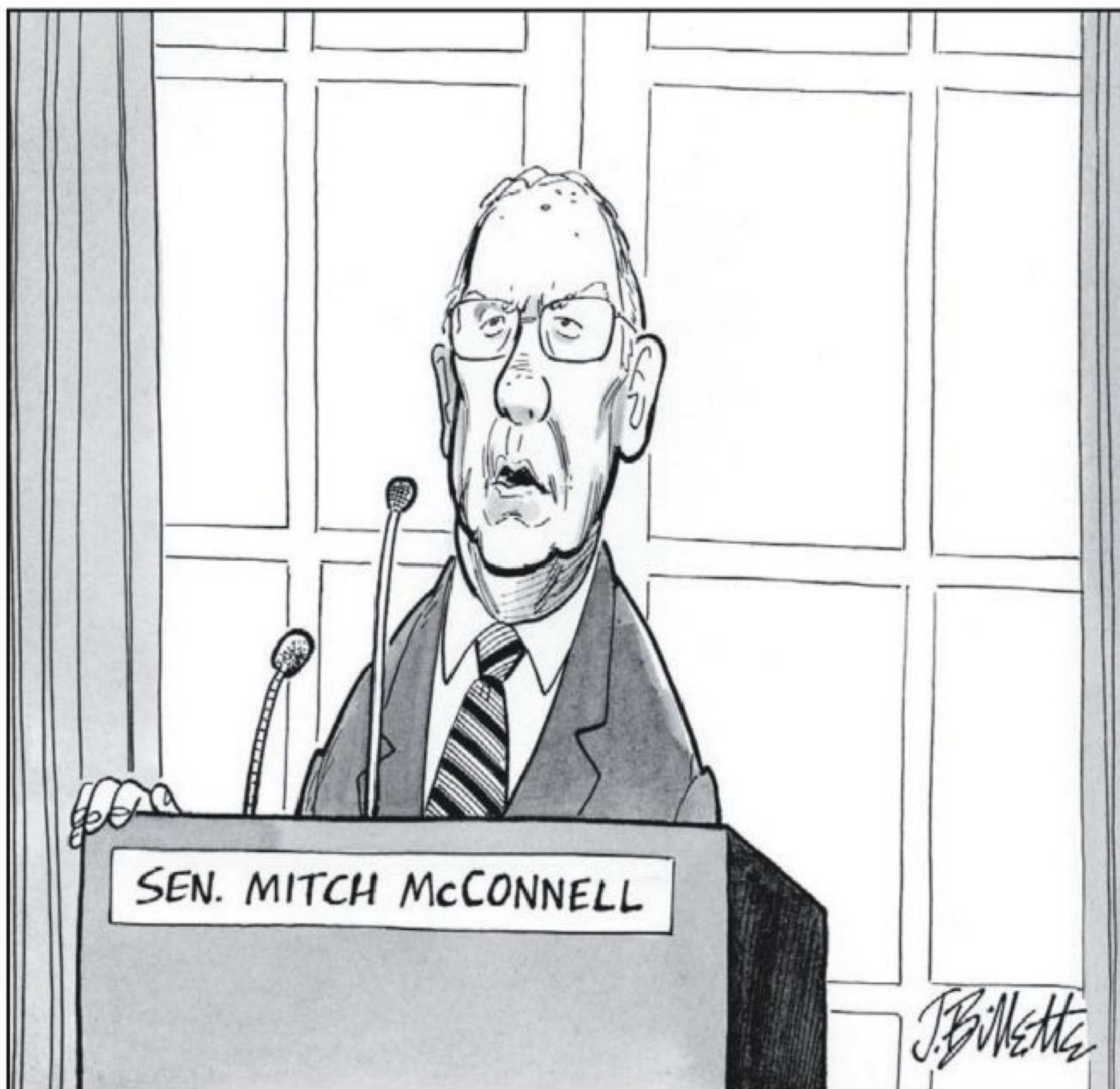




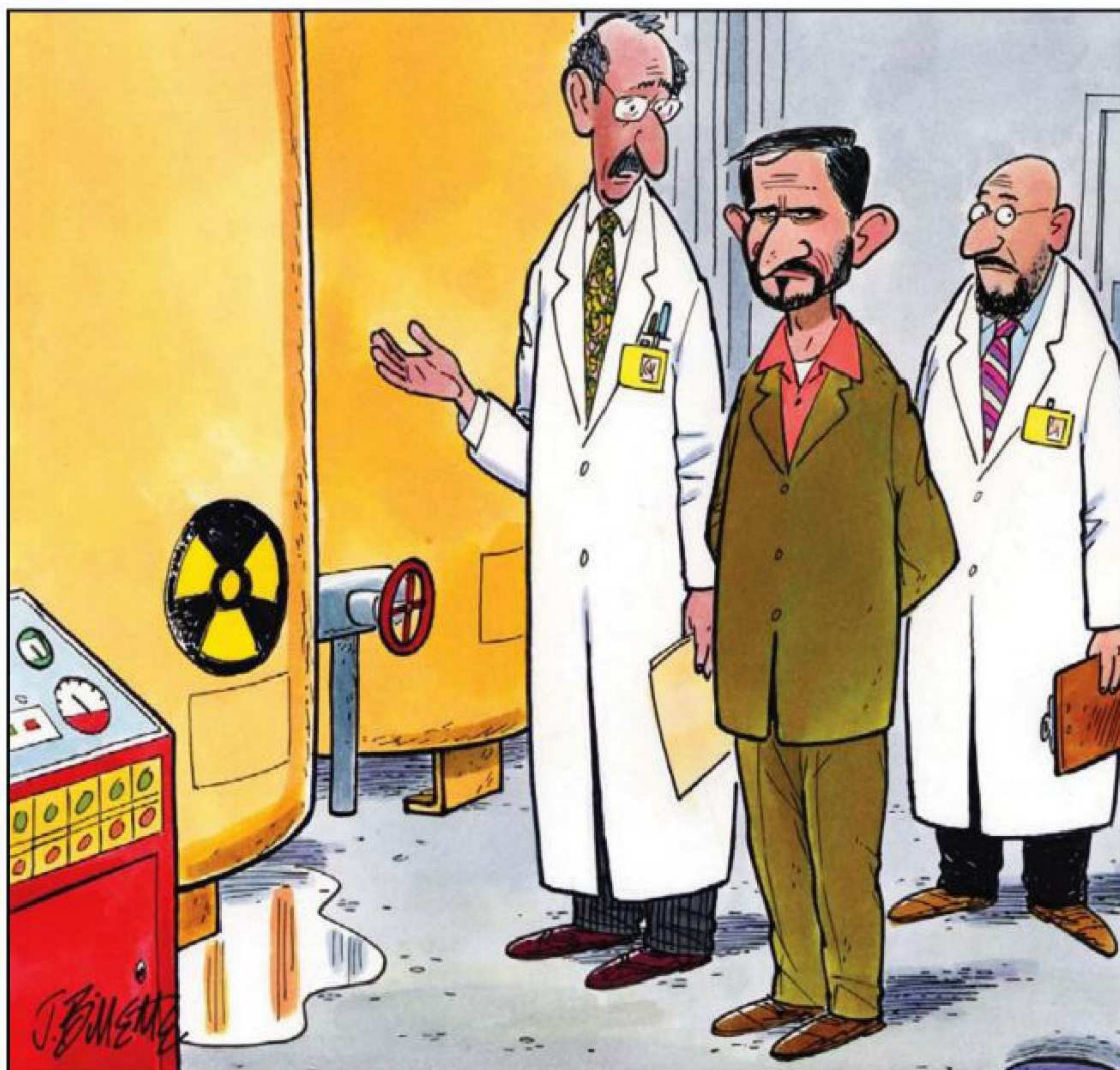
DALIA DAYZE'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Norco, California | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-10 | WEIGHT: 120

ONLINE VOTING



"When a Republican wins the White House in 2012, and we have majorities in the House and Senate, I can confidently predict the final dissolution of the middle class and the long-awaited reinstitution of slavery."



"President Ahmadinejad, it will be very difficult to develop a nuclear weapon that kills only Jews!"

(continued from page 44)

ally this warning that I have given many times, that this is a national security issue, goes, well, underappreciated," he explained diplomatically during our conversation.

"After this," Jefferson added, "there can be no doubt that the burden of proof in the argument over the security of Internet voting systems has definitely shifted to those who claim that the systems

can be made secure.... This successful demonstration of the danger of Internet voting is the real deal."

During the Council of the District of Columbia's hearing, experts noted that—unlike banking online or via ATM, processes that are open to oversight by all parties before, during and after—the secret-ballot system used in U.S. elections cannot be carried out safely at this time on the Internet. Maybe in the future when technology changes, they said, but not for at least a decade.

In short, the experts concurred, this is not "a solvable problem" no matter how much politicians, political parties and even some ill-informed voters may wish it to be.

"Let me ask you this, from a legislative perspective," Councilwoman Cheh said to each of the panelists as the hearing was winding down. "Should the council, by legislation, just shut this down?"

The answer from each one of those testifying was an unambiguous yes.

Nonetheless, 33 states ran Internet-voting pilot programs of various forms during the 2010 midterms. And, unless something changes, you can rest assured that folks who don't really give a damn about democracy will continue to gamble with it in 2012—whether they're Americans, Iranians, Chinese or even al-Qaeda hackers for that matter.

The madness of U.S. "democracy" continues.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist and political commentator. Besides cohosting radio's nationally syndicated *Green News Report*, he is the executive editor and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (BradBlog.com). 🌐



UC San Diego professor/hacker plays Pac-Man on an actual voting machine.

PHOTO COURTESY J. ALEX HALDERMAN

BLUE-MOVIE ★★★★★
SHOWCASE
EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON



Elvis gives Codi Carmichael and Andy San Dimas the royal treatment.



Elvis XXX: A Porn Parody

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** AXEL BRAUN. **STARRING:** ANDY SAN DIMAS, CODI CARMICHAEL, LEXI BELLE, JESSI PALMER, ASA AKIRA, JESSICA BANGKOK, DALE DaBONE, J. JAY, TYLER KNIGHT, ALEC KNIGHT, JAMES DEEN & RON JEREMY.



The King lives, and he ain't nothin' but a horndog! This freewheeling, free-fucking biopic is full of goofy impersonations, rockabilly hairdos and cocksucking bobby-soxers. They didn't call him Elvis the Pelvis for nothin'! From Lexi Belle and Andy San Dimas to Asa Akira, this flick features a veritable heartbreak hotel of fine pussy. (Even if *no* porn chick alive will ever measure up to Ann-Margret.) Apparently, girls in the '50s were more anal-willing than folks ever guessed. The wedding day scene, with Andy San Dimas getting pounded and splattered in a flowing bridal gown, may be the movie's chart-topper. Ron Jeremy makes one of his funniest cameos in years as the distant cousin who taught Elvis everything; James Deen finally plays the guy he stole his name (if not the spelling) from; and Dale DaBone does a ridiculous tribute to The King's Vegas years. Some of the performances are funny, and some are annoyingly cheesy, but that's showbiz. Are you lonesome tonight? Check out this hunk of burning love. Better yet, slap a Marilyn wig on a cheap hooker, toss on some Elvis tunes and go to your own personal Graceland.

—M.J.



Spot the **Cougar**: Emma Mae, Dylan Ryder and Tory Lane (below right) fight ageism.



This Ain't Cougar Town XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** STUART CANTERBURY. **STARRING:** DYLAN RYDER, PHOENIX MARIE, TORY LANE, EMMA MAE, RALPH LONG, EVAN STONE, DANE CROSS & ALEC KNIGHT.

 Old people, since they're lonely and tired, watch a lot of TV (and porn). That's why we have TV shows about their worries, like saggy boobs and limp dicks. (Advertisers love insecurity.) That said, *Cougar Town* always looked more like *MILF Town* to us. (Courtney Cox's character is only 42, for fuck's sake.) So don't expect this parody to be the granny parade it should have been. Instead, you get unwrinkly, shaggable twentysomethings with surgical wondertits, such as Tory Lane, who's E.D.-curing poolside screw is the kind of thing old people feel life owes them. Yes, it's a stretch to think that the likes of Dylan Ryder and butt-fuck-happy Phoenix Marie are suffering from dead sex lives, but it's fun watching them try to get their mojo back. (*Mojo* is an old-people word.) Even if you're not old and you thought *Cougar Town* was already canceled, you can easily forget that HUSTLER's spoof has anything to do with the TV show. (Especially when barely legal cutie Emma Mae shows up.) Buy this flick and stroke to it before you can't anymore. Order it on page 140. —M.J.



EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

How to stuff a wild **Bikini**: Shawna Lenee, McKenzie Lee (below left) and Carla Cox (with Capri Cavalli) enjoy a time out.



Bikini Warriors

BLUEBIRD FILMS. **STARRING:** TOMMIE JO, CAPRI CAVALLI, CARLA COX, MCKENZIE LEE, SHAWNA LENE, KORTNEY KANE, JESSICA JAYMES, LAYLA RIVERA, JULIA CROWN, CAROLYN REESE, MALLORY RAE MURPHY, CHRIS JOHNSON, DERRICK PIERCE, WILL POWERS, DENIS MARTI & OTHERS.



The opening scene on this disc is kind of like *Pimp My Ride*, but instead of a custom makeover, a team of ultrababes in bikinis trashes your car with sledgehammers, bats and crowbars. As compensation, they let you fuck their brains out. Seriously, would you refuse *that* deal? In the next orgy of violence the girls invade your nice little home and smash it to shit (a nifty *A Clockwork Orange* homage). Next up in this backlash of materialism: the neighborhood fruit stand! Decadent, stupid and strokable, *Bikini Warriors* is a minor milestone of humiliation smut, and it features a few former HUSTLER covergirls to boot. If we have any complaint, it's that the demolitions are too short, since they're almost more fun than the standard-issue stroke scenes. Just as we always suspected, porn chicks are natural-born destroyers. (They've got a lot of anger to work through.)

—M.J.



Better with age: Zoey Holloway and Shay Fox (below) get **Seasoned**.



Seasoned Players #15

TOM BYRON PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** TOM BYRON. **STARRING:** INARI VACHS, RAYVENESS, ALANA EVANS, ZOEY HOLLOWAY, SHAY FOX, MARK ZANE, CHRISTIAN & TOM BYRON.

 This long-running line from veteran actor/director Tom Byron is a back-to-back AVN winner for Best MILF Series, so it's about time we gave it some love. This installment features late-'90s favorite (and former Performer of the Year) Inari Vachs, who left the biz for eight years and staged her comeback in 2010. Now 36, she still looks great and hasn't forgotten how to work up a good mouthful of saliva. (Inari thinks of porn as performance art: the original Sasha Grey?) She holds out on the anal, unfortunately, but just imagine her as the hot mom next door. Co-star RayVeness has a couple of years (and cup sizes) on Inari, meaning there's even more delicious MILF to enjoy. Zoey Holloway, a stripper who was allegedly plowed into fuck flicks by the recession (yes, it's good for something), may be the disc's best looker. But the entire lineup is a welcome change from porn's usual immaturity. This taste of *Seasoned Players* may have you craving crow's feet and stretch marks—or at least a woman your own age for a change. —M.J.

NOW PLAYING ON

HUSTLER TV



Andy San Dimas fleshes out the *Simpsons*.

Check with your cable or satellite television provider to see if it offers HUSTLER TV.





Clueless: Breaune Benson, Dayna Vendetta and Diamond Foxxx (below right) try out for Jeopardy.



This Ain't Jeopardy XXX

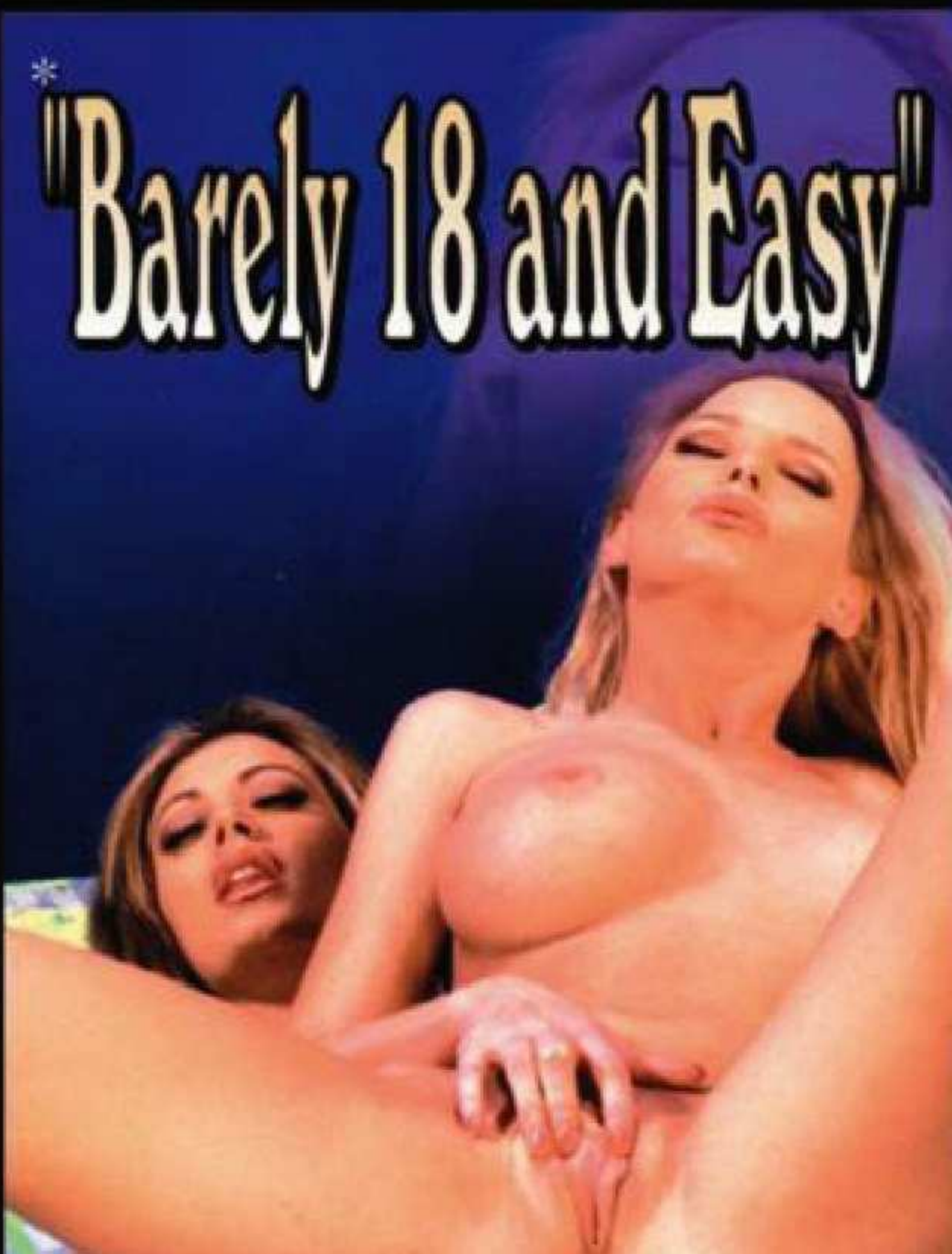
LFP VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** AXEL BRAUN. **STARRING:** MARY CAREY, CODI CARMICHAEL, BREANNE BENSON, NICKI HUNTER, DIAMOND FOXXX, DAYNA VENDETTA, BRITNEY AMBER, MR. PETE & DALE DABONE.



Here's the clue: an entertainment genre that flooded Earth in the early 21st century and eventually destroyed civilization. Answer: What is...parody porn?! The first thing about this clunky spoof that will blow your encyclopedic mind is Mary Carey's boob-job, which should have its own zip code. As the former gubernatorial candidate gratuitously soaps up her button poppers in the shower, she's spied on by a surly Alex Trebeck (typical self-serving libertarian). Later on, the host gets contractually pampered by Codi Carmichael and a lusciously MILFy Diamond Foxxx. They've got plenty of knowledge, but it's all carnal. (That's *Jeopardy* humor.) In a bid to boost ratings, the clues are all filthy, which means that thinking with your dick is a good thing for once. Predictably enough, the video clues showcase some depraved activities we won't name. (You didn't think we'd give you the answers, did you?) This ain't the slickest (or funniest) parody you've ever seen, and there are some missed opportunities. (Where's Clue Crew girl Kelly, for one?) But LFP's send-up should be a welcome relief from your flashcards. Order it on page 140.

—M.J.

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Kina Kai, Jessica Bangkok (with Kimmy Thai), Ashlin Van and Priva (below right) celebrate Asian pride.

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Asian Boobs

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: VARIOUS. STARRING: JESSICA BANGKOK, ASHLIN VAN, KIMMY THAI, KINA KAI, PRIVA, MIA LELANI, CHRIS CANNON, STEVEN KNIGHT, ALEC KNIGHT, SEAN MICHAELS & RALPH LONG.



This release is a greatest-hits package that we're only reviewing to get more hot pics of Asian chicks into the magazine. Got a better reason? A-lister Jessica Bangkok, the crowned Boob Queen of Siam, amply sets the gold standard, showing the lovely Ashlin Van the way to her silk road. (That's a historical reference to show how clever we are.) Cutie Kina Kai is a particularly tight delight, and Priva kindly adds some anal spice to this poontang buffet. (We're not sure that the word *poontang* is really Asian; it's probably a warped version of the French *poutain*, but it seems to fit.) Every scene is an entrée, so if you're looking to feed your Asian fever, order this disc on page 140.

—M.J.



EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT



Jordan Sparx and Aletta Ocean
(below) apply for a *Passport*.



Passport

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. **DIRECTOR:** ROBBY D. **STARRING:** ALETTA OCEAN, FAYE REAGAN, JORDAN SPARX, ALEXIS TEXAS, McKENZIE LEE, ANDY SAN DIMAS, MANUEL FERRARA, JAMES DEEN, MICK BLUE & SCOTT NAILS.



This movie is either a crafty sex thriller or a creepy flick that wants you to think sex slavery is a turn-on. It's up to you, but whatever you decide, it won't stop you from stroking to Hungarian beauty Aletta Ocean. (You may remember her as a recent HUSTLER model.) She becomes the latest victim of some asshole's scheme to swipe girls' passports and make them fuck for their freedom. (Of course, the enslaved hotties end up secretly liking it. How's that for a sleazy fantasy?) Aletta pulls off the lead role with such a confident, stunning presence that we suspect she may be some sort of prototype sexbot (the anal-enabled kind). The cast is full of beauties, and the fine, close-up-heavy camerawork does them justice. (Faye Reagan's freckles never looked sexier.) *Passport* is worth your time and essence, but be warned: It's about as warm and cozy as an unheated flophouse in the winter. That's sex slavery for you.

—M.J.



"Hey, don't blame me. You've always said that my dick has a mind of its own."



HUSTLER'S UNTRUE HOLLYWOOD STORIES
MILEY CYRUS' 18TH BIRTHDAY

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO



Miley Cyrus has finally crossed the magical dividing line that separates innocent youth from hardcore adult life. Although the entertainer's actual 18th-birthday party was probably a tame affair with plenty of cake and soda pop on hand, HUSTLER Video was undeterred. It decided to create an alternate-universe celebration wherein young Miley is free to explore her newly legalized sexual impulses.

First, Miley (**Alexis Grace**) sits down for an exclusive one-on-one interview with a reporter and his *penetrating* questions. While her hillbilly pa boinks Miley's mom (**Julia Ann**), the birthday babe's pals (**Tiffany Tyler**, **Eden Adams**) make some hot lesbo videos for the Internet. Miley concludes her wild coming of age by getting acquainted with the three Johnson Brothers and their respective johnsons.

No one knows what to expect from Miley Cyrus now that she's all grown up, but we hope that—once in a while—the chick is willing to be as sexy and uninhibited as her HUSTLER Video doppelgänger.

















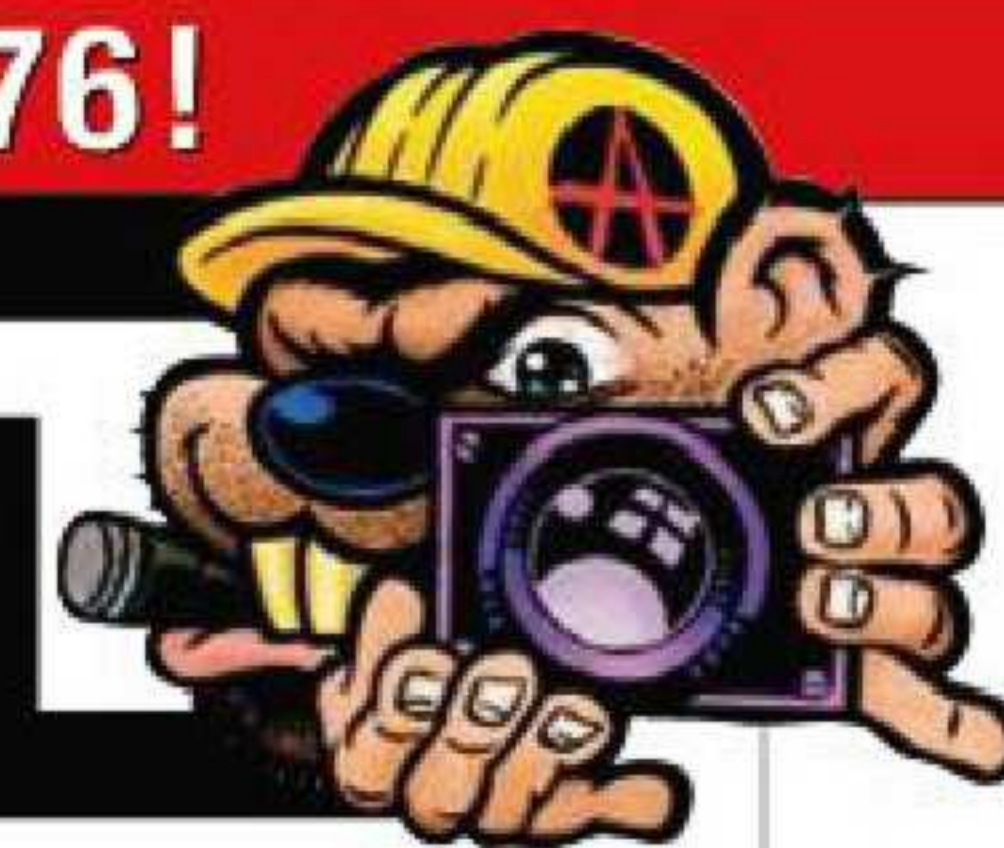
HUSTLER's Untrue Hollywood Stories: Miley Cyrus' 18th Birthday is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 140 to order by mail.





WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT



EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN



FROSTY

"I love modeling as a hobby, and I'm hoping to make it a career," asserts this 5-foot-9 eye-catcher from Ashtabula, Ohio, who'll cross the age-20 threshold in August and has a lot to get off her "instantly turned-on" chest. "I am a spunky, ditsy, book-smart blonde with a very supportive boyfriend," Frosty spells out. "I love to laugh and have a great time. I'm kinda shy at times, but I enjoy being the life of the party." That's not all, folks. "I love listening to AC/DC, Pink Floyd, Nirvana and Marilyn Manson," Frosty rattles off. "And I've just started getting into football and basketball. Yay, Browns and Cavs! I also enjoy watching television. Some of my

fave shows are *Monk*, *House*, *Ghost Hunters*, *Decoded*, *The Universe*, *Top Gear* and *Ax Men*. By the way, I'm very respectful of others. No words will come out of my mouth until a commercial." So here's a dandy spot for a few product placements. "I'm a complete gaming nerd," Frosty hoots. "I love old-school Atari, NES and SEGA games. PS2 and PS3 are pretty sweet, but I love, love, love my Xbox! I play *Call of Duty*, *Halo* or *Left 4 Dead* at least once a day." Answering a Beaver's call of duty, Frosty finally discloses, "I am straight. I love men and passionate, romantic sex. I like it nice and slow. Cowgirl is definitely my favorite position. I love being on top so I can take control. I am very flexible, and I sure know how to jiggle the junk in my trunk." Frosty—who's fond of Chinese food, salads, chicken wings, grapes, bananas and homemade pizza—muses, "I'd love to have sex in a really fancy restaurant." —Photos by DKPhoto.com



"I have my best orgasms when I'm being eaten out."





BEAVER HUNT



MYSTIC

"Thanks for allowing me to be a part of your wonderful magazine," proclaims Mystic, 23, a "very open-minded, ultra-original, eccentric, adventurous and

rebellious" exotic dancer from Lorena, Texas. "I'm a fan of Larry Flynt because of how open-minded he is and the things he's had to do to make HUSTLER what it is today." The 5-foot-7 "gardening and nature walks" enthusiast is quite the entertainer—and not just onstage or while letting it all hang out in front of a camera. "I am seductive, wild and energetic," mouthwatering Mystic emphasizes. "I have an amazingly talented tongue. My favorite sexual activity is oral sex. Deep-throating is not a problem." But the fancier of seafood, Asian cuisine, *Family Guy* and *South Park* wants to share more reasons why she makes a great companion: "I'm antibitchy, for real and clean. I keep my home spic-and-span and my hot hootie soft and smooth. Oh, and I'm always horny and an awesome cook!" Mystic, who relishes "being in others' fantasies," dreams of "totally dominating a sweet, innocent woman" and "having sex in public—again." —Photos by Friend



"I love anal sex because it's naughty, feels great and is commonly forbidden."



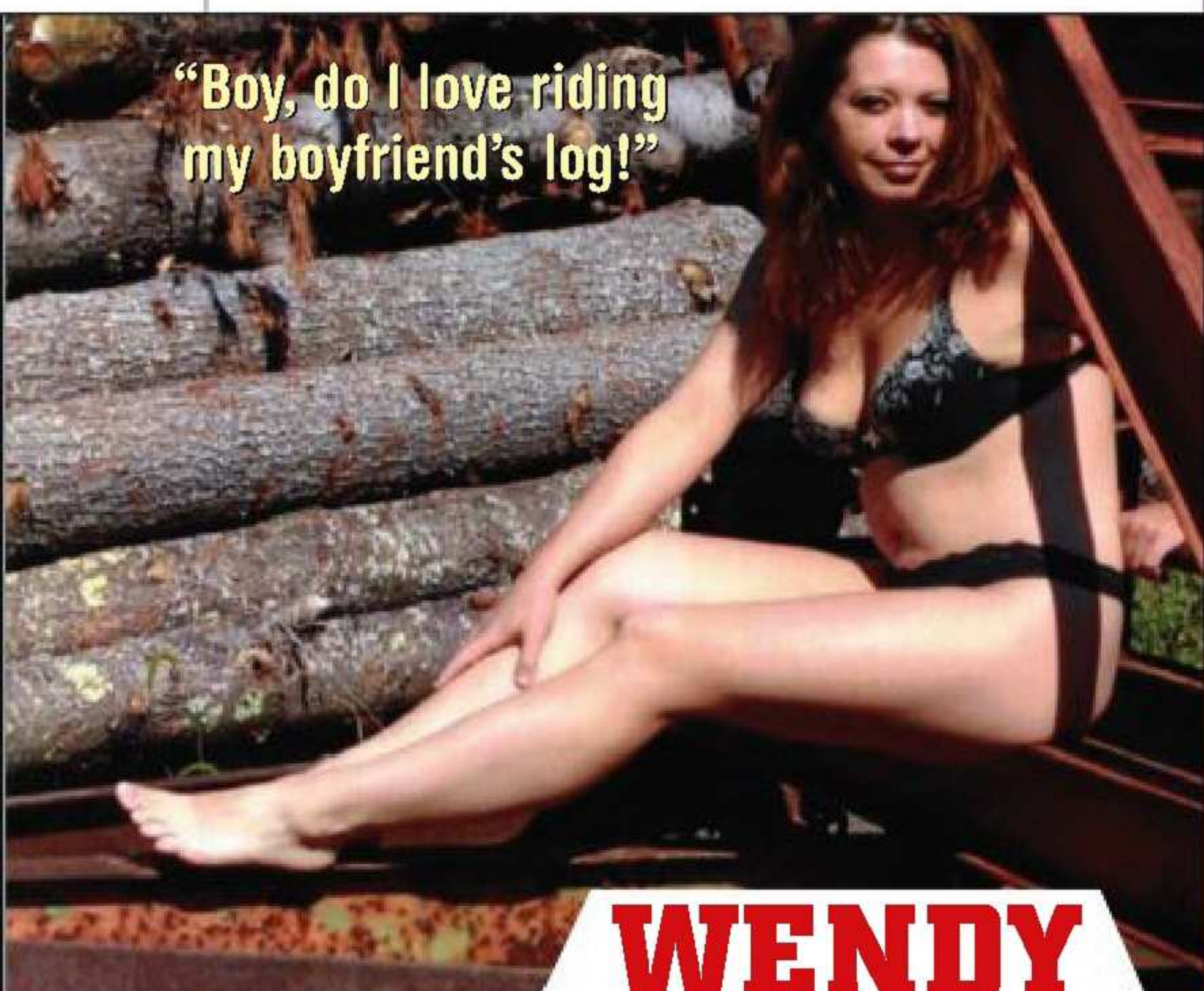
BEAVER HUNT



TARA

"Getting to be in HUSTLER is a big thing for me," states this "bubbly, fun and pretty much not afraid of anything" denizen of

Nucla, Colorado. "I never thought a redneck gal from the middle of nowhere would ever make it this far. I've had a rough life, but all the bad stuff has made me stronger." It was only a matter of time before Tara, 39 (that ain't a typo), popped up here. "I've been naked up in the hills during bow season with hunters walking through the trees," she relates. "And when the first snowstorm hits, I'll go streaking through town and make snow angels on Main Street." The 5-foot-6 bare-devil, who now cuts firewood for a living, has a mother lode of interests: "I like four-wheeling, mechanicing, hunting, fishing, snowmobiling, blood-and-gore movies, monster trucks, drag racing and football." Tara—a big fan of the Oakland Raiders and "Redneck Woman" songbird Gretchen Wilson—has more good stuff: "I am bisexual. I see what I want, and I get it! I also like sex in dangerous places. The thrill of getting caught is an extra turn-on. And I love to masturbate." Baring a fantasy, Tara gushes, "I'd like to go up into the mountains and fuck in the back of my pickup truck during a thunder-and-lightning storm." —Photos by Ex-Husband



WENDY



Here to show off her "better-looking body" is Wendy, 31, a stay-at-home mom and Holiday '07 Beaver from Pelham, New Hampshire. "My boyfriend is a logger," the "open, adventurous and easy to get along with" amateur begins. "So I thought it would be nice to pose on some of his equipment and log piles. It was a thrill taking pictures outside, knowing that at any moment someone could pass by and see what we were doing." Wendy's spare-time to-do list includes "raising animals, knitting, quilting, watching medical shows and working out after a whoopie pie," but the 5-foot-3 lobster lover with a sweet tooth isn't gracing a culinary mag. "I love to party, and I love to fuck!" Wendy howls. "I'm always in the mood for raw, passionate sex, especially anal, and I'm insatiable. I never want it to end. Give me more! I've been told I'm at least *part* nympho." No wonder Wendy owns up, "For years I have thought of getting into the swinging lifestyle and am in the process of making that fantasy come true. I would like to partner-swap and eventually have a few guys on me at the same time." Sweet!

—Photos by Sister





MIKAYLA

By way of San Angelo, Texas, Mikayla Lee was so hyped to model nude, she peeled down to her birthday suit just hours after turning 18 during the Bush-Cheney administration. "I hope your readers like me," declared the 5-foot-7 darling, an ardent skinny-dipper and Web surfer who insisted she was still getting her feet wet in the sack. Although Mikayla was reluctant to detail her sex life—"I'm sorta shy about that stuff," she reckoned—readers informed us she'd triggered many a wet dream. An admirer from north of the Mason-Dixon Line was impressed enough to rave, "Mikayla Lee looks like a beautiful junior version of Christie Brinkley." Another awestruck reader noted, "The most beautiful women come from Texas, and Mikayla Lee sure represents the Lone Star State well." Thanks to such testimonials, we'd have been remiss by not giving the knockout a curtain call in this roundup. Mikayla is gorgeous and was born in August. She also represents women who sport a bush and are sporting enough to show it (and all the rest) off. —Photos by Friend



"My boyfriend loves HUSTLER too and thinks it would be nice to see his girl in there."



PATTI

It's time to meet an "outgoing, straight and very sexual" deli manager from New Caney, Texas. "I have never done anything like this," announces Patti, who'll be blowing out 28 birthday candles in August. "When my boyfriend suggested sending in pics of me to HUSTLER, I said, 'Why not?' I would love to share my body with other people." Patti is into social networking, swimming and "hanging out with family and friends," but the 5-foot-3 Evanescence and *NCIS* fan clearly has a main pastime. "I've always been a tad kooky when it comes to sex," Patti admits. "I have very large breasts [44DD bra size!], and I love having them suckled and played with. My boyfriend turned me on to sex toys, which I love to have in my kitty *and* up my ass. I can then take his dick in my mouth while he plays with me. I love to have sex anytime and anywhere, and I'm always looking for new kinky places." Patti, whose favorite dish is pizza, serves up a pair of piping-hot fantasies: "I'd like to be with two guys, one eating me out and the other suckling my boobs. I also want to have sex at a crowded beach." —Photos by "Pop"





BEAVER HUNT



"I'm fascinated by the human psyche, but it's exciting to get naked for people who are fascinated by all facets of a woman's anatomy."



NICOLE

"Thank you from the bottom of my heart for printing my first nude pictures," expresses this "energetic, sociable and intelligent" shot girl from Chardon, Ohio. "HUSTLER is a very popular magazine, and I am honored to be in it." Hey, we're tickled pink that 19-year-old Nicole has come our way in all her glory. For a peek at what she's all about, the one-time scholastic volleyball player and cheerleader uncorks a bevy of kicks: "I enjoy going out with my friends, maybe dancing all night at cool clubs or just going to a movie. We always have a blast. I have a great sense of humor, so I can make anything a good time. But when it comes to the Pittsburgh Steelers, I get quite serious." Also scoring clutch points are the 5-foot-2 hottie's must-watch TV shows—*One Tree Hill* and *Desperate Housewives*—and must-eat treats, namely pizza, chicken salad and grilled-cheese sandwiches. Not skirting the nitty-gritty, Nicole kindly confesses, "I get off being told what to do in the bedroom, but it's more exciting to be the partner who takes complete control. I can be very assertive. I also love role-playing; dressing up and acting like someone else is fun yet unpredictable. The guy I'm with never knows what lies ahead, but at some point I'll be riding him in the reverse-cowgirl position." —Photos by Friend





BEAVER HUNT



"I love modeling nude; it gives me a sense of adventure and makes me feel naughty."



ISABELLA

"I've been naked almost everywhere I can think of," coos Isabella, 23, an aspiring model out of Provo, Utah. "I don't like wearing clothes much." But there's even more to like. "My fave pas-time is sex, sex and more sex!" exclaims the 5-foot-6, 36D-28-35 Bee Stater, who also digs running, snowboarding and singing. "I'm single, bi-curious, aggressive and seductive. I know what I want, and I *will* get it. Even though I wasn't a cheerleader, I did most of the basket-ball team my senior year of high school." Isabella seems to be keyed into the triangle offense: "I love doggy-style with another cock in my mouth at the same time." And how's this for brava-do? "During a trip to Hawaii," she recalls, "I was having sex on a beach when some tourists came walking up. I grabbed one, and he joined us." Although Isabella isn't spreading the gospel, she is on a mission: "I want to feel a cock in my pussy while another one is up my ass. I also would love to have a threesome with a couple of Mormon guys while being watched." —Photos by Friend

"Having sex while being watched is a real rush!"





SHAYNA

"I love sex, animals and cheerleading," roars Shayna, 29, a rah-rah-rah veterinary technician from Redmond, Washington. Adept at lifting spirits (and a short skirt), the 5-foot-3 *Nip/Tuck*, networking and anal buff exults, "I love to show off, and my husband gets a kick out of it. He's even told a bunch of his buddies to look for me in HUSTLER. I've flashed at Mardi Gras, and I have my Flash Fridays, when I give truckers an eyeful out on the freeway." Up for a mouthful any day of the week, "bi and seductive" Shayna bellows, "I'm a pretty good cook, but my favorite food is cum—lots of protein! I love giving blowjobs. I also enjoy being strangled or having my nipples twisted and pulled while I'm riding hard in the saddle. Doing that makes my orgasms more intense." Shayna, who has added to the body count of a few swingers-club orgies, has

an aptly ribald fantasy: "I'd love to go into a football team's locker room and give the players an F-U-C-K-M-E cheer!" —Photos by Husband



"I love getting in that saddle and riding hard, but I come even better with anal."



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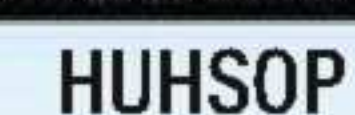
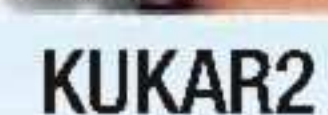
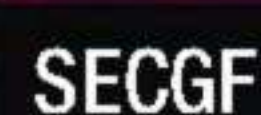
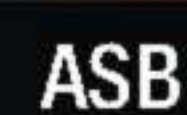
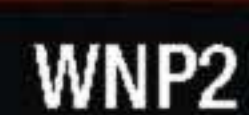
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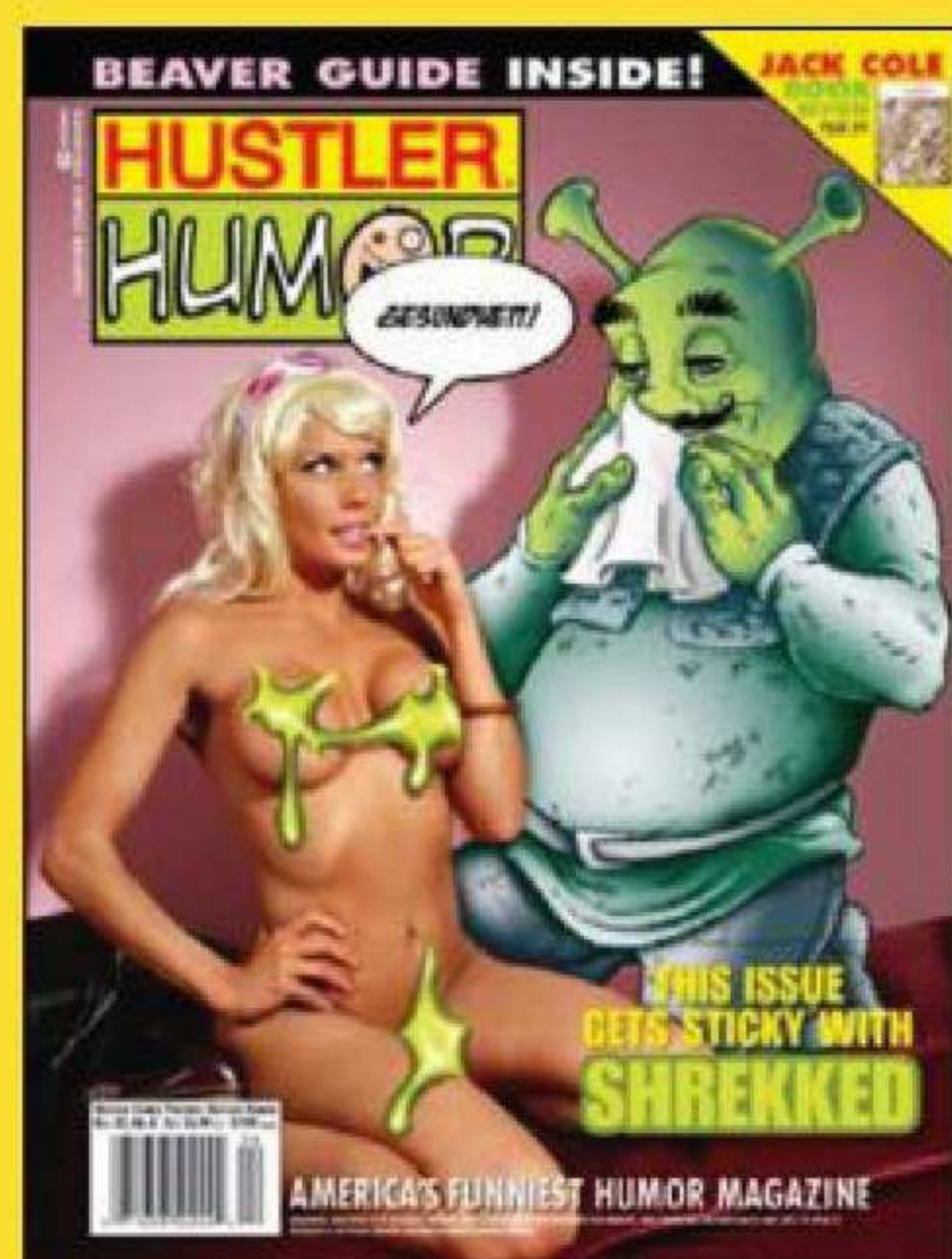
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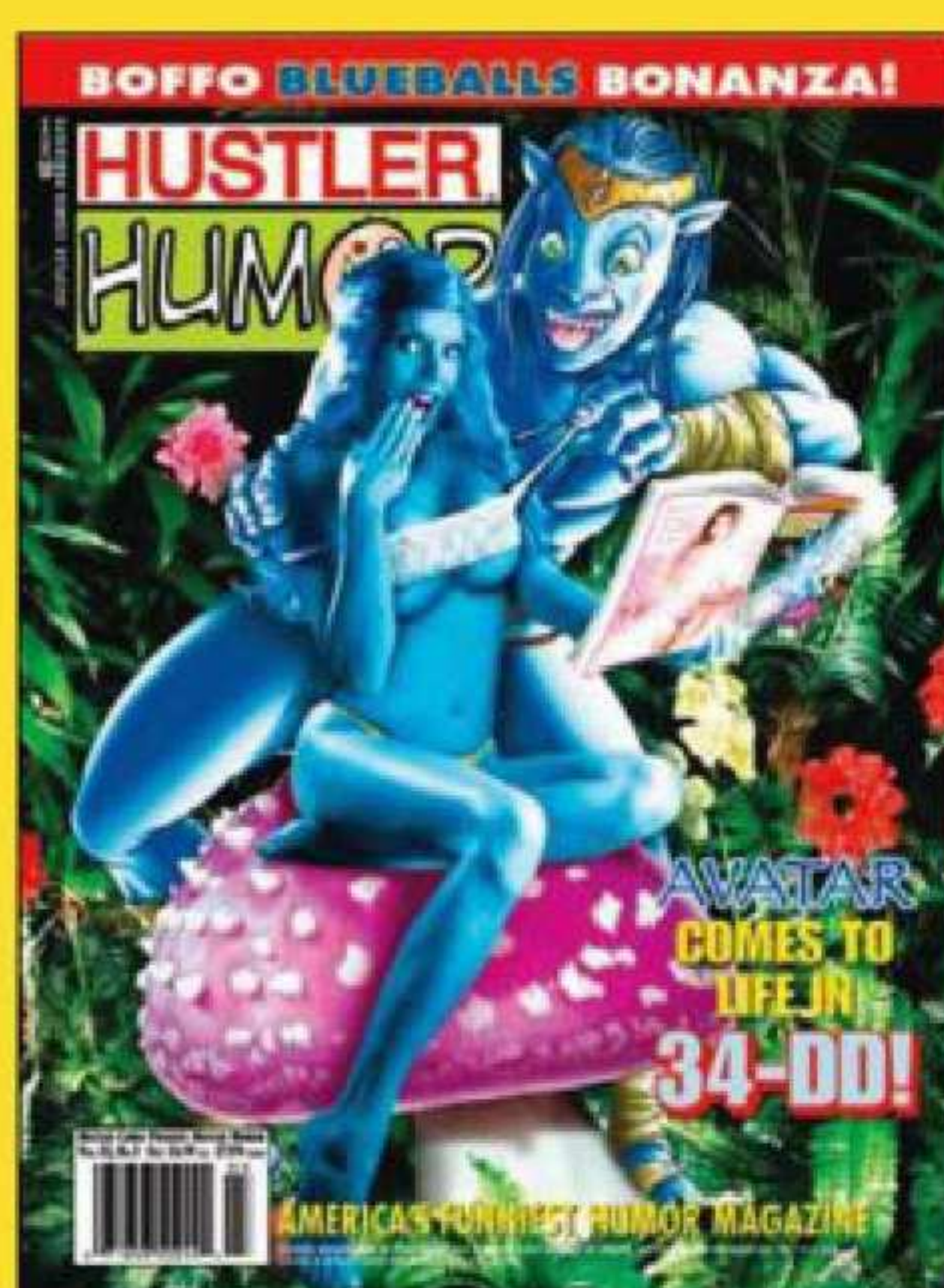
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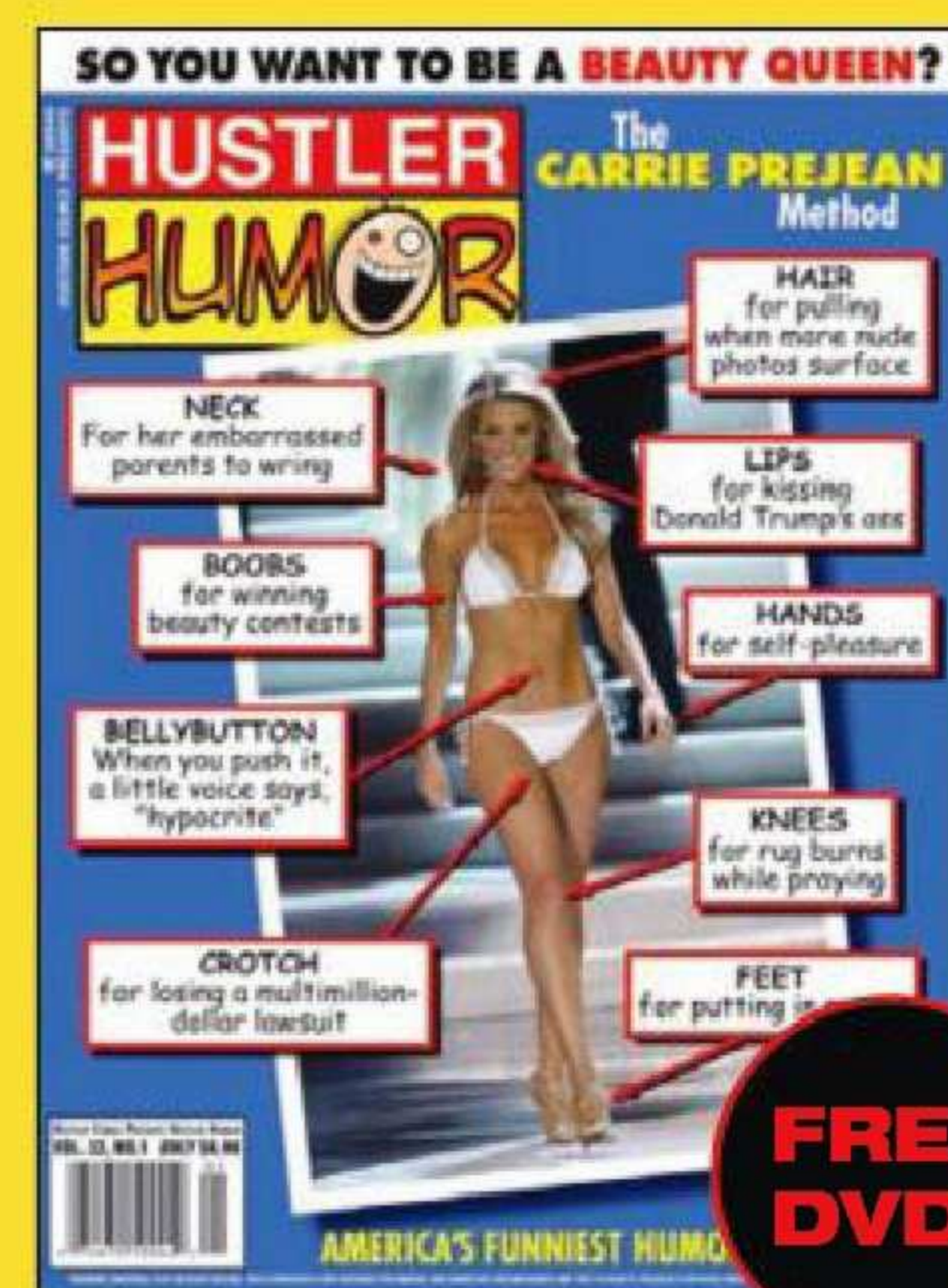
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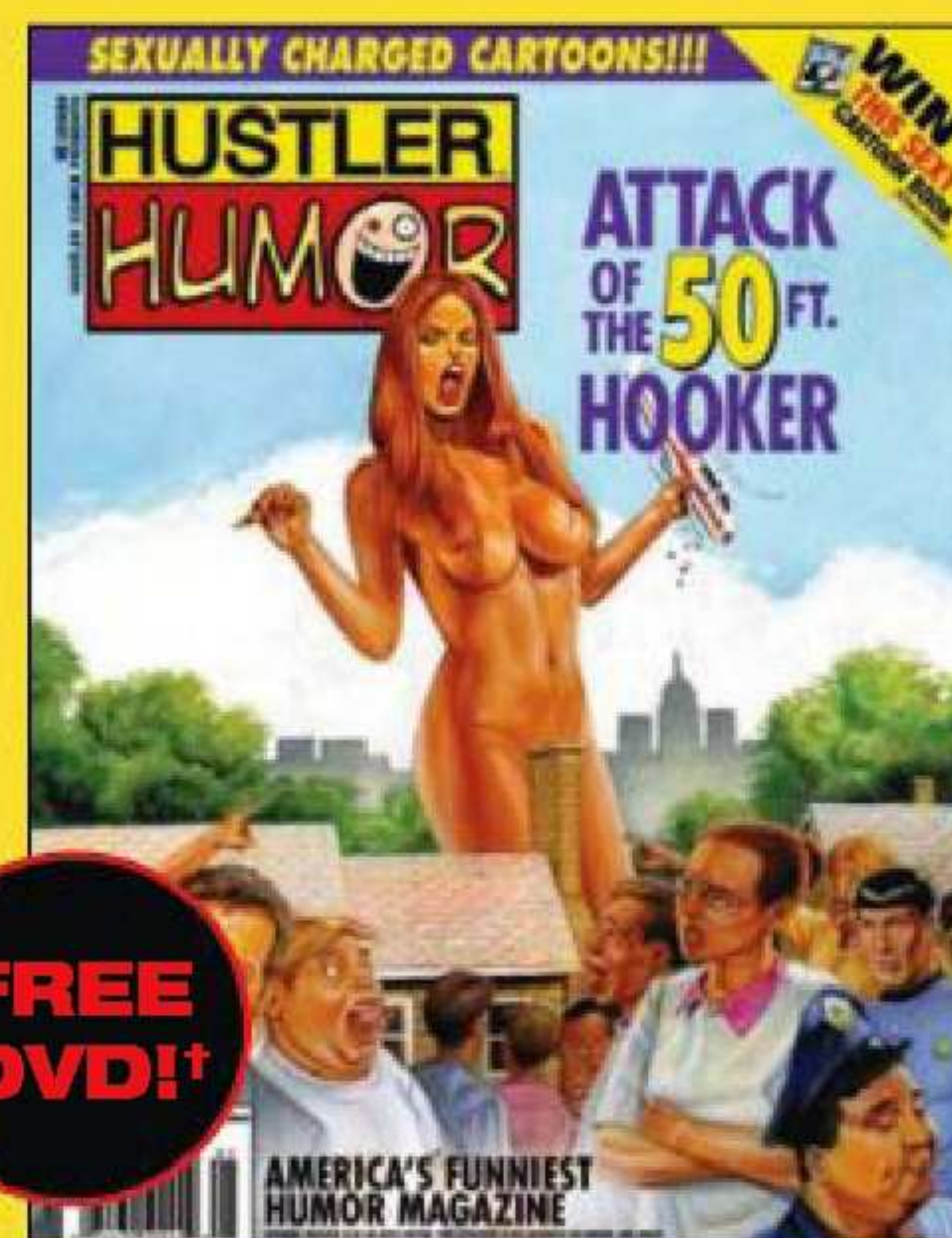
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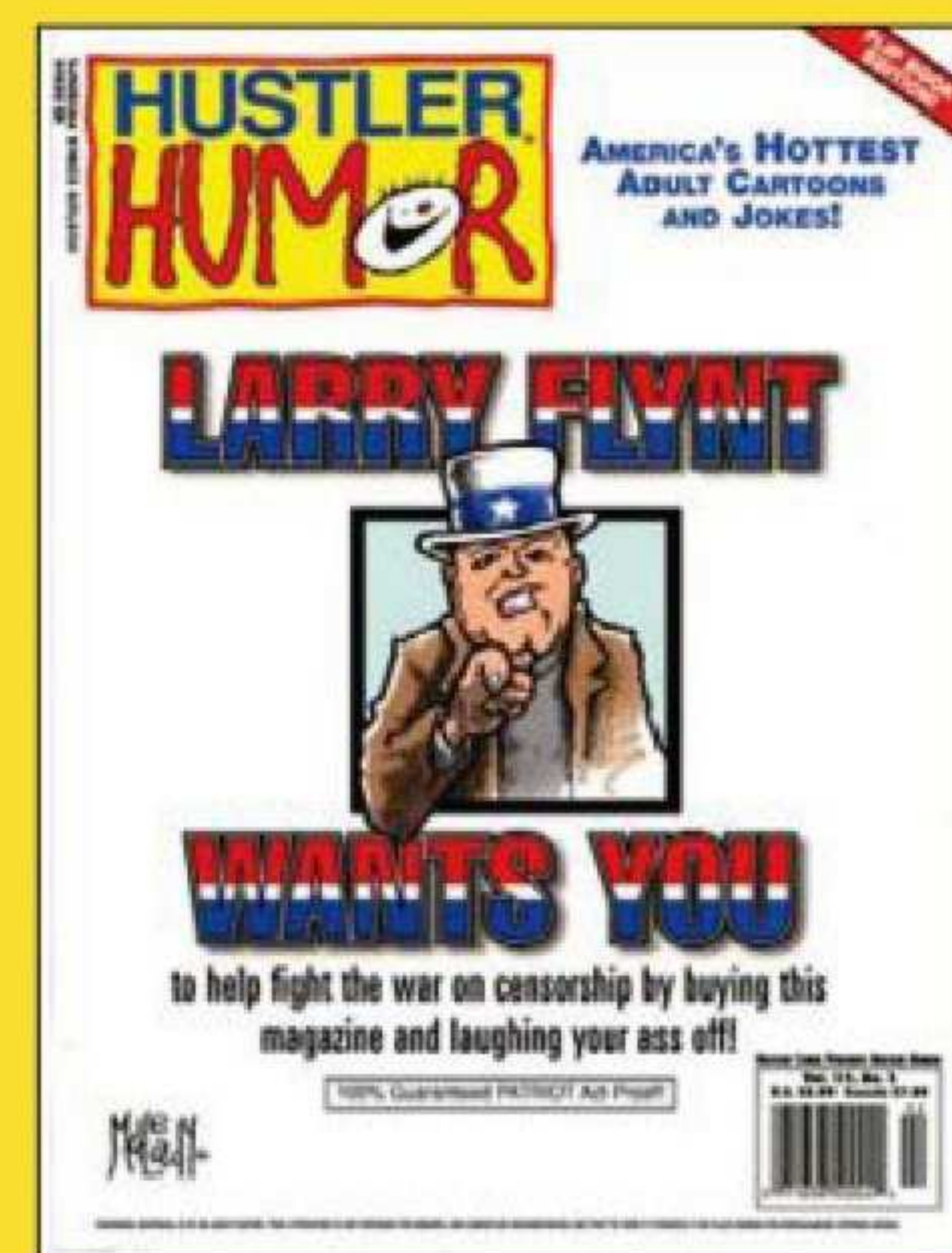
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MONA



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PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES





"I challenge you to find a spot on me that isn't tan," declares mouthwatering **Mona**. "Go ahead—take your time." This sexy sun worshiper's bone-building dare should keep you busy busting your britches for quite a while, since there's no quick way to examine her mountainous mounds of perfectly formed flesh. Like us, this caramel-colored cooze sees no sense in hiding her deep, luscious bronzing. "When I feel those rays," she purrs, "I've got to peel it off. I want to be sure every inch is covered." Feel the heat? Envy the sun, fellas.







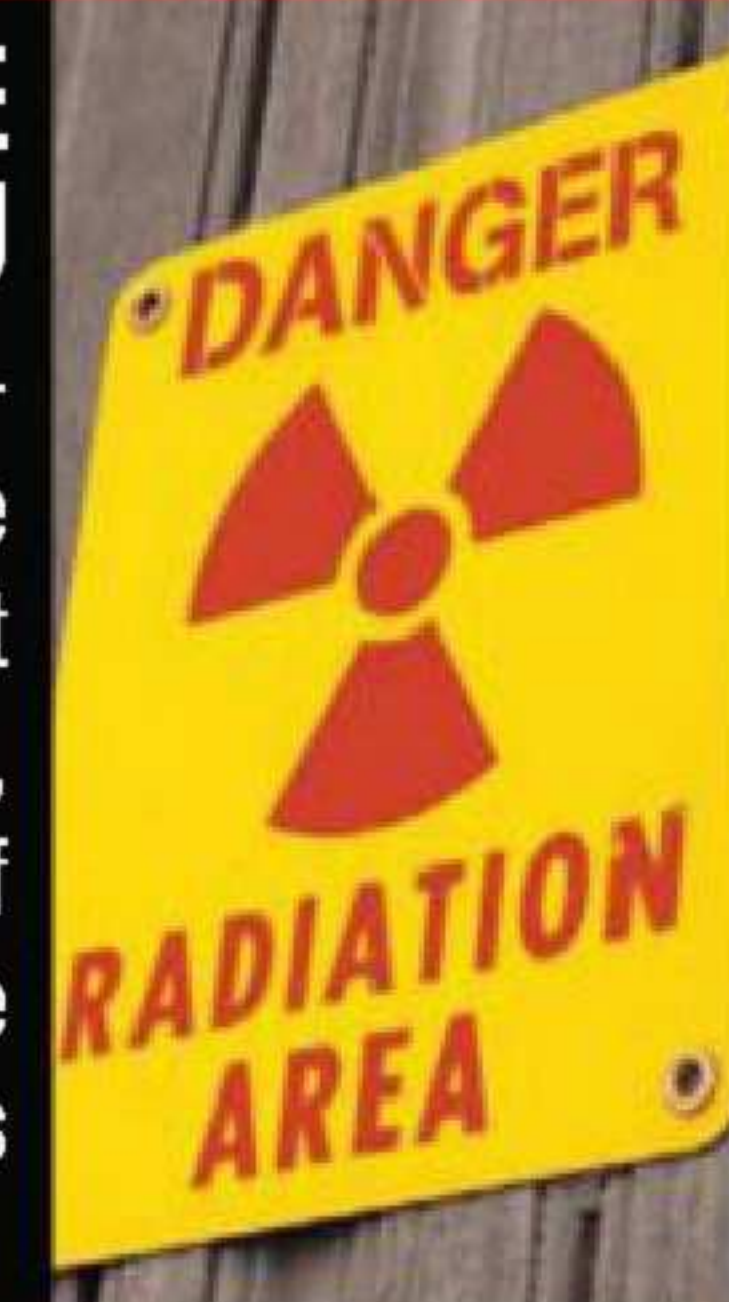


WINNER

"I finally find work that I'm really good at, and now you're telling me it's against the law."

COMING NEXT**JAPAN'S NUKE DISASTER: WHAT THE MAINSTREAM MEDIA WON'T TELL YOU**

Parroting the assurances of Japanese and other officials, most news sources have reported that the radioactivity released from the Fukushima power plant posed "no health threat" to our planet. That's hogwash, says Professor Karl Grossman, a board member of **BeyondNuclear.org**. His exhaustive report details the dangers of atomic energy and the actual consequences of the Three Mile Island and Chernobyl meltdowns.

**GRIDIRON STAR MARK SANCHEZ: PLAYING WITH FIRE?**

Quarterback Mark Sanchez has led the National Football League's New York Jets to the brink of the last two Super Bowls, but he may want to revamp his amorous play-book. Raising eyebrows nationwide is the hotshot signal-caller's alleged fling with Eliza Kruger, the 17-year-old daughter of a hedge fund tycoon. Sportswriter Caleb Kubrin provides a 50-yard-line seat for what's either a foolhardy love story or an adolescent publicity stunt.

GILBERT GOTTFRIED: TOO FUCKIN' FUNNY FOR HIS OWN GOOD?

Visible or not, Gilbert Gottfried has a knack for making people laugh. Arts and Entertainment Editor Keith Valcourt flew to Las Vegas to interview the reigning king of filthy jokes, irreverence and animated birds' voices. You'll be in stitches as Gottfried yaps about everything from soiled hotel sheets to the obese Elvis to losing his gig as mouthpiece of the Aflac duck.

**MEET THE BUTCHER BABIES: HARD-ROCKIN' EYE CANDY**

Finding an outlet for their don't-give-a-fuck attitude, two hotties formed a band dubbed the Butcher Babies. A CD and national tour are in the works, but that's not all. We'll be unveiling Carla Harvey and Heidi Shepherd onstage at a fabled L.A. rock club, where the crowd was treated to more than hard-pounding music. How do two perfect sets of tits covered only by electrical tape sound?

POWERHOUSE CARTOON PARODY: CAPTAIN AMERICAN'T

Illustrator Noel "Scotch" Anderson strikes again, spoofing a superhero movie while also hilariously taking aim at greedy landlords, corrupt lawmakers and conniving lobbyists. But Captain American't is really in for a shock when he unmasks the biggest sellout since the creation of the Internet.

**BOTTOMS UP! BOOZE PURVEYORS' PROVOCATIVE PACKAGING**

Although nudity is strictly verboten, brewers and distillers are allowed to push the envelope by adorning their concoctions with images of scantily clad damsels. For a taste of our upcoming *Bottoms Up!* column, booze-industry expert Gregg Glaser has rounded up a bevy of the most enticing ladies ever wrapped around a bottle.

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